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THE

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ART. I.—MR. LEVER'S NOVELS.

The Works of Charles Lever. Cheap Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

The Fortunes of Glencore. By Charles Lever. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

THE issue of a cheap edition of those old favourites, *Harry Lorrequer* and his successors, tempts us to say a few words on the style and subjects of Mr. Lever's novels. It is not only the young ensign or the schoolboy that has taken delight in these exciting and graphic tales. Such a profusion of fun, adventure, and rollicking hearty enjoyment wins its way to the taste of the most various readers. These stories are the true type, in the present day, of the novel which seeks only to fulfil the primary aim of all novels, that of amusing. To read them is pure relaxation. As it is said of good claret, that there is not a headache in a hogshead of it, so it may be said of romances like Mr. Lever's earlier stories, that there is not a moral lesson in a dozen of them. There are no concealed sermons, there is no sentimentalism, no philosophy, no politics, in the biographies of those dashing lieutenants whom he has made the subjects of his fictions. All is simple unadulterated comedy. We are transported into the gayest and most charming world, where every one eats, and drinks, and is merry; and we are never suffered to leave it until the last page has been read. If, therefore, it may be considered one chief purpose of works of fiction to relieve men from the burden of ordinary life by offering the contrast of

imaginary pleasures; every one must acknowledge that this purpose has been most successfully achieved by Mr. Lever.

In a paper in the *Tatler*, Addison and Steele dwell on the pleasure with which they read the books of the old, unveracious, marvel-loving kind of traveller. "There are no books," says the *Tatler*, "which I more delight in than travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts, without incurring any danger of being examined and contradicted. Among all authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John, I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination." What the *Tatler* says of Mandeville and Pinto, we may say of Mr. Lever. He supplies us with the excitement which professed books of travel used to afford, while the reader was still at the mercy of the writer, and humbly believed whatever he found written. We now keep the most severe check on writers of travel, and a man can no more romance about Lake Tchad or Lake Ngami than he can about the Serpentine. But we must allow a novelist to have free play; and if he can but make us believe in a *terra incognita*, we like him to fill it with wonders. Mr. Lever takes us to the unknown regions of Galway, and finds in that remote country "an opportunity of showing his parts, without incurring any danger of being examined and contradicted." He is master of the situation; he can work his will with us, and we submit with a pleased patience to hear what he is kind enough to narrate. His art teaches him to give a coherence and unity to the whole series of wonders, and we get quite used to, and at home in, the land of romance which he describes. His heroes may do any thing, bear any thing, say any thing, and it all seems quite natural and indisputable. He charms us by the harmony of his fiction. We do not wish to ask, whether his scenes are true, or probable, or possible, and we sit at his feet, as the wondering Englishmen of his day must have sat at the feet of Sir John Mandeville. This is the secret of Mr. Lever's success, the great merit of his works. He takes us away to his own enchanted ground of marvels, and there shows "the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius."

Harry Lorrequer was the first, and is in many respects the best, of Mr. Lever's stories. It displays all his excellencies in the highest perfection; it takes us completely into the marvellous land which he has made his own, and through which he travels with so much ease and satisfaction. All the pleasures of life are spread before us; wit, wine, and women, fighting and

loving, daring leaps, absurd hoaxes, mad Irishmen. We are led from story to story, and have good things thrown before us in profusion; and it is all done so pleasantly. The monkeys who stay at home cannot help liking to hear the travelled monkey talk; and we are obliged to a writer who can almost persuade us, that the life painted in *Harry Lorrequer* is a real or a possible life. What a passage through the vale of tears we should make of it, if we could but come upon the land of this Mandeville of fiction, where every day we could get into a scrape and peril our life, only to emerge with greater glory and the securest safety; where men with the gayest Irish songs and the best Irish jokes were always gathered round the most sparkling bowls, and no one had ever any thing to do, or suffer, or repent of!

Supposing we could have got Mandeville or Da Pinto into a corner, and cross-examined them strictly as to the foundation of their narratives, we should probably have found that there was always some basis for their stories; and that the marvellous character of the whole was chiefly owing to slight exaggerations of particular facts, and to the omission of all the ordinary incidents of travel. Modern travellers relate every thing that happens to them, and their books accordingly want some of the piquancy of their predecessors. Dr. Barth, for instance, who has recently published three very thick volumes on the interior of Africa, thinks it worth his while to chronicle several thousand times that he crossed a wady, and saw a group of tâla-trees in the distance. Mr. Lever feels, as perhaps others feel, that this sort of narrative is not lively; and he pursues, in preference, the method of the older tourists. He strings together a number of stories, each of which has probably some foundation in fact; and he arranges these as if the occurrences forming their subject-matter had happened consecutively, within a very short space of time, to the same person. The stories are so well told, and told at so great a length, that one by one they absorb our attention, and it hardly enters our head to remember how very odd it is that so many curious things should turn up so quickly. But if we omit all but the gist of the story, and condense the narrative into the limits of a short plain statement, we perceive the marvel of the romance. Let us take, for example, the adventures of Harry Lorrequer, on his way from Dublin to Munich. He is detained a few days at Paris, and we may therefore suppose that his journey took him from a fortnight to three weeks. During that period, his history is as follows:—On board the Dublin packet he has two ladies given into his charge, whom he has never seen before, and with whom he posts up to London; landing with them at Calais, he recognises a young nobleman, whose carriage he bribes a blacksmith to break, lest the young noble-

man should insist on travelling with him. At Abbeville the carriage conveying him and his fair friends breaks down, so he and the younger lady walk on and take the wrong road. Being asked for their passports by a gendarme, and not having them, they are sent back a stage on the road to Calais. In the night Harry feels cold, goes on a marauding expedition into the adjoining bedrooms, and seizes on the covering of an Irishman, who pursues him, and makes him hide himself in the apartment of an absent postilion. Next morning, wishing to leave this retreat, and having no other garments with him, Harry is obliged to dress in the livery of the postilion, and passes through a crowd of deriding Frenchmen. He arrives in Paris, and the first night he gets into a fracas at a gambling saloon, and is hunted by the police. He would have fled the city at once, but is obliged to stay for a duel, arising from the same gambling quarrel; this he goes through like a man; but his arm being hit by his opponent, his own aim is diverted, and he brings down a fat friend who had been hiding in some neighbouring bushes to see the fun. He then makes for the frontier, and manages on his way to change passports with a musical composer. He thus escapes the pursuit of the police, and, being mistaken for the composer, is received at Strasburg with rapturous welcome, and is crowned by the *première danseuse* at the Opera, in honour of his musical fame. Leaving Strasburg, he goes southward, and his carriage again breaks down at the gate of a deserted villa; he enters the house, and finds it tenanted by an intimate friend, whom he had shortly before assisted to elope. Arriving at Munich, he has sent him by mistake a uniform intended for a new *chargé-d'affaires;* and putting this on, he goes to a court-ball, and is there received with the greatest distinction by the king, who calls him "Your Excellency," plays a rubber with him, and talks to him about the Greek loan. A day or two afterwards, he meets an old uncle in a picture-gallery, who gives him on the spot seven thousand a year and a mansion. This inspirits him to propose to his lady-love: he goes to her drawing-room, and finding her out, jumps down twenty feet into the garden, and straightway secures her hand. The next week he is married, and so ends his story.

But the thread of the narrative has very little to do with the real substance of the book. It is literally a thread, and nothing more, and only serves to support a surprising burden of anecdote. Each incident of Harry Lorrequer's short career is made the subject of a separate history; and is so expanded, and polished, and garnished, that it is made most skilfully to have an independent interest, and to last page after page, to the great amusement of the reader, and the great credit of the writer. There are also a great number of subsidiary or digressive stories, and it

taxes the art of Mr. Lever to introduce them neatly and plausibly. Sometimes, we must own, the mode of introduction is rather bold. In journeying from Paris to Strasburg, for instance, Lorrequer falls in with an Irishman whom he unintentionally offends; and, having slightly mentioned the circumstance, he continues: "Delighted to have thus fallen upon a character, as the Irishman evidently appeared, I moved my chair towards him; and finding he was not half-pleased at the manner in which my acquaintance had been made with him, and knowing his country's susceptibility of being taken by a story, I resolved to make my advances by narrating a circumstance," &c. &c. Certainly, if a man's not liking you is a reason for telling him a story, there can never be much difficulty in a story-teller fulfilling his vocation. It is curious to see what is the story with which Lorrequer propitiates the wrath of an entire stranger. It turns upon an adventure of some English officers, who go an excursion to Pera. There they occupy a kiosk that appears to be deserted, and begin luncheon. The owner of the kiosk sends to say that he and his suite would like to witness the repast. The Turks come, and the officers present each of them with a glass of champagne. All decline in silence except one very ferocious Turk, who curses the abomination. Shortly after the procession has left the visitors to themselves, the ferocious Turk comes back, and, seeing all safe, exclaims: "I'll taste your wine, gentlemen, an' it be pleasing to you." The story is so well told in the book, that we scarcely think of any thing but the manner of telling it; but if we go back, and look only at the manner in which it is introduced, we have to suppose Lorrequer saying to himself: "That man, whom I never saw before, does not seem to wish to know me; I will tell him a story of a drunken Irishman pretending to be a Turk, and then we shall be good friends."

No one can make more of a story than Mr. Lever can. He knows the secret of dwelling on each minute part, amplifying and spicing it so as to delay, and enhance the value of, the final wind-up of the anecdote. The story which we have just abridged lasts in the book through two closely printed pages. The view is described, and the kiosk, and we are told what an excellent meal the officers had, and what the Turks looked like, and how they behaved; and lastly, the account of the change of appearance in the Turk, who returns back as an Irishman, makes almost half-a-page in itself. "The dark complexion," we read, "the long and bushy beard, were there; but instead of the sleepy and solemn character of the Oriental, with heavy eye and closed lip, there was a droll half-devilry in the look," and so on, by all which our expectation is wound up to the highest pitch; and the concluding exclamation of the Irishman, which is not very amus-

ing in itself, is made the most of. Mr. Lever also knows one or two other secrets of his art, and he uses his knowledge freely. For instance, he is well aware that the probability of a story depends very much more on the writer than on the matter of the story itself. If an almost impossible incident is treated as of an easy and ordinary occurrence, it makes its own way with the reader, and commends itself to him in the very teeth of his common sense. There is a long story in *Harry Lorrequer* of a counsel who wished to get rid of a jury, that he thought unequal to try an important case. He accordingly quoted the beautiful line of the Greek poet, "*Vacuus viator cantabit ante latronem.*" The judge said that it was Juvenal's Latin; the counsel insisted it was the Greek of Hergesius, and at last said, that if the judge were to submit this question to the jury, "it would be Greek to every man of them." Common sense tells us that the judge would have told the counsel to proceed with his case, and not waste the time of the court; but the story-teller takes care that his story shall not end in this way, and goes on as if it were the simplest matter in the world to say, "The look, the voice, and the peculiar emphasis with which Peter gave these words were perfectly successful. The acute judge anticipated the wish of the counsel, and the jury were dismissed."

Story-tellers have always this advantage, that they can stop when they like, and dismiss all their fictitious personages when their purpose has been served. In real life there is never any stopping, and many of the most funny anecdotes would have an unpleasant ending if the whole of the circumstances were related. But an adept takes care that actions shall seem to have no consequences which he does not wish us to dwell on, and would have us believe that all ends when he ceases to relate. In *Harry Lorrequer*, for instance, we have a story of an Irish gentleman, who went to a Dublin theatre when some Red Indians were exhibited. The friend who accompanied him, on leaving the theatre shortly after this gentleman had quitted his place, found him beating the box-keeper. It appeared that the cause of his anger was that the box-keeper, thinking it a compliment to reveal the mysteries of the establishment, had informed him that the Red Indians really came from Galway. "The words were no sooner out of his lips," says the narrator, "than Burke, who immediately took them as a piece of direct insolence to himself and his country, felled him to the earth, and was in the act of continuing the discipline when I arrived on the field of battle." Here the story ends, and very conveniently. Perhaps if the story-teller had gone further, the joke would have ceased to be a joke. It is very funny that the gentleman should have beaten the box-keeper; but it would not have been quite so

funny that the box-keeper should have called for assistance, and beaten the gentleman; that a row should have ensued, and then the police have interfered.

Mr. Lever has recourse to one expedient to make his stories effective, the legitimacy of which is, perhaps, doubtful. He tells us when to laugh; and he does this by simply describing the vast mirth and overpowering fits of laughter which the incidents of the story produced on the actual spectators. Harry Lorrequer, we are told, was acting some private theatricals, and, the curtain drawing up too soon, was discovered by the audience in a state of deshabille. We cannot doubt that this is very funny, when we read in conclusion, "The shouts of laughter are yet in my ears, the loud roar of inextinguishable mirth, which, after the first brief pause of astonishment gave way, shook the entire building." On another occasion, his love for theatricals induces him to act *Othello;* and the next morning he hurries on to parade without having had time to wash his face, and is received with the roaring laughter of the regiment. But the story does not stop there; for Lorrequer is supposed to have forgotten his black face, and not to understand why every one is amused. He has to learn the truth by looking at himself in a glass; and when he has done so, the ludicrous nature of the scene is brought home to the reader by the description of some more laughter. "My first impulse," we read, "was to laugh immoderately; in this I was joined by Stubbes, who, feeling that his mirth was participated in, gave full vent to his risibility. I threw myself upon a sofa, and absolutely laughed till my sides ached." Who that reads this, can doubt that to see you have not washed your face is an incident of the most comic and piquant character?

The occasions for all this laughter, so carefully chronicled, are very frequent, and Harry and his friends lead the gayest of lives. No wonder that young gentlemen who learn that regimental life is one round of unceasing merriment, should long ardently to select this life as their own. No wonder, also, that the parents of Harry Lorrequers should find the taste an expensive one. There is no pause in the merriment, devilry, fun and wit which officers are represented as enjoying. The hero has, of course, a serious love-affair, to which he devotes himself occasionally, and the uncertainties of which are supposed to cause him some uneasiness. Otherwise he is free from care, and never feels any surfeit, repentance, or responsibility. The only sorrow to which human flesh is represented as liable, is that of being sent in detachment to some stupid little country village. The feelings which such a change awaken are of course awful: "The surrender of your capital mess, with its well-appointed equipments, your jovial brother-officers, your West-India Madeira, your cool

Lafitte, your daily, hourly, and half-hourly flirtations with the whole female population, not to speak of your matches at trotting, coursing, and pigeon-shooting,—to surrender all these for a country inn, with bacon to eat, whisky to drink, and the priest or constabulary chief to get drunk with, and your only affair of the heart being the occasional ogling of the apothecary's daughter opposite,"—this is indeed a dreadful change. We are aware, indeed, that in the story the detachment-duty is not really going to be dull, and that the removal to country quarters is only the prelude to some exciting adventure. But even to persons not so sure of adventures as Harry Lorrequer, detachment-duty is held out as almost the only evil they need seriously fear.

It will be observed, that Harry, in the passage we have just quoted, treats getting drunk as a matter of course, and that the alternative is only between getting drunk on good liquor in good company, and getting drunk on bad liquor in bad company. There never was an author more fond of giving his characters something to drink than Mr. Lever. The whole set of people, men and women, are as thirsty as fish, and are always after the foaming champagne or the real poteen. It is said that more champagne is drunk on the Derby day than is grown in France, and Mr. Lever's military heroes and heroines live in a world where every body goes to the Derby every day. The young soldiers may, indeed, be said to divide their time between two kinds of entertainment. The first is graced by the presence of ladies. The serious love of the story does not appear, for she is above it, and remains mostly in the background, contributing little more to the progress of the story than the occasional appearance of her lovely face and genteel manners, and the ground she furnishes the hero for romantic outbursts in his maudlin moments. But all the minor beauties are there; the young ladies whom the hero takes up for the moment, with their mammas, and one or two oddities to furnish amusement to the party. At the entertainments of this first kind the gentlemen remain more or less sober, and champagne, with appropriate conversation, forms the main feature of the occasion. "*Figurez-vous*, my dear reader," says Harry Lorrequer, while presiding at one of these entertainments, "whether or not I felt happy as I found myself seated between my two fair friends doing the honours of a little supper, and assisting the exhilaration of our champagne by such efforts of wit as, under favourable circumstances like these, are ever successful, and which being, like the foaming liquid which washes them down, to be swallowed without waiting, are ever esteemed good from the excitement that results." At the other kind of feasts the ladies are absent, and then the gentlemen become openly and

avowedly intoxicated. Harry Lorrequer begins with a banquet of this description; and there is no reserve or disguise about the effects. "When I first returned to consciousness," says Harry, "I found myself lying exactly where I had fallen. Around me lay heaps of slain." He then describes how he dreaded going down a flight of stairs, and how his fears were ended by his falling, and coming upon an alderman who lay drunk at the bottom. It is all told with the most perfect ease and confidence; and the young gentleman never feels a moment's shame, or reflects that he has been making himself a beast.

There is, however, a delusively tragic side to all this comedy. Harry Lorrequer and his friends indulge in one pastime more serious than popping champagne corks. On the slightest provocation a duel is got up; and Lorrequer fights two without having in either case the slightest notion why he is fighting, or any cause whatever for quarrelling with his opponent. We have an anticipatory conviction that it will never suit so merry a book that these encounters should end fatally, and they are touched in with as light and sportive a hand as possible. In the first, Lorrequer, when drunk, without having any foundation for the statement, informs a Mr. Beamish that a person after whom Mr. Beamish inquires has distinguished himself in the army. Finding he has been deceived, Mr. Beamish demands satisfaction of his informant, who has no recollection of having ever spoken to him. However, they go on to the ground; and one of the seconds having "picked out a sweet spot," they fire, and Beamish is struck in the hip, and falls lamenting that he has had a wrong pistol given him, "instead of the saw-handled one that I am used to." The second duel is a much more magnificent affair. The adversary is a Frenchman; and we have the regulation French officer introduced, with the handsomest oaths, and miracles of cold haughty politeness. Harry is well supported; for his second is a man who once hearing the English army insulted in a French café, without saying a word, stepped up to the calumniator, and breaking his jaw with a gripe of his fingers, spat in derision down his throat. Lorrequer again escapes with the exception of a slight wound in his arm, and then the French suddenly change and become the politest and most sociable of human beings: no ending can be better, and we are almost persuaded that duels may form a tolerably pleasant interlude in a gay life.

Charles O'Malley was the successor of *Harry Lorrequer*. In this work, which may be taken as the standard type of all the best of Mr. Lever's productions, an attempt was made to substitute adventure and connected thread of incident for the detached anecdotes of which *Harry Lorrequer* had mainly consisted. The hero figures in the two great theatres of action which Mr. Lever

delights to depict—the wild country of the west of Ireland, and the Peninsular war. He is here in his glory. Mandeville has got into the region of blue boars and red lions. He can tell us what he pleases, and he revels in his license of romance. If he chooses to describe men with their heads under their shoulders, we have but to sit and listen. It is true that we soon become used to it all, and the sense of the marvellous wears off. We know that Mandeville must come back to England; and that Charles O'Malley, as he is his own biographer, may go with impunity into a hundred duels. But still the general impression certainly remains, that any one who lived like Charles O'Malley would lead a most wonderful life.

We are introduced to this young gentleman at the early age of seventeen. Speaking of himself at this period of his career, he modestly says: "I rode boldly with fox-hounds; I was about the best shot within twenty miles of us. I could swim the Shannon at Holy Island; I drove four-in-hand better than the coachman himself." This precocious stripling is sent to a neighbouring house to canvass for the county on behalf of his uncle; an employment admirably adapted to his mature years and experience. He there meets with the serious love of the story (with the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness, &c. &c.), and immediately resents the attentions paid to her by "a soldierly man of five-and-thirty." The elder gentleman had never seen, and of course did not know or care any thing about the younger; but Charles "eagerly sought his eye, to return him a look of defiance and disdain, proud and contemptuous as his own." He soon resorts to more serious measures; for the sight of Captain Hammersley's English hunter suggests to him that in all probability both horse and rider are unaccustomed to Irish bogs and walls, and may be got into trouble if they are taken over a difficult country. Accordingly he bribes the huntsman to go over the most breakneck line possible, and then ensues the following dialogue:

"'But, Brackley,' said I, calling out after him, 'if he rides at all fair, what's to be done?'

'Faith, then, myself doesn't know: there is nothing so bad west of Athlone; have yer a great spite again him?'

'I have,' said I, fiercely.

'Could you coax a fight out of him?'

'That's true,' said I; 'and now ride on as fast as you can.' Brackley's last words imparted a lightness to my heart and my step, and I strode along a very different man from what I had left the house half an hour previously."

It is worth observing, that neither Captain Hammersley nor Miss Dashwood had ever spoken a single word to O'Malley,

nor he to them; and all that Captain Hammersley had done to awaken this divine wrath was, that he had made himself agreeable to a young lady with whom he was well acquainted, and had not bestowed any notice upon a lad, exactly half his own age, whom he had never seen before.

The machinations, however, of O'Malley and the huntsman are carried out; and we have a description of one of those wonderful hunts, which it is really a treat to read. First of all, the young plotter contrives that they shall come down upon the river where its breadth is greatest, and thus "at one *coup* try his friend's mettle." As we might expect, the river is not too broad for Charles: "I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over; but so narrowly, that the bank had yielded beneath her hind-legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain her footing." It is too early for Hammersley to fail, so he is allowed to get over even more easily. Charles thinks that he has fixed the English captain at an awful stone-wall; but, on the contrary, "throwing a look back, I saw Hammersley clearing the wall in a most splendid manner, and taking a stretch of at least thirteen feet beyond it." They then go up a hill like a side of a house, and over a wall at the top. Here, to make it more interesting, Charles is thrown; and "the last object that crossed my sight, as I lay bruised and motionless, was the captain as he took the wall in a flying leap." However, we might be sure that his triumph was coming. As "I saw one fence was still to be cleared, twenty feet with a face of brickwork, I turned in my saddle," says the gallant Charles, "looked him full in the face, and, as I pointed with my whip to the leap, called out in a voice hoarse with passion, 'Come on!'" He does come on; and the consequence is, that he is laid up for weeks, and his horse, having broken its collar-bone, has to be killed on the spot.

Charles himself is able in four days to return to society, and he loses no time in getting himself into a fresh scrape. The gentleman with whom he is staying, and whom he is visiting for the purpose of an election-canvass, has been already secured by a rival candidate. A grand dinner is given, when the health of the future member is proposed; and Charles, thinking his uncle is meant, rises to return thanks. This naturally exposes him to some ridicule, and more especially from a Mr. Bodkin, who assures him that "by the rock of Cashel, we will carry our man against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the sheriff." This was quite enough for the furious Charles. "Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine-glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head; so sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor." We

may venture to observe, that nothing could have been more creditable to Charles's strength, and that bringing down a giant with a smooth stone from a brook was nothing to finishing off an enemy with a wine-glass. A duel of course follows; and terrible as are the duels in *Harry Lorrequer*, they are nothing to the duels in *Charles O'Malley*. But, as we might expect, the hero escapes. "My eye glanced towards my opponent, I raised my pistol and fired. My hat turned half round upon my head, and Bodkin fell motionless to the earth." The perils of O'Malley are not, however, over. His second hurries him to the Shannon, where a boat is lying in readiness. They embark, and are pursued by a party of infuriated supporters of Mr. Bodkin. A thunderstorm adds a little additional interest to the scene; and yet so great is their skill, that amidst the wildest fury of the elements they steer their boat through an imperceptible aperture between sunken rocks, and thus escape, their pursuers being unable to catch persons so securely protected by the exigencies of the story.

Hardly is this excitement well over, when one even stranger begins. The election-day arrives, when his uncle and the father of Miss Dashwood, the young lady on whom he has set his heart, are to contest the county. The fortunes of the fight enable him to render the most signal service to the fair Lucy, and thus to create an interest in his favour, which might have sooner rewarded his ardour with the possession of her charms had he been of a marriageable age. Some of his uncle's followers thought it a fair stroke of election warfare to seize on the carriage in which Miss Dashwood was seated, and to drive it in the direction of a most dangerous bridge. It does not appear what bearing on the contest the feat could have had, even if perfectly successful. But it gave Charles an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He galloped wildly in pursuit, and arrived at the bridge just in time to see the carriage arrested half-way across, and a ruffian poised on the box-seat, prepared to throw Miss Dashwood into the Lurra-garh, "a torrent that ran deep and boisterously beneath." A more reckless act could scarcely be conceived, as the death of a young lady must have had an almost inappreciable influence upon a county election. But, at any rate, it was Charles that prevented its accomplishment. "By this time I was beside the carriage; and, twinging the lash around my wrist, I levelled my heavy and loaded hunting-whip at his head, and the weighted ball of lead struck him exactly beneath his hat." Our readers are aware that the works of Mr. Lever had, on their first appearance, the advantage of profuse illustrations. The drawing that commemorates the rescue of Miss Dashwood is eminently characteristic of the class of romances to which *Charles O'Malley* belongs; and if any one unacquainted with Mr. Lever's writings

wished to know the sort of matter he was to expect if he studied them, he could not have a better way of estimating their adventurous side at a glance than by bestowing a moment's attention on this striking design. A low bridge crosses a frightful gulf, over which a man is hanging, attached apparently by no better support than a handkerchief, which has happened to catch at the top of the wall, and in some marvellous way is sufficiently strong to keep him suspended over the abyss. Two horses are twisted into the most frantic contortions over the parapet of the bridge, and in the exact centre of the picture is the box-seat of a carriage otherwise unseen. Raised with one foot on the seat and the other on the splash-board, a gigantic prize-fighter holds high above his head a female form, while Charles is seen on the point of dealing destruction with his formidable whip. We shudder; and so awful is the confusion, and so fierce the struggle indicated, that we are not surprised, on turning the page, to find the next chapter beginning, "Nearly three weeks followed the event I have just narrated, ere I again was restored to consciousness." What became of the ruffian, how the man holding on by the handkerchief ever got up again, and how Miss Dashwood or any of the party ever got home, we are not told. A veil is drawn over these immaterial trifles, and fancy may revel in the void.

The west of Ireland is not, however, the only scene of O'Malley's exploits. He hears Miss Dashwood intimate that she could never love any one but a dragoon, and so a dragoon he determines to become. He goes with his regiment to the Peninsula, and is there from the first coming of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. He passes through unnumbered perils, and is present at battle after battle. Mr. Lever shows great skill in the manner in which he mixes up the narrative of a particular officer with the record of the leading events of the war. We have at once a military history, as intelligible and impressive as most military histories, and interspersed is a series of the escapes, combats, carouses and flirtations of Charles O'Malley. He is accompanied by an Irish servant, who contributes very considerably to the amusement; and the Peninsula portion of the work is at once entertaining and tolerably quiet and unpretending. The known current of the history of the war keeps the imagination of the novelist within bounds. Certainly Charles is a great fire-eater; but then, that is his profession. He manages to take the place of a wounded officer at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and there performs feats of the highest gallantry. But we learn more, probably, of his martial ardour from casual expressions than from the chronicle of particular actions. "I have often," he says, in speaking of an evening party which he apprehended would be disagreeable,—"I have often dressed for a storm-

ing-party with less emotion than I felt that evening." A soldier must be something like a soldier who has often "dressed for a storming-party," and who thinks less of leading a forlorn hope than of meeting a few young ladies.

It would be only natural to suppose that O'Malley would come across the Duke of Wellington; the possibility of that great man being brought into some thrilling and unexpected connection with the hero of the story being too good a feature in a Peninsular campaign to be overlooked. Mr. Lever is, however, too well acquainted with the customs of the army to represent a lieutenant of dragoons as habitually associating with the commander-in-chief. He accordingly devises a very ingenious way of linking the two together. O'Malley is made to commit some slight mistakes, and by a strange coincidence Wellington is made to see them. The opportunity is thus given of showing the sternness and awfulness of that famous general, and our sympathy for O'Malley is heightened by the severity displayed towards him. On the first occasion of their meeting, O'Malley is taking a solitary tour some miles from the camp. He is overtaken in a desolate mountain-tract by a horseman, who calls out, "Hallo, sir, what regiment do you belong to?" O'Malley, to show his scorn of an idle questioner, preserves a dead silence. "Did you hear, sir?" cried the same voice in a still louder key; "What's your regiment?" Charles turned round; and then "the horseman had lowered the collar of his cloak, and I saw the features of Sir Arthur Wellesley." This is frightful enough; but the scene that follows—the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo—is far worse. Charles had introduced himself among the stormers by assuming the place of a dead man, and had thrown a forage coat over his own uniform to conceal the fact that he had no business to be there. After all was over, he is returning: when a voice which "he thinks he has heard before" stops him, and asks, "Who are you, sir?" He gives his name and regiment; and then Picton recognises his forage coat, calls out from behind that he is the fellow that led the stormers through a broken embrasure. "I saw him, my lord, spring down from the parapet on a French gunner, and break his sword as he cleft his helmet in two." And Wellington's stern features, however, never changed their expression; he merely asked whether O'Malley had obtained leave for a particular service, and, being answered in the negative, continued, "Then report yourself at your quarters as under arrest." If this does not make us feel the sublimity of Wellington, what is there that could do so?

Charles is not, however, destined to be always repulsed and rebuked by men of eminence and authority. He is selected to bear home the despatches announcing the capture of Ciudad

Rodrigo. Immediately on arriving in London, he presents himself at Carlton House, and while he is waiting patiently in an ante-room, a large and handsome man walks in: "There was an air of high birth and bearing about him, that left no doubt on my mind that he was of the blood royal." And so he was, being, in fact, the Duke of York; and he presented O'Malley to the Regent. Our hero has now reached the very pinnacle of society; and passing through magnificent rooms, where "a ruby glass threw a glow that resembled the most gorgeous sunset," he was taken in immediately to dinner. And what a dinner that was! Every one has heard of the glories of Carlton House in its best days, but no casual assistant at the brilliant scene was ever so fortunate as Charles O'Malley. Even poor Fox, who died several years before the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, re-appeared to do honour to the occasion: "The easy *bonhomie* and English heartiness of Fox contrasted with the cutting sarcasm and sharp raillery of Erskine." No wonder that in such society the most doubtful subjects were handled in a most superior manner: "Women and the turf, together with other topics, were," we learn, "discussed with a degree of information and knowledge that proved to me how much of real acquirements can be obtained by those, whose exalted station surrounds them with the collective intellect of a nation." It must have been extremely gratifying to hear the ghost of Fox and the Prince Regent (whose acquirements on the subject were undoubtedly real) talking about women, in a way that bespoke the fruits of the collective intellect of England; and it can surprise no one, that O'Malley ends his glowing paragraph by saying: "I treasure the memory of that night as by far the most delightful of my life."

At the end of the tale, the hero is rewarded not only with honour and fame, and access to this brilliant society, but also with the hand of the heroine. Mr. Lever does not show the fertility and ingenuity in his love-scenes which we might have expected. The love-passages of Harry Lorrequer and his successor are, indeed, almost exactly alike. The young ladies appear willing from the first, and there is no very good reason why they should not be wooed and won at any time; but the heroes prevent so abrupt and happy a termination of their courtship by their peculiar manner of making a declaration. They never give the lady time to speak her mind; like jesting Pilate, they will not wait for an answer. Charles O'Malley is always pledging himself to love for ever and ever; and then dashing his spurs into his horse, and galloping away frantic with the agony of thinking his love rejected. Now we know, as well as Miss Dashwood did, that he need only have kept quiet a moment longer to have had all he wanted; and it is rather hard upon a willing

young lady and sympathising readers, that he will not take the goods which the gods give him. The two works conclude with a chapter of almost similar construction. The hero bids farewell, and then the heroine blushes and trembles in the most encouraging manner; but it is of no use. The hero insists on an eternal farewell, which, as we can feel that only four or five pages are left, we know to be nonsense. However away he goes, and then he comes back once or twice to have another last despairing farewell; until, at length, the lady catches his eye, and then a glance reveals the truth, and he is blest beyond belief. It argues a greater poverty of invention than we should have expected in Mr. Lever, that he should have made two warriors so equally timid, and two lovers so equally unable to see that they need only wait for a very ready answer.

Charles O'Malley was quickly followed by two other tales of a very similar character, *Jack Hinton* and *Tom Burke*. The first of the two exactly copies *Charles O'Malley*, in having the scene first laid in the West of Ireland, and then in the Peninsular War. The usual lovely young lady is, as usual, prevented by circumstances from following the dictates of her heart; and she consoles herself, for being denied to a lover who is longing to have her, by admiring his feats in duelling and riding. It is all Charles O'Malley over again. The most exciting part is the description of a steeple-chase, followed of course by a little pistol-shooting between the hero and his competitor. The duels in Mr. Lever's works are sufficiently numerous to give scope for a careful induction of particulars; and, by a studious comparison of the various encounters, we arrive at two great general facts: one, that the hero's assailant is indisputably and grossly in the wrong and wears a malignant scowl, the symbol of a still more malignant heart; and the other, that he is invariably hit on the hip, while the hero escapes. Exceptions prove the rule; and the duel in *Jack Hinton* which apparently invades, really strengthens, the general principle. The hero does not escape; but then, how is this brought about? He does escape from his enemy's fire, for the ball just grazes his cheek; but his enemy (shot, *en règle*, through the hip) throws his discharged pistol in Jack Hinton's face, stuns him, and lays him up for three weeks. Hinton is then carried, as an interesting invalid, into the neighbourhood of the serious love; and the story is greatly benefited by the unhandsome conduct of his opponent. But the fundamental law that, being a hero, no amount of pistol-bullets can hurt him, remains unbroken.

The steeple-chase which precedes the duel is a fine piece of adventurous romance; it is not a mere repetition of the hunt in *Charles O'Malley*, but it is very like it, and is well worth notic-

ing as a favourable specimen of the kind of scene which gives their greatest charm to Mr. Lever's tales. There is a gray horse which only one man in Ireland, Alick Burke, can ride; and it is heavily backed by one of Hinton's most intimate friends. Burke is bought over by a rival, and just at the last refuses to ride the gray. Hinton volunteers to try his luck, rather than see his friend disappointed and duped by Burke. Our expectations are wound up by every art of a cunning novelist. The groom is introduced after dinner, and describes the sort of beast Hinton has to deal with: "Maybe at last you'll get tired, and touch him with your spur. Hudroo! be gorra you'll get it then.—Why what happens then?—What happens is it? Maybe it's your neck is broke, or your thigh, or your collar-bone at least; he'll give you a straight plunge up in the air, about ten feet high, throw his head forward till he either pulls the reins out of your hands or lifts you out of your saddle." If this is not the sort of beast to keep a reader awake, it is not in man to draw a horse that shall be effective. The interest is heightened by Hinton being taken over the course by moonlight, a friendly priest undertaking to show him the way, and to point out one or two little advantages which a knowledge of the ground may give him. The race begins, and Burke immediately tries different dodges to rouse the temper of the gray, who bears the name of Moderideroo (how Mandeville would have rejoiced in the name!). Burke stops short at the first fence, affecting to baulk. The manœuvre is successful, and the gray comes to a dead stop. Now, we know, the prophecies of the groom are to be fulfilled. Hinton tried the spur; "when, as if the very ground beneath had jerked us upwards, he sprang into the air." Again driving in the spurs, his rider struck him with the whip between the ears; and "with something like a yell, the savage animal sprang into the air, writhing his body like a fish." We may well look for something terrible; and we are not disappointed. The gray dashed straight upwards, poised for a second or two, and then with a crash fell back on poor Hinton, rolling him to the ground, bruised, stunned, and senseless; however, our hero immediately got up, and he and his gray went away straight as an arrow. By the knowledge of the ground derived from his midnight canter, he managed to come up to Burke, and arrived at the last fence. The enormous powers of Moderideroo were, however, exhausted, and failing at the leap, he comes on his head in the field beyond. Clearly nothing but a *deus ex machinâ* can save the race now; but a *deus ex machinâ* appears. As Burke clears the fence, the bridle of his horse is seized by a man who had lain hid in the ditch, and is determined to do Burke an injury. This decides the contest, and Hinton "rode in the winner, amid the

deafening cheers and cries of thousands." We must say that we could have wished the triumph to have been achieved in a more honourable way; but still we cannot but acknowledge that the interest is very vividly sustained, and is proof against even this unlooked-for *dénouement*.

We will only notice one character in *Jack Hinton*, and we do so because he is the best type of a class very prominent in these tales. This is Father Tom Loftus, a rollicking, loose, drunken, fine-hearted Irish priest. This sort of priest appears to be an indispensable appendage of a Galway tale, and goes a great way to justify the remark, so frequent in the mouths of the personages of these romances, that Galway is a very strange and exceptional region. We are first introduced to Father Tom on board the packet which conveys Hinton to Ireland, when we are told how a red-nosed, fat old gentleman, in rusty black and high boots, talked down the others by an eloquent account of the mawling that he, Father Tom Loftus, had given the Reverend Paul Strong, at a late controversial meeting in the Rotunda. He next appears in a canal-boat in a remote part of Ireland, where he spends the night, to the great admiration of Hinton, and to the great edification of all readers, in playing whist, talking theology, drinking whisky, and flirting with a Mrs. Carney, in honour of whom he sings a song to the effect that on the morrow he would be threescore, and that he never wishes to have any worse fortune betide him, than to have a hot tumbler before, and a beautiful crayture beside him. In the progress of events, he does Hinton innumerable good turns; he shows him over the ground of the steeple-chase, he takes him out of the way after the duel, and he conveys him in his own particular gig. This gig is made much of, and there is a very comic description of the horse running away, and jolting the reverend father off his seat while he is in the act of drinking a deep draught from a jug of milk-punch. The better, or perhaps we ought only to say the more decorous side of the priest is then exhibited, and he takes Hinton to visit his cure, a lonely village on the coast of the Atlantic, where he is useful and beloved, and where, curiously enough, the lady of Hinton's heart happens to reside. No one can dislike the good pastor, he is so kind, and entertaining, and sociable. It is also possible that he may be suited to his flock, and that the sight of their spiritual guide drinking milk-punch at the bottom of a gig may have a beneficial effect on the people of so wonderful a county as Galway.

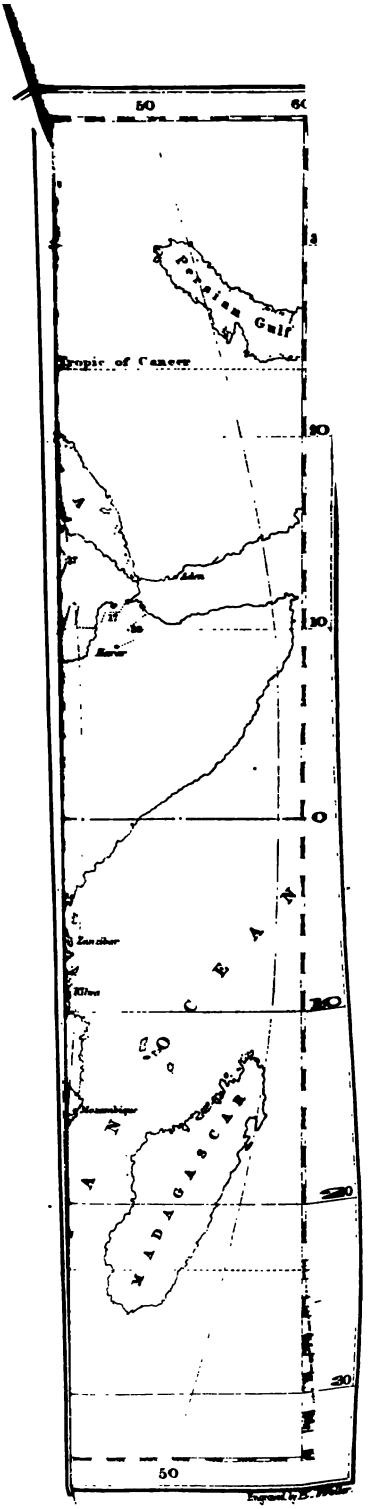
In *Tom Burke* the rich vein of Mr. Lever's fancy is beginning to fail. There is a faint smack of the old Galway leaven about the book, but there is not much more. Still *Tom Burke* deserves to be classed with the tales written in Mr. Lever's genuine

style. The hero goes into Napoleon's army instead of Wellington's, and the scene during three-fourths of the story is laid in France. It is the old thing in a new dress; and an Irish chasseur is as good fun as an Irish ensign, so long as they do the same things. In the beginning of *Tom Burke* the old familiar faces and the old kind of Irish talk welcome us. We feel quite at home when we find Captain Bubbleton, one of Burke's friends, remarking, "Supper's rather my forte, an odour of a broiled bone at three in the morning, a herring smeared with chetna and grilled with brandy, two hundred of small oysters, a few hot ones to close with, a glass of seltzer dashed with hollands for health, and then any number you like of glasses of hot brandy-and-water afterwards for pleasure." A man must have the true Galway stomach even to think of so many unwholesome things, and we feel as if we trod the enchanted ground again. But the purely Irish part is soon over; and although the foreign life, and the career of a French officer, are made tolerably interesting, and the soldiering is like the soldiering of *Harry Lorrequer*, yet there is want of raciness and zest, and the spirit and fun are gone.

After we have done with *Tom Burke*, we enter on a series of tales on which we do not care to touch in detail. Every now and then there is a gleam of the former merriment and wonder-working power, but the whole is flat and dull. How is it possible that any one should have an exhaustless fund of good stories? Let us suppose that a genial sociable man, with a good memory and a turn for exaggeration, picks up as many as two hundred new funny anecdotes, he is certainly endowed far above his neighbours; but if he once begins to print, he must come, sooner or later, to the end of his treasure. Then, again, the sphere of possible variety is necessarily limited when there is but one field for the author to display his powers in. Galway, as a remote country, is capitally suited for the localisation of all that is marvellous, but a certain sort of sameness must creep over even Galway fictions. If the hero is to fight a duel, and he is not to be killed or seriously wounded, there is no alternative; he must escape. If he is to ride over rough country, his animal may be more or less obstreperous, the walls may be ten or twenty feet high, his rival may or may not glare at him with a demon glance, but the whole thing is substantially the same. It is but a certain amount of riding under difficulties. The young lady who is the day-dream of the lieutenant's boyhood and the guiding-star of his proud and lonely manhood, as she is never suffered to speak, or to act otherwise than a marriageable lay-figure, cannot admit of much difference of treatment. No wonder, then, that the day came when Mr. Lever had over-written himself. Sometimes succeeding a little better, sometimes failing a little more decid-

edly, he has gone on getting further and further away from the richness and strength of his early writings, until at length he has got down to the *Fortunes of Glencore.*

It is curious that a writer of Mr. Lever's undoubted ability and sense should have given this unfortunate novel to the world at the same time that his early works were being reprinted, and not have seen how painful is the contrast. Mr. Lever tells us in the preface to the *Fortunes of Glencore,* that it has been his object in that story to depict the shifting play of character, to analyse motives, and to examine the secrets of the human heart. As might be expected from this announcement, the book is insipid and conventional beyond endurance, never irradiated by a spark of fun, with no adventures, no Galway wonders, no Irish sports and feats. It is one dead level of the trivialities of minor continental society, and the moral tortuosities of an invalid peer and a satirical diplomat, his friend. We will not linger over a subject which must lead us into dispraise of a writer who has so often amused and delighted us as Mr. Lever has. Only we cannot forbear an expression of surprise that Mr. Lever should not see how good his early works were, and how disappointed any one must be who, full of the charms of his first stories, takes up the *Fortunes of Glencore.* The unhappy reader comes fresh with the recollection of the good things of *Charles O'Malley;* and then, on being offered a novel containing "an analysis of character," can scarcely help feeling a sensation like that of the Red-Indian chiefs, who, appearing before the United-States officials on the day when they had been accustomed to receive a yearly present, and being greeted instead with a moral and edifying lecture, exclaimed, "We came to get tobacco and to be made drunk, and not to hear sermons." If we cannot have new novels like the old ones, let us go back to the first-fruits of Mr. Lever's genius. Let us wander with him in the remote country of which he used to tell in such pleasant traveller's stories, and believe as heartily as we can in the Galway of Charles O'Malley.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Art. II.—RECENT RESEARCHES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, performed in the years 1850 *and* 1851. By the late James Richardson. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth, Ph. D., D.C.L. 5 vols. (Vols. I. to III. published) 8vo. London: Longmans. 1857.

An Account of the Progress of the Expedition to Central Africa, performed by order of Her Majesty's Foreign Office, under Messrs. Richardson, Barth, Overweg, and Vogel, in the years 1850, 1851, 1852, *and* 1853. By Augustus Petermann, F.R.G.S. Folio. London: Stanford. 1854.

Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthes geographischer Anstalt über wichtige neue Erforschungen auf dem Gesammtgebiete der Geographie. Von Dr. A. Petermann. 4to. Gotha (for 1855, 1856, and 1857).

Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South-Western Africa. By Ch. J. Andersson. 8vo. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

South Africa and its Explorer. By Th. Maclear, Astronomer Royal, Capetown.

Inner Africa laid open. By W. Desborough Cooley, Esq. London: Longmans. 1852.

Thirty years ago, there was no part of the world of which less was known than of the interior of Africa. Not only was the knowledge of it unattained, but it was believed to be unattainable. The difficulties which beset the explorer in this region at the very outset were so appalling, that for centuries, during which other parts of the world have been traversed by enterprising explorers, Africa has remained almost unquestioned, unsearched. The fate of those few who did venture into the interior of that continent only strengthened the prevailing opinion, and served as a terrible warning to future adventurers. The little that, from the coast settlements, could be discerned of the interior, encouraged the belief that it presented nothing but trackless deserts of shifting sand, which, exposed to the vertical rays of the sun throughout the entire breadth of the tropics, and debarred by the lofty crest of Mount Atlas from the cooling breezes of the north which temper the heat of Morocco and Algiers, formed not only the barrenest but the sultriest part of

the earth's surface. No cooling streams were believed to drop fertility upon this arid soil; no giant rivers, to determine the seats of empire and guide the march of nations and of commerce. The characteristics of the continent appeared to be negative ones. While Asia boasted her gigantic rivers and gorgeous cities placed thereon, her pastoral antiquity and luxurious present, and the parentage of all the great religions of the world, —the Indian, the Persian, the Jewish, the Christian, the Mohammedan; while Europe boasted the more evenly distributed fertility of her soil, the kindliness of her climate, the length of her coast-line, her mineral wealth, and the parentage of science, law, political freedom, and history; Africa appeared as the negation of all that was most valuable in both these continents. But as in the natural world there is nothing absolute, so we now discover that Africa has great rivers, has pasturage and tillage, has even cities and a large inland commerce, has all the rudiments of history. There was, indeed, a rough truth in the original impression; but it required to be largely modified by subsequent experience.

The series of explorations which has, in the last few years, filled up for us the larger part of the blank spaces in our maps of Africa, commenced at opposite ends of the continent almost simultaneously. In June 1849, Dr. Livingstone started on his first journey in quest of a large inland sea, of which credible reports had reached him. In December 1849, Drs. Barth and Overweg reached Tunis, and prepared for the more distant expedition, which was to be headed by Mr. Richardson, in quest of another inland sea. In May 1856, Dr. Livingstone reached the Indian Ocean, having traversed South Africa from sea to sea. In 1855, Dr. Barth reached Tripoli, having twice crossed the Sahara, and traversed and re-traversed twenty degrees of longitude within the tropics. Moreover, in 1853, Dr. Vogel went out as companion and successor to Dr. Barth; and is still, we hope, prosecuting his discoveries, pushing them far to the east of Lake Tsad,* and perhaps even to the Indian Ocean.

The expedition which was headed by Mr. James Richardson, and composed of himself and two Germans, Drs. Barth and Overweg,—the former recommended by his knowledge of Africa and desert life gained on a previous journey in the countries along the Mediterranean, and the latter by his accomplishments in the physical sciences,—was organised for the exploration of the negro countries south of the Great Desert. The great Lake Tsad, partially laid down by Denham and Clapperton, required more exact investigation; the two great streams which, uniting, are popularly

* He had reached in 1856 Wara in Waday, in about lat. 14° N., long. 22° E.

known as the Niger, and fondly believed to represent the Niger of the ancient geographers, were so imperfectly known, that it was matter of doubt whether one of them fed, or drained Lake Tsad, or were unconnected with it altogether. As the first of commercial nations, the English could not rest without ascertaining the natural capacities of a country known to be populous, and endeavouring to open new and easier routes of communication with it; as the nation whose honour and religion are alike pledged to the suppression of the slave-trade, they could not be uninterested in those mysterious inland countries which feed this nefarious traffic. The former of these problems Barth has made especially his; to the latter Richardson has devoted his thoughts, his pen, and alas! his life. This expedition has, in its end, assumed an importance which could hardly have been augured from its modest beginnings, and will certainly be regarded as the greatest contribution hitherto made to our knowledge of Africa. The ultimate results that may flow from it, cannot be distinctly foreseen; the immediate results are, important acquisitions on the fields of geography, ethnology, history, the knowledge of industry and commerce; and the possession of a most interesting and well-written book by Dr. Barth himself.

Drs. Barth and Overweg first undertook a journey from Tripoli to the range of mountains, or Jebel, about sixty miles from the coast, following the range for nearly 200 miles, and returning to Tripoli. This journey led them through a province where fertility and desert are strangely intermingled, and where the remains of a former wealthy civilisation contrast strikingly with present poverty and ignorance. Almost immediately after the gardens of the outskirts of Tripoli are passed, a desert of shifting sand-hills commences to the south and south-east of that town, most unfortunate for the industry of the province, and depressing to the commerce of the capital. The coast, however, possesses some fertile regions, especially that of Zenzúr, west of Tripoli; and groups of date-palms are frequent at intervals along the coast, as well as in the interior. South of this band of desert, which is about ten miles broad, an open country, consisting of wild prairies, good pastures, and corn-fields, extends to the foot of the mountains which run in lat. 32°, from W.S.W. to E.N.E., till they reach the Mediterranean. This province is richly strewn with interesting memorials of the past, especially with relics of Roman dominion; and would surely repay the more detailed search of a professed archæologist, when even passing travellers noticed so much. But there are other monuments of antiquity, besides the Roman; and one (found about lat. 32° 15′ N., long. 13° 30′ E.) is so curious and important, that we shall extract part of Dr. Barth's description:

"It consists in a pair of quadrangular pillars erected on a common basis, which is fixed into the ground, and measures 3 feet $1\frac{5}{12}$ inches in length, and 2 feet 10 inches in width. The two pillars, which measure 2 feet on each side, being 1 foot $7\frac{2}{10}$ inches asunder, are 10 feet high. The western pillar has three quadrangular holes on the inside, while the corresponding holes in the eastern pillar go quite through. Over these pillars, which at present lean to one side, is laid another enormous stone about 6 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and of the same width as the pillars; so that the whole structure bears a surprising resemblance to the most conspicuous part of the celebrated Celtic ruins at Stonehenge, and other ruins in Malabar, about the religious purpose of which not the least doubt remains at present.

"These ruins are certainly very remarkable. Any one who looks at them without prejudice or preconceived opinion, will be impressed with the belief that they belonged to a place of worship; though how this peculiar structure could be adapted to religious purposes, I will not undertake to decide. It is well known that the most ancient idols were mere pillars or stones, not only of a round or conical shape, as symbols of the procreative power of nature, but even of a square form. It is also well known, from the example of the columns in On or Heliopolis, of the two celebrated columns, Yakín and Boaz, in front of the Temple in Jerusalem, and from that of the two pillars of the Phœnician Hercules in Gades, that the power of the Deity was often represented by a pair. . . . Analogous structures have been found, not only in England and Ireland on the one side, and in several parts of India, principally in the Nilgherries, on the other; but also in Circassia, Southern Russia, on the South-Arabian coast, and in the Somali country." (i. 58-62.)

The Roman remains consist chiefly of sepulchral monuments; but there are also a few castles, wells, and milestones. They are far less frequent to the south of the Jebel than north of it; but one was discovered by our travellers, as far south as lat. 26° 22′ N. It was a sepulchral monument; and Dr. Barth says:

"I found it in tolerably good preservation; and without delay made a sketch of it, as it seemed to me to be an object of special interest, as the southernmost relic of the Roman dominion. It is a remarkable fact, that several years before the beginning of our era the Romans should have penetrated as far as this place; and that their dominion here was not of a merely transitory nature, this monument itself seems clearly to show. It is only one story high, and seems never to have been loftier. This is evidently characteristic of the age in which it was built; and I am persuaded that it is not later than the time of Augustus. Those high steeple-tombs, which I have described above, seem not to have come into fashion before the middle of the second century after Christ." (i. 156.)

Rock sculptures of a very remarkable kind were found in abundance about lat. 25° 45′ N., long. 12° E. They are engraved on sandstone blocks. One of them, which contains two

human figures, one with the head of a bull, the other with a head resembling the ibis, reminds one of Egyptian art; others contain chiefly representations of oxen, proving that these

"were the common beasts of burden, instead of the camel, which we here look for in vain. Not only has the camel no place among these sculptures, but even among the rude outlines which at a much later period have been made on the blocks around, representing buffaloes, ostriches, and another kind of bird, there are no camels; and it is a well-known fact, that the camel was introduced into the western part of northern Africa at a much later period." (i. 200.)

These sculptures, it is needless to say, have nothing of a Roman character, and are probably monuments of the original religion of the indigenous Berber race.

But, in order to dispose of the subject of antiquities, we have been anticipating: we return to lat. 32°. The Jebel, which extends E.N.E. and W.S.W., is a range some 2000 feet high, whose northern side descends steeply into the coast-plain above described, while its southern side sinks, more irregularly and less deep, into the desert. It forms a country irregularly broken into ravines and glens; but the different parts of the range have essentially different characters. Whilst the Jebel Yefren (about a degree west of the meridian of Tripoli), with an average height of 2200 feet, is rich in dates, and produces fine fruits, such as apricots, pomegranates, and figs, the rich loam of the Ghurian (on the meridian of Tripoli) is poor in dates, but produces fine crops of corn, saffron, and olives. Advancing further east, the Tarhona, having an elevation of only about 1000 feet, is inhabited by a wandering population, and possesses good pastures; and the Mesellata, where the range reaches the sea, is particularly characterised by its olives.

It has often been supposed that the interior of Africa forms a vast plateau of considerable elevation, to which the country rises by a series of steps from the coasts of the Mediterranean, the fabulous mountains of the moon being its culminating point. This turns out to be quite an erroneous conception. Lake Tsad was found by Dr. Vogel to be only about 800 feet above the level of the sea; and the general elevation of Bornu and the adjacent countries does not exceed 1000 feet. The traveller from the north, after passing the Jebel Ghurian, has to surmount the Hammáda, a stony desert without wells, uninhabited by man, and almost without plants and animals, having an elevation of about 1400 feet, and a breadth of about two degrees of latitude. Its southern edge sinks perpendicularly from 1400 feet to about 700; and the traveller, who has been walking over chalky limestone with flint, finds himself again among the sandstones, white, yellow, and black, and among drifting sand-hills. This soil sup-

ports little vegetation except palms. A number of steep ascents occur, until the traveller finds himself upon the table-land of Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, 1500 feet above the sea-level. Murzuk occupies a slight depression in this remarkable plateau, and is so hot and arid, that fruits can with difficulty be cultivated there. Indeed Fezzan in general is rather a desert than an oasis in the desert, with a very small population, kept asunder by intervening tracts of desert. The southern and western edge of the table-land of Murzuk rises to an elevation of about 2000 feet, whence the country gradually and constantly slopes to the south, till Lake Tsad is reached. Our travellers, however, did not take this direct route, which Denham and Clapperton followed before them, and Vogel after, but, proceeding for nearly 300 miles due west from Murzuk, entered the oasis of Ghát, the picturesque situation of which town made a favourable contrast to the wilderness of Murzuk.

"It is a small town of about 250 houses; but nevertheless of considerable commercial importance, which would become infinitely greater if the jealousy of the Tawáti would allow the opening of the direct road from Timbúktu, which seems to be under the special protection of the powerful chief Gemáma." (i. 238.)

The Berbers who now inhabit the country are probably the descendants of the ancient inhabitants, whom Dr. Barth describes as "of the Semitic stock; but who, by intermarriage with tribes which came from Egypt or by way of it, had received a certain admixture" (i. 224).* Their own name for themselves is Mazigh or Imóshagh; Tarki or Tawárek the name given them by the Arabs; and Berber appears to be the Roman *barbari*. Their original seats probably did not extend so far south as the borders of the naked desert. This seems to have been occupied originally by the negro race,—Fezzan, Ghát, Tawát, and Aïr; but the Arab conquests in the eleventh century drove the Berbers out of their pristine seats, and forced them to spread further to the south, peopling the oases of Ghát, Tawát, and Aïr, and expelling the original inhabitants; whilst the Arabs themselves peopled Fezzan.

Proceeding southwards from Ghát, an extensive and varied Alpine region is traversed, extending to lat. 18° 30′ north, and having in its different parts an average elevation of from 1000 to 4000 feet, while the mountain-peaks attain or exceed 5000. This is the region of the primitive rocks, being composed entirely of granite, gneiss, mica, and felspar. The wadis, or valleys, are

* It is, however, easier thus to invent a theory to account for the puzzling complex of similarity and difference that subsists between the Berber and the Semitic languages, than to prove when and where such an influence could have been propagated from Egypt. Moreover, the relation between the Egyptian language itself and the Semitic tongues is an ethnological puzzle.

covered with vegetation, sometimes rich, sometimes scanty, which gradually assumes a tropical character after the limit of the tropical rains (about lat. 22° N.) has been passed.

Mr. Richardson and his companions brought home the first accurate knowledge of the interesting country of Aïr or Asben, which, like Fezzan, is an elevated region, and an oasis bounded on the south by a desert stony ridge. This desert ridge, called Hammáda, forms the southern boundary of the Sahara; and south of it the fertile country of Sudan immediately commences, and fertilising streams take the place of the dry wadis of the desert. Aïr contains some lofty peaks, and its northern part is an Alpine region of granite formation; but parts possess a luxuriant vegetation, both herbage and palms. The animal creation is also numerously represented, by herds of oxen, goats, camels, asses, gazelles, and lions. The capital, 'Agades, has probably a population of about 7000; but was formerly much larger when it possessed direct traffic with Timbúktu. At present the Tawáreks are the principal merchants there; but in the markets the price is "neither fixed in dollars nor in shells, but either in merchandise of various descriptions, such as calico, shawls, tobes, or in negro millet, which is the real standard of the market of 'Agades at the present time" (i. 405). The butchers' market was well supplied: not so that for vegetables. The chief commerce is in ghussub or millet. Saddles and other leather wares, especially neat little leather boxes, used for tobacco, perfumes, &c. are the chief manufactures.

Perhaps the most important contribution that Dr. Barth has made to our knowledge of Africa, is the information which he has collected about its history and ethnology. Our readers will smile at the idea of a "History of 'Agades," yet that is not the least interesting nor the least important chapter of his book. It appears that 'Agades was founded in 1460, probably by five Berber tribes; but it soon underwent a great change of population, for in 1515 it was taken by the great Sónghay conqueror, Haj Mohammed 'Askiá, and the five Berber tribes expelled from it,—at least so runs the story; but Dr. Barth finds so much evidence, physical and linguistic, of a Berber element in the present population, that he considers that a portion of the original Berber inhabitants must have remained and become fused into one people with their conquerors. The Sónghay conquest also explains how 'Agades can have, as the Tawárek assert, essentially the same language as Timbúktu, with which at present it has no intercourse. 'Agades must have been founded by the Berbers, Dr. Barth says, to "serve them as a secure abode and fortified magazine in their commercial intercourse with that splendid capital of the Sónghay empire [Gógo], the principal article of

which was gold, which formed also the chief article in the former commerce of 'Agades." (i. 467.)

After leaving Aïr, the travellers entered Sudan, or the Negro provinces. Here the ruling race are the Felláta, Felláni, or Fulbe (of which the singular is Pullo), who hold the Hausa population in subjection. They are a remarkable people,—"a distinct race between the Arab and Berber on the one side, and the Negro stock on the other. However striking may be the linguistic indications of a connexion of this tribe with the Kaffirs of South Africa, there can be no doubt that historically they have proceeded from the west towards the east." (ii. 421.) In the enthusiasm of fanaticism, and led on by the reformer 'Othmán dan Fódiye, they conquered the Hausa country, and founded their present great empire, extending from 7° west long. to 16° east long., about the beginning of the present century. The seat of the supreme power is Sókoto (or rather, at present, Wurno, a short distance from Sókoto); but the empire is composed of a great number of provinces, each with its own capital and governor, and the central power cannot be very effective in the more distant ones. But in all the Fulbe are the ruling race, and in most form a small minority of the population. 'Adamáwa, the large province south of Lake Tsad, and below the ninth degree of north lat., is a province in which the Fulbe have been settled from very early times; but Dr. Barth could get no clue to the real date of their immigration into it.

The Hausa states used formerly to be subject to the empire of Bornu, though with rather precarious allegiance. They now belong to the empire of the Fulbe. Kátsena and Kanó are both the seat of a governor, and both large and important places; but Kátsena has the greatest claims to antiquity, and was in former days the centre of the industry and commerce of the province; but has now parted with this supremacy to her happier neighbour, Kanó. By the list of the kings of Kátsena, still preserved, which goes back to a remote period, it would appear that this city was founded about 1200 A.D.; a respectable antiquity for a Negro town. Kátsena had formerly a very large population; and Dr. Barth says, that if only half its vast area were filled, it must have contained at least 100,000 souls. Its ruler was one of the wealthiest princes of Negroland.

"In fact, Kátsena, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of our era, seems to have been the chief city of this part of Negroland, as well in commercial and political importance as in other respects; for here that state of civilisation which had been called forth by contact with the Arabs seems to have reached its highest degree, and as the Hausa language here attained the greatest richness of form and the most refined pronunciation, so also the manners of Kátsena were

distinguished by superior politeness from those of the other towns of Hausa." (ii. 79.)

Kátsena offered a long and spirited resistance to the Fulbe conquerors in 1807: war was carried on against it for seven years before it could be reduced by famine; and even after that the Hausa people succeeded in expelling their conquerors, who had to bring a fresh army against it and reduce it anew. This struggle, however creditable to African patriotism, was destructive to the great commerce which had enriched and peopled Kátsena. This gradually migrated to Kanó, which is now the most important market and seat of industry in Sudan. But the province of Kátsena, Dr. Barth tells us,

"is one of the finest parts of Negroland; and being situated just at the water-parting between the basin of the Tsád and that of the Kwára, at a general elevation of from 1200 to 1500 feet, it enjoys the advantage of being at once well watered and well drained, the chains of hills which diversify its surface sending down numerous rapid streams, so that it is less insalubrious than other regions of this continent. Its productions are varied and rich, though its elevated situation seems unfavourable to the growth of cotton. But, on the other side, useful trees seem to be more numerous in this district than in any other under the same latitude; and the áyaba or banana, and the gónda or papaya, are found in many favoured spots, while the dorówa or *Parkia*, the tsámia or tamarind, and the kadeña, or the shea butter-tree (*Bassia Parkii*) are the most common trees every where, and very often form thick clusters." (ii. 83.)

It is certainly surprising to find such a town as Kanó in the centre of Africa; to discover the focus of a complex and widely ramified commerce, and a busy hive of manufacturing industry, in a region which most people imagine to be a sort of desert. And all this has gone on for generations, and we have known nothing of it! The ordinary population of Kanó, Barth says, is certainly not less than 30,000; and during the busy time of the year, from January to April, when there is a great influx of strangers (reminding one of the fairs of Frankfurt, Leipzig, or Nijni Novgorod), the number of residents may often amount to 60,000.

"The principal commerce of Kanó consists in native produce; namely, the cotton-cloth woven and dyed here or in the neighbouring towns, in the form of tobes or rígona (*sing.* ríga); túrkedí, or the oblong piece of dress of dark-blue colour worn by the women; the zénne, or plaid, of various colours; and the ráwani bakí, or black lithám." (ii. 125.)

These wares are carried to Murzuk, Ghát, and even Tripoli; and, what is more surprising, are eagerly coveted in Timbúktu, although the only route now open to that city is by way of Ghát

or even Ghadámes, and Tawát; and through Timbúktu penetrate even to Arguin on the Atlantic.

"In taking a general view of the subject, I think myself justified in estimating the whole produce of this manufacture, as far as it is sold abroad, at the very least, at about 300,000,000 [kurdí or cowries]; and how great this national wealth is, will be understood by my readers when they know that with from fifty to sixty thousand kurdí, or from four to five pounds sterling a-year, a whole family may live in that country with ease, including every expense, even that of their clothing: and we must remember that the province is one of the most fertile spots on the earth, and is able to produce not only the supply of corn necessary for its population, but can also export; and that it possesses besides the finest pasture-grounds." (ii. 127.)

Other products of native industry, which are exported, are sandals and tanned hides; and an important source of wealth to this province is the transit of natron from Bornu, and of the cloth fabrics of Nyffi or Núpe, a province on the Kwára. But with the question of the manufactures and commerce of this region is connected another of the greatest interest to every Englishman. The English have opened the Niger to navigation, and discovered the possibility of legitimate commerce with Sudan. If the demand for Manchester prints would be small in the country of native cotton fabrics, English hardware and cutlery, and probably woollen cloth, would be eagerly sought after. English goods do reach Hausa to a very limited extent, but it is by the long and laborious northern route across the desert. And we have suffered our Niger explorations, commenced with the view of raising the position of the Negro, to become the means of degrading him and opening a new area to the slave-trade. American slave-dealers have availed themselves of the new approach to Central Africa, discovered but abandoned by us, to inundate the province of Nyffi with their wares, taking in return nothing but slaves. Dr. Barth feelingly laments the death of Mr. Richardson, "who in his eloquent language would have dealt worthily with this question." Mr. Richardson, in the journey which he undertook alone through the province of Zinder, witnessed a razzia, or slave-hunt, made by the serkí or governor of the province on the subjects of his own master, the horrors of which we must give in his own language:

"I certainly never heard of a more iniquitous expedition; for it is believed he has gone against the pacific and loyal subjects of the sheikh, not tribes or villages under another power." (*Richardson's Narrative*, ii. 244.)

"The Shereef Kebir would scarcely mention the razzia to me for shame. At length a Moor present said, 'Fish eats up fish; so it is with the Sarkee.' This brought forth a laugh, and seemed to be thought a

sufficient salve for all their consciences. . . . . A cry was raised early this morning, 'The Sarkee is coming!' Every one went out eagerly to learn the truth. It turned out that a string of captives, fruits of the razzia, was coming in. There cannot be in the world—there cannot be in the whole world—a more appalling spectacle than this. My head swam as I gazed. A single horseman rode first, showing the way, and the wretched captives followed him as if they had been used to this condition all their lives. Here were naked little boys running alone, perhaps thinking themselves upon a holiday; near at hand dragged mothers, with baby at their breasts; girls of various ages, some almost ripened into womanhood, others still infantine in form and appearance; old men bent two-double with age, their trembling chins verging towards the ground, their poor old heads covered with white wool; aged women tottering alone, leaning upon long staffs, mere living skeletons: such was the miscellaneous crowd that came first; and then followed the stout young men, ironed neck to neck. This was the first instalment of the black bullion of Central Africa; and as the wretched procession huddled through the gates leading into the town, the creditors of the Sarkee looked gloatingly on through their lazy eyes, and calculated on speedy payment." (*Ib.* ii. 264.). "In the extravagant manner that this government of Zinder conducts its affairs, it can only maintain itself by periodical expeditions of this kind. There is one Fez merchant here, to whom the Sarkee owes 4,000,000 of wadâs, or about 2000 reals of Fezzan; and other creditors claim in a like proportion. Now indeed we begin to understand how the slave-markets of quasi-civilised countries are supplied by the surplus produce of these expeditions." (ii. 240.)

"Slavery is the curse of all these countries. My Soudan servant, Amankee, would not come with me to Zinder, on account of his longing desire to see his mother and sisters: and yet, although these feelings are deep in the bosoms of all the blacks, they can see their neighbours torn away from their houses and carried off in irons with the greatest indifference." (ii. 236.) "My sympathies certainly begin to cool when I see the conduct of these blacks to one another. The blacks are, in truth, the real active men-stealers, though incited thereto frequently by the slave-merchants of the north and south. It must be confessed, that if there were no white men from the north or south to purchase the supply of slaves required out of Africa, slavery would still flourish, though it might often be in a mitigated form: and this brings me to the reiteration of my opinion, that only foreign conquest by a power like Great Britain or France can really extirpate slavery from Africa." (ii. 275.)

Dr. Barth, after his residence in Kanó, entered the kingdom of Bornu, where some of his most interesting researches were made. The land slopes gradually to Lake Tsad, and is little elevated above its waters. The districts of Gummel and Mâshena are first passed,—well cultivated with cotton and corn, upon a granite formation, and extremely populous, having several places with more than 10,000 inhabitants; then the country drained by

the great river Waube, on the Komádugu (the river) hitherto incorrectly called Yeo, which is the principal feeder of Lake Tsad, is reached. Here are the ruins of the ancient capital of the empire of Bornu, Ghasreggomo, about 13° N. lat., 12° E. long., situated in the midst of the finest country in Bornu, with a rich alluvial soil; a country which Dr. Barth says formerly teemed with hundreds of villages, and was laid out in corn-fields, but which is now almost deserted, and covered with dense forests and impenetrable jungle, and has become the haunt of the monkey and the hog, the elephant and the lion. He notices also the admirable brick structures of the ruins of former towns in this neighbourhood, so much more durable than the frail buildings of the present day; and says it is lamentable to see such evidence as everywhere meets the eye of a decadence from a state of security and social well-being to one of lawlessness and misery. The Bornu princes have forgotten the first duty of a ruler, to protect the lives and property of his subjects, and allow their people to be exposed to the havoc which the Tawárek hordes on the north are ever lying in wait to commit. Happy would it be, could we see any chance of their dynasty, which is manifestly tottering to its fall, being succeeded by any rulers of capacity and integrity. But the misery of such a state of things is, that it has a tendency constantly to grow worse: such a condition of misrule corrupts the governed as much as the governors, and the very idea of governing for the public good is extinguished. And if it is sanguine to hope for a hero to arise from among the subjects of such an empire who should make Bornu again what it once was, still less can we expect any foreign adventurer to do so, who would be bound by no tie of affection to its people—as the Arab who founded the present dynasty. The only source of reasonable hope would seem to be a commercial connection of mutual advantage with Europe, and especially with England, where the duty of the ruler to rule for the good and the glory of his people, and not for his own aggrandisement, forms the central principle of government.

On entering the province of Kúkawa, which forms the western shore of Lake Tsad, the aspect of the country underwent a marked change. Instead of the luxuriant vegetation of the forests, which even in their present savage state show how rich the soil is, and instead of a copious and varied flora and fauna, a region of poor soil and scanty vegetation was discovered. There is no tropical wealth in the flora of this province. Dr. Vogel, who subsequently visited Kúkawa, found during five weeks only seventy-five species of all kinds of plants; and complaints of the terrible monotony of the region are frequent. The Dúm-palm, which is the characteristic tree of Negroland, is scarcely found

there; fan-palms, acacias, caoutchouc, and tamarinds, appear to be the most frequent trees; and cotton and millet are grown. Kúkawa is extremely hot and arid, and very unhealthy; and it was here that the second victim was demanded from the expedition. Mr. Richardson had died alone before reaching this place, not far from Ghasréggomo, mentioned above: and the silence which shrouds his lonely end speaks to our hearts more touchingly than any words he might have uttered had he had a friend at his side. Dr. Overweg lived to reach Kúkawa, to explore Lake Tsad in the boat (the *Lord Palmerston*) provided by Government for that purpose, and conveyed in pieces on camels all across the desert; he lived to explore a great extent of country both north and south of the lake. The climate, however, only delayed, but did not forget to exert its fatal influence upon him, and he expired in a village near Kúkawa, and found a grave "on the very borders of that lake by the navigation of which he has rendered his name celebrated for ever."

The water of the lake is fresh, and there is no outlet. The depth was found by Dr. Overweg to be very small, varying from eight to fifteen feet. Its shores, especially on the north, are studded with hundreds of islands, inhabited by the Búdduma, a pagan tribe, which has retired thither and preserved its independence and piratical habits in these fastnesses. The shores are on all sides ill-defined, from the lowness of the adjacent land; and it is extremely difficult to reach the lake at all through the miles of morass and reeds that surround it. These reeds and the narrow channels among them are the abode of the hippopotamus and crocodile; and the former are mentioned as raising their heads and gaping with astonishment at the white sails of the boat, when Dr. Overweg navigated the lake. On the north shores elephants abound; and there is also a species of antelope which lives there, between land and water, in great herds. The lake is fed by the Wáube, the great river of Bornu, flowing from the West, and by the Shári, with its tributary the Serbéwuël, flowing from the south.

Lake Tsad is probably mentioned by the father of history. Herodotus* tells of a journey into the interior of Africa, performed by some madcap Nasamonian youths, who were deter-

* II. 32, 33. Ἐκείνους ὦν τοὺς νεηνίας. . . . . ἰέναι τὰ πρῶτα μὲν διὰ τῆς οἰκεομένης, ταύτην δὲ διεξελθόντας ἐς τὴν θηριώδεα ἀπικέσθαι, ἐκ δὲ ταύτης τὴν ἐρῆμον διαξιέναι, τὴν ὁδὸν ποιευομένους πρὸς ξέφυρον ἄνεμον· διελθόντας δὲ χῶρον πολλὸν ψαμμάδεα καὶ ἐν πολλῇσι ἡμέρῃσι ἰδέειν δή κοτε δένδρεα ἐν πεδίῳ πεφυκότα. . . . . ἐπελθεῖν ἄνδρας μικροὺς, μετρίων ἐλάσσονας ἀνδρῶν, λαβόντας δὲ ἄγειν σφέας· φωνῆς δὲ οὔτε τι τῆς ἐκείνων τοὺς Νασαμῶνας γινώσκειν οὔτε τοὺς ἄγοντας τῶν Νασαμώνων. Ἄγειν τε δὴ αὐτοὺς δι' ἑλέων μεγίστων, καὶ διεξελθόντας ταῦτα ἀπικέσθαι ἐς πόλιν ἐν τῇ πάντες εἶναι τοῖσι ἄγουσι τὸ μέγαθος ἴσους, χρῶμα δὲ μέλανας. Παρὰ δὲ τὴν πόλιν ῥέειν ποταμὸν μέγαν, ῥέειν δὲ ἀπ' ἑσπέρης αὐτὸν πρὸς ἠλιον ἀνατέλλοντα· φαίνεσθαι δὲ ἐν αὐτῷ κροκοδείλους. ἐς τοὺς οὗτοι ἀπίκοντο ἀνθρώπους, γόητας εἶναι πάντας.

mined to do what no one else had done. The Nasamonians lived on the eastern side of the Great Syrtis (Gulf of Sidra). Thence starting, he tells us, "they traversed first the inhabited country, then a strip haunted by wild-beasts, and then emerged on the desert, pursuing a south-westerly direction. They then passed over a great extent of sandy country, and after many days at length saw some trees growing in a plain. Whilst they were eating the fruits of these, some small men came up to them, of less than the middle stature, and took them with them; but neither did the Nasamonians understand their language, nor the latter that of the former. And the men led them through immense marshes; and on emerging from these, they came into a city in which all were of the same stature as their guides, and had a black skin. And a great river flowed by the city, and it flowed from the west to the east; and crocodiles were seen in it. And those to whom these men came were all enchanters."

The south-westerly direction has misled some, and given rise to the extravagant hypothesis that the city here mentioned was Timbúktu. But in truth there is nothing to bear out this notion. Timbúktu itself was not founded till about sixteen centuries after Herodotus. The river on which it is situated only flows for a short distance from west to east, and then turns nearly south; the inhabitants of that region are not likely to have been small; the most characteristic feature of all in Herodotus's description, the immense marshes, are totally wanting; and we are not aware that crocodiles are found in the Kwára. But on critically examining the passage of the historian, we do not find it stated, nor implied, that the Nasamonians journeyed *constantly* in a south-westerly direction. "They traversed the inhabited region, then that haunted by wild-beasts, and after this they passed through the desert, going towards the south-west;" *i. e.* from the Syrtis they went with a south-westerly course past Sokna to Murzuk. "The desert" (ἡ ἐρῆμος) is the Hammáda, which, as we saw, possesses neither animal nor vegetable life; over this Herodotus correctly says that their course was south-west. But the "great extent of sandy country" (χῶρος πολλὸς ψαμμώδης) that next follows is by no means identical with "the desert;" and is a pretty accurate designation of the Sahara, which, possessing as it does frequent wells, vegetation, and animal life, a Greek could hardly have called ἐρῆμος. Now over this "sandy country" the direction of their course is not specified; and they are far more likely to have bent slightly to the south, in order to use the most frequented track to Bornu, and soonest reach the southern edge of the Sahara, than to have continued south-west; as in the latter case the distance over the desert would be more than doubled, even supposing that from Ghát they could have taken a

more direct course to Timbúktu than through Aïr. And how could the flooded and reedy banks of Lake Tsad be more fittingly described than as "immense marshes?" The river is of course the Wáube, which flows from west to east; and we have just heard of the crocodiles with which Lake Tsad abounds, and which probably are also seen in the river. No city in that country is known to have any thing like so high an antiquity as that of Herodotus; and the tenements of the present day are so ephemeral as to discountenance the idea that the settlements to which they belong are more than a few centuries old; but nothing hinders us from designating the *site* of Yó on the Wáube as realising the conditions required. As to the trees whose fruit refreshed the Nasamonians after their passage through the Sahara, they are almost certainly either the tamarind or the dúm-palm. Finally, the men, who were smaller than the middle height and black, strongly remind us of the Búddumas. These were probably the indigenous inhabitants of the country about the lake, who have been driven by the Bornuese to the islands, where they still maintain themselves unmolested. "They are a fine active race of people, mostly of a jet-black colour, but also of a dark brown. They are seldom tall. They have a language of their own. Dr. Overweg was very kindly treated and hospitably entertained during his sojourn among them."* They still remain Pagans, though exposed thereby to the hostility of Bornu and all the Moslem kingdoms of Sudan. Whether the Búdduma practise enchantments at the present day, we have not explicit evidence; but a sort of Shamanism seems to be the religion of the isolated pagan communities that still subsist, and was therefore almost certainly that of all Negroland originally. Dr. Barth frequently gave offence by refusing to write charms.

It is very interesting to discover that Bornu has a history of its own. The only chronicle which goes over the entire period of the political existence of Bornu is written in Arabic; it is extremely short and meagre, occupying only six pages; but it commences with about the ninth century of our era, and is continued to the present time. Dr. Barth devotes considerable learning and pains to prove the general credibility of the history as here presented, by showing its agreement with what we know from independent sources,—from Arabic historians, and especially from "a detailed history of the first twelve years of the reign of the king Edrís Alawóma (A.D. 1571), written by a contemporary of the above-mentioned king, the imám Ahmed, son of Sofíya." In the first period of Bornu history, Kanem, the province north of Lake Tsad, was the seat of empire, the power of which gradually rose until the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,

* Petermann's *Account*, &c. p. 8.

when it was felt as far as Egypt. But the two elements of which the nation was composed, the Tedá (Tibbu) and Kanúri (Bornuese), being disunited, and the aristocracy being too strong for the monarch to combine firmly under his sway, there followed a period of civil wars, during which the indigenous Negro tribe of the Soys, between the rivers Wáube and Shári, made an insurrection, and killed four kings in succession; and soon after, the native Bulála dynasty, from the region of Fittri, east of Lake Tsad, spread its dominion into Kanem, until the Kanúri or Bornuese kings were forced to abandon that province and take refuge in the western parts of their empire, about 1400 A.D. After twenty years of weakness, 'Ali Dúnamámi succeeded in curbing the aristocracy, and founded a new capital, Ghasréggomo (mentioned above); and in the beginning of the sixteenth century Kanem was reconquered, although not again made the seat of empire. The sixteenth century was the most glorious period for the Bornu empire, which was then governed by a series of able and energetic princes. But about 1750 A.D. the Bornuese kings began to wear out their waning strength in struggles against the Imóshagh or Tawárek; and then, "whilst the centre of their empire fell a prey to a new nation, which had started forth on a career of glory, the Fúlbe or Felláta, there arose a stranger, a nationalised Arab, who, in saving the last remains of the kingdom, founded a new dynasty, that of the Kánemíyín, which, after having shone forth very brightly under its founder, was recently reduced by civil discord, and seems now destined to a premature old age." (ii. 282.)

According to Barth's researches, the original royal race in Bornu, and probably a considerable part of the nation, were descended from the Berbers or Tawárek. If this be true, though it appears by no means certain, one is tempted to draw an unfavourable conclusion from the many examples of foreign or semi-foreign dynasties in Negroland, as to the capacity of the Negro—not for a constitutional polity, for that we do not look for—but even for the tenure of regal or military sway.

From Kúkawa, Dr. Barth made several extensive and adventurous, and some of them dangerous, journeys of exploration towards all points of the compass. That directly south, into the kingdom of 'Adamáwa, was perhaps the most interesting and important in its results. It is a Mohammedan kingdom, engrafted on a Pagan nation, and owes its origin to the "valorous and fanatic Púllo chieftain" 'Adama, the father of the present ruler, who gave his name to the province, previously called Fúmbiná. The inhabitants of this province are of mixed races and religions. A larger proportion than is usual in these regions consists of Fúlbe, since these began to settle here at an early period; though

Dr. Barth was unable to obtain data for the determination of the real time of this immigration. Then there are several small Pagan tribes, protected by the cover of thick forests and scarcely accessible highlands, which have a language of their own, and are probably the remnant of the original population of these regions, which has been driven out of the open country by the advance of the Kanúri, just as in India the Bhíls and Gônds by the Arians; and in England, the Welsh by the Saxons. The Marghí are such a tribe; they inhabit a border-district of forest and hills, between Bornu and 'Adamáwa, which is ineffectually claimed by both kingdoms. Some of these small tribes are savage, and addicted to robbery and freebooting, just as their brethren of the lake are to piracy. The country from about lat. 9° 50′ to 11° N. and long. 13° E., consists of forest, pastures, and corn-fields intermingled, and contains many small ranges of mountains, and a still greater number of isolated cones. The eminences appear to be entirely of granitic formation. The most important range is that of Wándala or Mándara, lat. 10° 45′ to 11° 10′ N., long. 13° 25′ E., with an average height of about 2500 feet; but immediately south of this are several isolated peaks rising out of the plain, of which the most elevated is Mount Míndif or Méndefi, about lat. 10° 35′ N., long. 13° 23′ E., and about 6000 feet high. Dr. Barth believes it to be a basaltic cone. Its height had been previously greatly exaggerated; it was believed to be the corner-stone of a great range or plateau, and it was even imagined to be covered with perpetual snow. Dr. Barth says positively that there are no peaks reaching the snow-line in this part of Africa; and the natives told him that the rock of which Mount Míndif is composed is in reality black, and that the white appearance which it has, when seen from a distance, is due to the droppings of innumerable eagles, which have their nests there. After passing through this interesting country, which produces very fine crops of millet (sometimes five feet high), sorghum, cotton, indigo, yams, melons, and tamarinds, the river Bénuwé (formerly improperly called Tchadda) was reached, just at its most interesting point, where it receives its principal tributary, the Faro, flowing from the south. The magnitude of the river (it was half a mile broad) and the direction of its stream left no doubt as to its being the eastern branch of the Niger, the lower part of which had been seen previously. It was on the basis of information received from Dr. Barth, after this discovery, that Government sent out Dr. Baikie, in the *Pleiad*, to attempt to reach the same point from the sea. This he succeeded in doing, within about eighty-five miles; and the intervening course of the river Dr. Barth had laid down from information received from the natives. In Yola, the capital of 'Adamáwa (lat. 9° 30′

N., long. 12° 10′ E.), which no European besides Dr. Barth has succeeded in reaching, he was for the first time repulsed by the governor, on the ostensible ground of his bringing no letter of recommendation from the latter's sovereign lord, the Sultan of Sókoto, and his being too exalted a personage for him to venture to entertain without permission! Nevertheless the traveller received a very favourable impression of the capabilities of 'Adamáwa, which country, he says, is of prime importance to us in any intercourse that we are to establish with Central Africa. Although the westerly course of the Bénuwé, and the northerly course of the Shári are established, and the idea is therefore exploded of Lake Tsad being either fed or drained by the Niger; yet, considering the lowness of the watershed between the Kébbi (northern tributary of the Bénuwé) and the Serbéwuël (western tributary of the Shári), Dr. Barth thinks it not impossible that there may exist a bifurcation or connecting canal between them; and, in any case, the entire distance from the mouths of the Niger to Lake Tsad, except from twenty to fifty miles, can be performed by water:

"Indeed, I am persuaded that, in less than fifty years, European boats will keep up a regular annual intercourse between the great basin of the Tsad and the Bay of Biyáfra." (iii. 221.)

The capacities of the countries S.E. of Lake Tsad seem certainly to invite such an opening of commerce. Cotton is cultivated to a considerable extent, on both sides of the Shári, in Logón and Baghirmi; and weaving constitutes the principal employment of the industrious population of Logón. But "cotton ought to be cultivated to an unbounded extent in these low and richly irrigated regions."

The most important part of the geographical information obtained by Dr. Barth and his colleagues is, perhaps, that comprised within the three volumes just published; but a sort of romantic interest attaches to the far-famed "Queen of the Desert," * Timbúktu, whence only one European ever returned,† which hitherto unknown cities and provinces of Bornu cannot boast; and our intrepid Dr. Barth, who appears to have found a road when others found a wilderness, to have made friends of princes and people, and from whose path the very wild-beasts

* So called by its inhabitants.

† The Frenchman, Réné Callié; and "he was compelled to travel in strict disguise, in the character of a poor Mussulman, without instruments or scientific equipment. His sojourn in Timbúktu was of only fourteen days; and as he was in constant danger of being discovered, he could neither move about freely, nor note down all that he wished. Miserable, ill, a ragged beggar, near to death's door, he reached the coast after an extremely dangerous and fatiguing journey, and from thence his native land." Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, 1855, p. 3.

turned aside—he frequently mentions seeing lions, to say nothing of elephants, hippopotami, &c., but reports not a single adventure with any—who in Mohammedan countries had travelled as a Christian, and obtained respect and blessing for his religion, shaming those who execrated him as a *káfer*,—even he was obliged, for a short time, in the fanatical region of Timbúktu, to adopt the character of a Moslim. We may therefore expect that the two volumes yet to be published will fully equal in interest those lying before us.

We must now cast quite a cursory glance over the southern half of the African continent. Until the last few years the whole southern tropical zone of this continent was as good as a *terra incognita*. Now there is only a zone of about 12°, equally distributed on each side of the equator, which is still unknown. Dr. Livingstone discovered the remarkable Lake Ngami (lat. 20° 19′ S., long. 20° E.); which, inasmuch as its waters never reach the sea, is to South Africa what Lake Tsad is to North. But it is small in comparison,—not more than fifty miles long, and apparently deep. It has, moreover, an outlet,—the river Zouga, which is a mighty stream when it issues from the lake, but becomes smaller as it flows, and is at length lost in the sands. The same enterprising missionary discovered the entire upper course of the river Zambesi, amounting to 1000 miles above Zumbo, the highest point previously known. This river now figures as the third among the rivers of Africa, exceeded in length of course by the Nile and the Kwára alone. Dr. Livingstone, travelling through the highlands in which the Congo and its affluents take their rise, added greatly to our knowledge of those rivers. We now know, that while Africa north of the equator has a mean elevation of not more than 1000 feet, South Africa consists of a series of highlands, forming a kind of irregular plateau. Lake Ngami, which drains all the country from lat. 15° to 21° S., and from long. 17° to 21° E., is elevated as much as 2825 feet above the sea. And the northern part of this plateau is greatly higher, having a mean elevation of more than 4000 feet. Lake Dilolo (lat. 11° 30′ S., long. 22° 30′ E.), from which the river Liba flows, has an elevation of 4660 feet. The Tala Mungongo mountains (lat. 9° 30′ S., long. 17° E.) form the western boundary of the plateau in its northern part; but while their western foot is 2050, the plateau to the east of them is 3610, and its culminating point 5185 feet above the sea. It need not surprise us, then, to find that the rivers which have their source and all the upper part of their course on this plateau, are impeded by rapids and cascades when descending into the lower country. Dr. Livingstone speaks of the falls of the Zambesi (about lat. 17° 57′ S., long. 26° 6′ E.) as equal to Niagara

in grandeur; the river, previously about 3000 feet broad, is precipitated through a narrow rent in the basaltic rock not more than 75 feet wide, and then down a deep cleft, to a depth of about 105 feet. The plateau itself is in some parts a perfectly level plain, and the country near the great rivers is subject to periodical inundations, like Egypt. The land of Barotse (about lat. 16° S., long. 23° 30′ E.) is spoken of as growing sugar-cane, sweet potato, manioc, yams, bananas, millet, &c. In Angola, near the Cuenza, the coffee-shrub, which was introduced by the Jesuits from Mocha, has become naturalised, and spread itself to a distance of 300 miles from the coast. Cotton of mediocre quality thrives here excellently. Cassange, to the east of Angola (about lat. 9° 30′ N., long. 17° E.) is a very fruitful land; and the Portuguese settlement there may be called the commercial capital of the interior. It has a brisk trade in ivory and wax, and English cotton fabrics are imported. But the climate of almost the whole country here described is extremely unhealthy, the region about Lake Ngami, on the river Chobe (about lat. 17° 30′ S., long. 25° E.), and the land of Barotse, being swampy or exposed to inundation. Hence Dr. Livingstone was delighted to find a high ridge of land on the Zambesi from the *embouchure* of the Kafué (lat. 15° 50′ S., long. 28° 35′ E.) to Tete, without forests or swamps, perfectly healthy, and with immense capacities for tillage; wheat, maize, and other grains being grown there to great advantage. He regards it as a fitting site for a mission-station; but the stress laid upon the capacities of the country, and upon the communication with the ocean by the river, shows that he regards it also as a possible English colony, and the centre of a considerable commerce.

Dr. Livingstone's book has not yet appeared, and we are therefore not in possession of all the materials for forming a critical judgment on the scientific value of his discoveries, and the reasonableness of the expectations which he entertains. It may be permitted us, however, to suspect that these expectations are rather sanguine. The Zambesi forms a large delta, and it appears extremely doubtful whether vessels will find depth of water enough to enter the river at all. And the river itself has not been sufficiently examined to warrant an unhesitating belief that it presents no impediments to navigation. We have heard of the great falls of Mosiwatunya; and there are allusions to rapids even in the lower part of the Zambesi. If the junction of the Kafué and Zambesi be really 1530 feet above the sea, and that of the Loangua and Zambesi 1410, we do not see how this mean fall of three feet in a mile can be sustained for 600 miles without impediments to navigation. Dr. Livingstone's discoveries can, however, scarcely fail to cause these points sooner or later to be

ascertained; and there are other rivers besides the Zambesi which ought to be examined. We have heard of the promise of the land of Cassange; and the river Quango or Congo would probably form as good an outlet to the Western Ocean for the produce of this district as the Zambesi to the east for that of Barotse and the country on the Kafué. And the great affluent of the Congo, the Caseye or Casai, might apparently form a highway into the very centre of the land of Lobale. It is a question, however, whether the character of the natives would come in aid of such enterprises, or would frustrate them entirely. They appear a much lower and more savage race than the negroes of Sudan; and those above Angola think it their interest to stop all communication between the interior and the coast.

There is one other part of Africa which claims our attention, though it has as yet been visited by no European. A very large lake has for some years past been inserted in maps of Africa, on information received from the natives, and from travelling Arab merchants. It is generally marked Nyassa, which turns out to be a corruption of the real name, Nyanja; and it is also known by the names Uniamési and Ukeréve. Its southern extremity is about lat. 12° S., long. 36° E., and its general direction N.W. Its northern end is generally left open upon maps, being quite unknown. Recent information seems to have proved this lake to have a far greater extent than was previously imagined. It extends northwards to at least lat. 2° S., if not beyond the equator itself; and its shape is nearly that of a pear, the breadth of the northern half exceeding 150 miles, while the southern becomes gradually exceedingly narrow. The watershed between the Indian and Atlantic Oceans lies between this lake and the Indian Ocean; when this has been passed by a traveller going from Kiloa or Pangáni to the lake, the land slopes gradually down to the Atlantic. The physical configuration of this part of Africa is therefore quite different from that to the south and south-west of this explored by Dr. Livingstone. That was a plateau, or series of highlands; this is a kind of scoop, of probably no great elevation. Between the northern part of this lake and the Indian Ocean lies an alpine region containing peaks covered with perpetual snow. Three such are known,—Kilimanjaro (probable position, lat. 3° 20′ S., long. 37° E.); Kignea (ditto, lat. 1° S., long. 38° 30′ E.); and Doengo Engai (ditto, lat. 4° S., long. 34° 30′ E.). The existence of snow-covered peaks in this equatorial region has been doubted, but the evidence is conclusive. The highlands to which these mountains belong are probably the southern extremity of the highlands of Abyssinia, and they must contain the sources of the Bahr-el-Abiad, the principal branch of the Nile. Of feeders or outlet of

the great lake Uniamési we know nothing. The great range of Lupata seems to prevent its southern end having any outlet towards the Indian Ocean, and its extreme narrowness there agrees better with the upper than with the lower end of a lake. The northern end comes so very near the probable source of the westernmost branch of the Nile, the Keilak, that one cannot avoid giving expression to the idea that it may have its rise in this lake; although, till we have some knowledge of the height of the lake above the sea, this fancy can hardly be dignified with the name of a conjecture. And the larger the lake be proved to be, the less likely is it to have any outlet at all, unless the streams that feed it are of corresponding magnitude; and there does not seem to be room for a river of any size between the Lupata mountains and the southern end of Lake Uniamési. Certain it is that, with all these questions open,—the extent of the Lake Uniamési, the direction of its flow, its feeders, its outlet, the relation in which its water-system stands to that of the Nile,—any searching explorations which might be undertaken in that direction would be crowned with results as brilliant as those attending Dr. Livingstone's investigations further south.

Art. III.—LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

London in 1856. By Peter Cunningham. London: 1856.

For some years past, books, reviews, and newspapers have teemed with denunciations of modern urban architecture. The late Mr. Pugin, who—notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's eloquent attacks upon him—in reality long preceded Mr. Ruskin as a chief originator of the great new movement in favour of pointed architecture, lived to see London and its suburbs rife with symptoms, in brick, stone, and plaster, of the repentance which he so vigorously preached. Antecedent to this movement, and lately proceeding side by side with it, was the movement, which may perhaps be dated from the publication of Stewart and Revett's *Antiquities of Greece*, in favour of the restoration of the classical styles. Between one and the other, scarcely a house is now built without some pretence, in its details, to an amount of architectural character such as, five-and-twenty years ago, was aspired to only by the architects of public edifices. It is often the misfortune of even the most sincere repentance to be very absurd in its more immediate results. The state repented of is almost certain to have had one meritorious feature which

is almost as certainly wanting in the penitential condition, namely, consistency. The mere man of the world is a perfectly intelligible, and, in his inferior kind, a satisfactory spectacle. He acknowledges certain plain utilitarian motives, and acts up to them with artistic thoroughness and simplicity. But "convert" him, convince him that his way of life has been wholly a mistake, and, unless he is a man of uncommonly strong understanding, he will commit all sorts of absurdities in the first uninstructed heat of his desire to be better. It seems, in its verbal statement, a very plain truth, and yet it is one of which few persons are practically cognisant, that, in order to do the right, one must first know what the right is. Now it seems to us that the repentance of metropolitan architecture has hitherto been, for the most part, of that unintelligent kind which does not content itself with crying, "What shall I do?" until it receives some practicable answer, but at once sets about doing *something*, in the hope that that proceeding, whatever it may be, will be right, which is sufficiently unlike its previous modes of procedure, and in forgetfulness of the fact that there are some conditions which do not require the exercise of any virtue or effort at all.

The results of the latter species of error in our London builders are lamentable and absurd in the extreme.

Architecturally speaking, perhaps the most melancholy sights on the face of the earth are the recently built metropolitan suburbs of the poorer sort, and the batches of edifices raised on the estates of the "Freehold-Land Societies." There is as much architectural pretence about almost every wretched little tenement, of twenty pounds rental, now built, as of old went to a temple or a palace; and yet the very existence of these edifices, in large and simultaneously constructed groups or streets, involves an idea so eminently unartistic, that the more carefully the architecture is carried out in them the worse must be their architectural effect. An assemblage of thatched cottages, with mouldering clay-walls, supplementary pigsties, and adjoining dungheaps, look picturesque—which is a step towards the architectural—because they are real. They have risen one by one; their internal discomforts are recognised facts, which are not unartistical in their aspect, because they are unavoidable; they are the best kind of habitations which the circumstance of successive construction and the means of the builders admitted of; clay floors, wet walls, bad atmosphere, and their consequences, are of a piece with the whole picture; and there is nothing discordant, though much that is melancholy, in the aspect of such a village. There may, indeed, be much of humble beauty in it, notwithstanding its sadness, if the inhabitants

have plainly done their best, by the help of care, cleanliness, and flowers, to alleviate the evils of close air, damp walls, and the rest. But how is it that our new "model villages," and scores of miles of four and six roomed tenements in Palladian plaster, look so unspeakably more mean and miserable than the most wretched of mud hamlets? Because the wretchedness of the latter strikes the spectator as being simply material, and the result of inevitable circumstances, whereas the wretchedness of their pert and pretentious rivals is moral. And whence comes this effect of moral wretchedness—an effect which, whether truly expressive of the actual condition of the inhabitants or not, is equally fatal to all possibility of artistic character? Are we not right in answering, that the spectacle of a row or group of such edifices, all so small as to be necessarily unwholesome as compared with the spacious edifice which might have been raised with the same means and with infinitely better accommodation for the same number of persons, at once conveys to the beholder a feeling made up of various more or less vague perceptions or suspicions of selfishness, mistaken policy, unchristian incompatibility of characters, and other moral deficiencies, resulting in a deliberate preference of a sulky and insalubrious isolation in a petty brick-and-mortar cabin, to a combination of means which would have produced an edifice and appliances of comfort such as would have enabled the inhabitants, at the extra cost of a little common sociability and compliance, to live almost as wholesomely and luxuriantly—for perfect wholesomeness is much the same thing in the end as perfect luxury—as any set of gentlemen and ladies in the land? Far be it from us to charge the numerous provident and right-minded persons who have availed themselves of the system of Freehold-Land Societies in order to invest their savings or improve on their former dwellings, or any of the scores of thousands who are inhabitants of the "great dismal swamp" of mean and at the same time pretentious abodes that now surrounds the metropolis, with any actual moral participation in the evils which the artistic eye detects, or (which is just as fatal for architectural effect) *seems* to detect in these cases. The system alone is the necessary culprit, and this we positively assert to be entirely opposed to the possibility of architectural effect. There is the essentially savage idea of unsociability involved in it. Moreover no good artistic effect can coexist with a manifest perversion or waste of means. There may be sufficing reasons why such and such a row or batch of Palladian or Elizabethan hovels should have been built; but beautiful effects are not to be brought about by particular and unobvious excuses; the system is bad, and the architecture declares the

fact boldly and uncompromisingly. Those Swiss eaves and Gothic porches, those cinque-cento mouldings and stacks of Elizabethan chimneys, are all worse than nothing, when every body knows that the close, damp, and fœtid air of those little rooms, with all their daily and hourly irritating inconveniences, must cause and indeed assume a condition of feeling on the part of the inhabitants, which puts all enjoyment of art out of the question. A man and his wife may find some enjoyment in each other's society and in the gambols of their children, and much solid satisfaction in a Michaelmas goose or a Christmas pudding, and yet be very far from that leisurely frame of mind and serene equilibrium of nerve which are requisite precursors of any pleasure derivable from art. These little cabins have it written on the faces of them that their inhabitants do not care a straw for the appearance of their abodes. It is quite true that the handsome mansion which might have been raised for their joint convenience at the cost of the miserable cockney village, or the Beulah Place or Paradise Row, would not necessarily, or even at all probably, have involved or produced the artistical frame of mind in the inhabitants; but *it would not have expressed the contrary*, and that is all that could be required of it in order that it should be endowed with the fundamental condition of a pleasing architectural effect.

Unhappily, our "model lodging-houses" are scarcely, as yet, more beautiful architecturally than our model villages and Paradise Rows; but the fault, in this case, is in the builder, and not in the very nature of the thing. There is no reason in the world why a model lodging-house should look like a workhouse, or, indeed, why a workhouse should look as it generally does. The difference between the cost of a plain but noble Tudor building, and of four vast brick walls with square holes in them, is much less than people would generally suppose from the appearances of the two. A little stone trimming, or, as it is called, ashlar work, which is almost the only necessary additional expense involved in a plain Tudor building, would probably not raise the cost of the whole edifice ten per cent; and, in the end, it would be more economical than mere brick, since the stone copings, corner-stones, window-frames, &c, are all decided constructive gains, rendering the building as much more durable as it is more handsome than its utterly pauper correlative.

Bad as they are, the model lodging-houses are a very important step in the right direction; and an even more important step, seeing that example generally descends, is to be seen in the recent experiment of houses in *flats* for the occupation of the higher classes. The Victoria Street experiment must be re-

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[illegible] altogether to have dispensed with [illegible] the virtue of architecture is the [illegible] which [illegible] tenements are ordinarily [illegible] built in the great majority of cases upon a lease which is taken for a lease not exceeding ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which period of their existence it does not fall to [illegible] if the builders have made their [illegible] calculations properly. Every thing that increases the permanence of houses beyond the hundredth year is so much sheer waste of the builder's money. Now, since a manifestation of permanence is the very basis of all architectural character, and since a hundred years is a merely infantine age for any well-built edifice, it follows that *good* architecture, under this limitation, is simply impossible. The thinnest brick wall, that will stand at all, will probably stand for a hundred years, especially if there be a clause in the lease, as there often is, against dancing on the floors which it supports. Of all modes of building boasting the name of architecture, the English secular Gothic, or "Tudor," is the least massive. But, even in this style, solidity is the artistic basis of its system of ornamentation. Without a thickness of wall which would be ridi-

culous in a house meant to fall down in a hundred years, the mouldings of doorways, windows, cornices, &c., upon which this style depends, cannot be executed—putting plaster for the present out of the question. A Tudor house not only ought not, but, properly speaking, cannot be built to last for less than five hundred years, if the materials used are brick and stone. Our ancestors often used wood; and, in that case, a couple of centuries may be deducted from the architectural lifetime. This, we take it, is a sufficient reply to Mr. Ruskin's well-known recommendation of the later Pointed style for metropolitan house-building in general, that is, under the condition of short leaseholds. True domestic architecture being thus obviously impracticable, it remains to be asked whether it is better, so long as this condition shall prevail,—and of course it will prevail until something stronger than merely artistic reasons are urged as motives for its cessation,—to be contented, as our forefathers have been, with *no* architecture, with mere brick walls and tile roofs to keep out wind and rain for the brief ninety-nine years; or to abandon this humble but honest mode for plaster mockeries of true styles of architecture, of which the whole force and beauty depend on a perpetual allusion, in the forms, to the solidity and reality of the materials? No man, with common good taste, can for a moment hesitate whether to prefer the dull brick walls with stone dressings of the older houses in some of the West-end squares, or even the utterly pauper blankness of Gower Street, to the most "splendiferous" works in the Gin-palace style that were ever executed in lath and plaster. Our voice, then, is for the plain brick wall under present circumstances; and we would recommend those whom a not unnatural craving for something better has seduced into a system of the grossest artistic falsehood, to take the first step towards the right by repenting of their erroneous repentance, and acknowledging the unpretentious baked clay as their avowed artistic material, and the thin flat wall, pierced with square apertures, as their architectural type. These poor means, though incapable of being used to any very magnificent result, have never yet been made the most of. The dull brick wall, with, in superior houses, its dressings of stone, has certainly been made needlessly dull by the omission of those modes of relief and ornamentation which are consistent with the primary requirement of veracity as to the material. Bricks will always look humble; but they need not look dull. There is no end to the cheerfulness which they may be made to express, without in any degree impairing the requisite stability of the wall. They possess two very important qualities, which have never been put to the use of which they have been

proved to be capable. We mean the capacity of receiving *glaze*, and the capacity of receiving *colour*. In such an atmosphere as that of London, the last capacity would be of little avail without the first; but the two qualities together offer the condition of a new mode of house-decoration singularly well-suited to our requirements. The glaze would not only resist London smoke, which at present reduces brick, stone, and plaster, after a few years' exposure, to a uniform deep mud-colour, but it would also resist *rain*, which at present converts all brick houses into enormous refrigerators every time it falls.

With this hint, we take leave of that part of our subject which concerns avowedly impermanent building; and turn to the consideration of the by no means insignificant attempts which London has made during the past quarter of a century to become a properly architectural city as far as regards its public and corporate edifices, and the abodes of the wealthier orders. "What is London?" said Burke; "Clean, commodious, neat; but, a very few things indeed excepted, an endless addition of littleness to littleness, extending over a great tract of land." A few years have sufficed to make this criticism obsolete. Since Burke's time, the costly and permanent architecture which has been added to London is more in extent and pretension, if not in merit, than is to be found in any three other capitals in Europe. For bulk and magnificence it would take something like the whole of the mediæval secular architecture of Belgium to form the New Houses of Parliament alone; all Florence would scarcely make our Club-Houses; and where is the single city, if we except Paris, which could, for these qualities, be set in the scale with some half-dozen of our recent churches and public buildings and a dozen of the new houses of our nobility? We would fain help to arouse our fellow-Londoners from their general indifference to this fact; an indifference which has not been without its evil effects upon the character of our buildings. It is too much to expect that great architects should arise among a people who will not care a straw for architecture. It is also, perhaps, unreasonable to suppose that a people should care much about good architecture who have hitherto seen so little of it. But this last excuse is daily disappearing; and we are glad to think that the popular indifference is also on the eve of being exchanged for an enlightened interest.

In candidly computing what has been really done in London architecture of late years, we must confess the painful fact, that we have been spending scores of millions of money, and raising a city that is not only the London of to-day, but will also be

the most significant portion of the London of two centuries hence, entirely in the dark as to some of the leading truths which ought to have guided us in our work. Our probably transitory ignorance has built itself the most permanent of monuments. We have been doing and learning at one and the same time; and there seems every prospect that, before we have well learnt *how* to do, we shall have done all that there is to be done. By a concurrence of unusual circumstances with an unprecedented afflux of pecuniary means, during the last quarter of a century we have been able to build or rebuild almost all the public edifices which a great capital requires; here was an opportunity which has never before occurred in a great city, and probably never will occur again, for effecting upon a vast scale that all-important unity of architectural effect which was only approximately realised in Athens and Rome and the mediæval cities of Europe. Instead, however, of building the most homogeneous, we have raised the most heterogeneous city in the world; and that without the noble excuse which other cities have for their diversities of architecture, namely, antiquity and gradual historic change. London in its public edifices affords no history in stone of the development of English architectural art; it is rather a vast open-air museum of models of the architecture of all times and countries; the one truly national style—the Tudor—having, indeed, its place, but enjoying no predominance, in this impartial Great Exhibition of the Architecture of all Nations. Every "order" of the purest and primmest Greek, and of its profligate descendant the Roman, architecture; the odd Byzantine and the elegant Lombard; the stern and solid Norman; the three varieties of ecclesiastical, and the several phases of secular, Pointed; not to speak of Egyptian, Turkish, and certain hybrid and nondescript modes of building, with the dull and lawless fancies of the Renaissance,—have all "a fair field and no favour" with us. Of this entire "fairness," or, in other words, total indifference and surprising ignorance of the public mind and feeling upon the subject, the present display at Westminster Hall of designs for the new Public Offices is the crowning proof and illustration. Those offices will be the completion of modern London; with the exception of one or two comparatively unimportant buildings, there are no more public works looming in the future of the aspiring architect. The task of the critic with regard to national edifices is, unhappily, no longer to suggest amendment, but to judge.

With the more costly and permanent kinds of private architecture the case is different; it is not too late to influence the future of the streets of London by insisting upon the principles

which ought to guide those who have the responsibility of building for posterity. The late Perpendicular, or Tudor style, is the best for English domestic architecture. Mr Ruskin, if we remember rightly, holds this opinion; but has not given his reasons for this selection. There are, however, abundant and unanswerable reasons in the fundamental principles of architecture, and the nature of our climate and materials.

First, let us ask why our style should be Gothic; secondly why the particular style of Gothic above named.

The singular pre-eminence which has been instinctively attributed to the Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic styles, is justified by the peculiar nature and integrity of the artistic idea in each; and probably no fourth style can ever arise having a claim to rank with these. By their several modes of artistic allusion to the simple fact of ponderosity in their materials, the architects in these three styles attained to an expression harmonising with the three great stages through which humanity has passed,—say, rather, the three ideals which humanity has, at the several stages of its progress, entertained. In Egypt material power, of endless temporal duration, is expressed by a style of building of which every detail, even the minutest, is an intensification of the form of the pyramid, which itself is the simplest architectural expression of mere ponderosity. The overhanging cornices which crown the double-towered Propylon, the slim obelisks which stand before it, the crowded and stunted shafts which seem to be crushed by the weight they bear, the doors cut with parallel sides, and with the posts and lintels rising perpendicularly out of the inclined wall; the Propylon itself, a pyramid in which pyramidal form is intensified, first, by truncation, and secondly, by division into two;—all these are forms in which the simplest idea of power and duration is expressed either by passive ponderosity, or by slight contradictions and oppositions, juxtaposed, as foils, to its more direct and predominant expression. The Greek architect, equally depending upon a perpetual allusion to weight in his materials for his artistic effect, treated that natural and necessary allusion in a very different way. The supporting power of the shaft, which in Egyptian architecture was but one of the many minor means of exalting the idea of an enormous dead-weight, became, in the hands of the Greek, the predominant element of his expression. The vast dead-weight of the entablature, in the Doric style, receives the triple expression of *simple weight* in the plain course of stone, called the architrave, immediately placed upon the capitals; of *weight depending*, in the course of triglyphs called the frieze, with the corresponding

guttæ, or "drops," under the soffit of the architrave; and of *weight impending*, in the strongly projecting cornice. This ponderous mass is lifted high in the air by a series of columns, in which is exquisitely expressed an active power perfectly adequate to the task imposed upon it. An expression of great force exerted in the direction of the weight to be borne, is produced by the *fluting* of the shaft; its outline is multiplied by a series of lines ascending and converging towards the capital. The vast active power which the eye at once recognises as being thus expressed in the series of Doric shafts, is shown to be fully competent for its task by being proved to be rather more than competent; where the shaft is thinnest, that is to say, where the greatest strain of the superincumbent mass is exerted, one and sometimes three horizontal channels are worked, thereby obviously and gratuitously diminishing the supporting power where it is most required. Similarly, the spreading mass of the capital, called the *ovolo*, is "quirked," or withdrawn just where it reaches the abacus, whereby a slight further superabundance of power is demonstrated. In the Ionic order exactly the same idea of balanced powers is wrought out in a slightly different manner; and in both orders, as well as in the very little that remains to us of *Greek* Corinthian, there is not a moulding in base, capital, or cornice, not an ornament of any sort whatever, but has for its chief object the intensification of this beautiful expression of weight competently supported. The Gothic architect completed the series of architectures, the expressions of which were dependent, in the most direct, simple, and natural manner, upon the materials, by effecting exactly the reverse of the Egyptian expression. Active power, crushed in the Egyptian, exactly balanced by the resistance of weight in the Greek, became every thing in the Gothic, in which weight is recognised only in order to be, as it were, despised. The paradox that a perfectly arched egg-shell would bear an infinite burden may be said to be the theme of the Gothic architect, who, instead of making his shafts swell and sink below their fardel, as the Egyptian, or boast of their exact ability to meet it, as the Greek did, cuts up the masses of his supporting piers into groups of frail stalks, which, instead of expressing bearing-power in their capitals, burst at that point into gay bunches of leaves and flowers, which constitute, not the termination of the light shaft on its meeting the superimposed arch, but only the indication of the point at which its aspiring flight takes a new direction; for the arch itself soars as lightly as the shaft, and indicates its absolute indifference to the masses of wall it carries by a series of mouldings and undercuttings, which are not a *slight* diminution of

its thickness, like the Doric channels or the "quirk," but a lavish waste of it, for the sake of the increase of the all-important expression of simple irresistible life and force by an unchecked aspiration. Innumerable other features of pure Gothic architecture co-operate in this expression. For example, in the mouldings of supporting members the *reversed* ogee is used, the ogee itself being expressive of support; in the bases of the shafts, the expression of the Attic base, which was in use to the end of the Norman period, was exactly reversed, the mouldings being often so deeply cut as to produce a shade of such depth that the eye could not perceive the connection of the shaft with *terra firma;* and so on.

Thus it is by no accident that Gothic architecture is come to be regarded as peculiarly fit for Christian architecture. Its simple and obvious expression is one that may easily and naturally be taken for a symbol of the world overcome. Indeed, this symbolism, which may well have been at first a mere accident of the development of the constructive powers of the pointed arch, strikes the feelings so constantly and irresistibly, that the earlier and purer kinds of Gothic architecture have always been felt to be ill-fitted for secular purposes. And this unsuitableness is not only expressional, but constructive; for these phases of the art require a loftiness of interior which is seldom proper to any building but a church. In the later period of the Pointed style, however, the arch requires such width, and horizontal and aspiring lines are so mixed and harmonised, that, without any diminution of the great constructive superiority of Gothic architecture over all others, it becomes qualified for every species of secular edifice, from the simplest country-house to the most magnificent town-hall or legislative palace. Being the only full and true development of the principle of the arch, Gothic architecture can do more than any other style with less expenditure of material, and, what peculiarly qualifies it for northern climates, it is the only style which will admit of light *ad libitum.* In all styles in which the round arch is used, that is to say, the Roman, Byzantine, Lombard, and Renaissance manners, the wall is an element of primary importance, constructionally and therefore artistically. The round arch, unlike the pointed arch, is not a self-supporting member; it requires to be enclosed in solid spaces of wall to give it security and architectural effect. The wall, therefore, in these styles, must not be reduced in surface, beyond a certain point, by windows. The fewer windows there are, the better, as a rule, the building looks. This is a very unfortunate qualification for a dull sky. In Gothic architecture it is just the reverse. The wall may be altogether anni-

hilated, without injury to the artistic effect or constructional security of the edifice. Indeed, it is a favourite view of the architects of Germany—the country in which Gothic architecture attained its most ideal perfection—that in this style the wall ought to disappear, as such, altogether, transmuting itself wholly into piers, mullions, tracery, and painted glass. These, then, are the qualities which principally commend Gothic architecture for exclusive use in our time and climate: Its artistic expression harmonises with our best feelings, and, like the religion in the service of which it was invented, meets the most varied requirements; being as proper and expressive in the poorest village school-house as in the parliamentary palace. It covers the largest spaces, with the least expenditure of ground occupied by the supporting members, piers, columns, and walls. It admits light *ad libitum*. It costs less than any other style. Finally, the phase of it which we would recommend for exclusive use in England is an English style, nay, *the* English style, the only style which England has had any part in inventing or improving.

Let us reserve all further statement of general principles until we find ourselves in the helpful presence of particular illustrations. We beg our readers to accompany us in a visit to a few of the architectural lions of the metropolis, beginning, of course, at Westminster.

Unfortunately for the immediate reputation of the New Parliamentary Palace, the worst parts of the design were executed first. It was difficult to believe that any thing beautiful could come of a plan of which the river-front and the lower stages of the clock-tower were considerable parts. It was evident that no development of architectural proportions, no unforeseen contrast of members, could excuse, in a building destined to endure as long as the British Empire, a mass of superficial decoration so minute and delicate that the rains of a century, at most, must wash it all away; no ungrown forest of towers, spires, and louvres, could redeem a façade nine hundred feet in length from the meanness of an elevation no greater than that of the surrounding houses: two faults which, in the eyes of a reflecting spectator, magnified each other, since it was impossible that the consideration should fail to occur to him, that the enormous cost at which the first was being perpetrated would have more than sufficed for the prevention of the last. It was at once clear that the building would have been nobler for the mere absence of the miles of effeminate mouldings, the Saadi's garden of ill-cut roses, the "damnable iteration" of the Queen's Arms, &c. &c., the cost of which would have easily placed the entire edifice upon a basement

from which it could have looked down upon, instead of being looked down upon by, the contiguous bridge and neighbouring chimney-pots. It was still more painfully clear that, with an extraordinary misapprehension of the spirit of the style of architecture chosen, the means which lay immediately at hand for diminishing this miserable defect of altitude had not been taken. Had the front of the stone quay been panneled with arcades rising from the water, an effect of indefinite *depth* would have been the inexpensive and thoroughly appropriate architectural result. A plain basement, or, indeed, any expressed basement at all, is as contrary to the spirit of pointed architecture as it is essential to that of the Greek styles. A Gothic edifice should spring, like a tree, from the earth itself; and, if a basement of considerable height is necessary, as in the present instance, it should be so managed and decorated as to be indistinguishable from the building itself. The advantage that would have accrued to the river-front, had the useless quay been omitted, and the entire edifice risen straight from the water, needs not to be insisted upon in order to be apparent to any one with a commonly good appreciation of the beauties of the Pointed style. At the time, however, of which we are speaking, when the building was nearly completed as far as respected its purposes as a House of Assembly, most of the criticisms which appeared regarding its principal external effects were necessarily premature. It was not fair to consider the river-front, as it then stood, alone. So considered, it was obvious that the essential spirit of middle-age architecture had been violated in the grossest manner by that dull symmetry of parts—correspondence of corner-tower to corner-tower, of projection to projection, of recess to recess, &c.—which is the proper characteristic of those ancient styles which are in every particular, not only different from, but opposed to Gothic. The river-front, in its principles of composition, in no way differs from a pagan terrace in the Regent's Park, or from Sir Charles Barry's own performance, in the same style, the public offices at Whitehall. There is no reason whatever, in the nature of the thing, why, when the Gothic filagree is washed off, as it soon will be, the river front should not be "restored" with Renaissance decorations. Indeed, there is very strong reason, in the nature of the thing, that it should be so restored; for these insipidly symmetrical masses are Renaissance, and are not Gothic. A little exercise, however, of the "prophetic eye of taste" would have prevented much of the criticism that was put forward upon this part of the edifice as an independent work. It was known from the beginning that the number and dimensions of the towers and louvres would be such as to

constitute them the main features of the edifice; and it is only within the last year or so that these features have sufficiently approached completion to justify the hope, which we entertained from the beginning, that the river-front, with its mean Renaissance uniformity, would act, in some degree, as a profitable foil to the preponderating glories of the other parts of the work, when seen from that principal "stand-point," the neighbouring bridge. The time is now come when judgments can be fairly formed by the unprofessional eye—to which architectural "elevations" and "projections" are hopeless mysteries—upon the total and final effects of the New Houses of Parliament from certain points of view; and it may be well to point out to a public proverbially indifferent to the excellence of what is their own, the fact, that their metropolis now affords an architectural *coup-d'œil* such as, for magnificence, it is no exaggeration to say the world cannot match. The three principal towers, respectively of the enormous heights of 340, 320, and 300 feet, as seen, for example, from Westminster Bridge, constitute, in combination with the various minor elevations of the louvres, or smoke-shafts, and the raised roofs of the extremities of the edifice, a spectacle which we imagine that few persons can have looked upon for the first time without a powerful emotion of wonder and delight. From this point of view, the vastness of the masses, the eye-exciting altitudes to which they soar, and the strong but harmonised contrasts in which they stand to each other, are elements of effect that are scarcely at all diminished by the frippery of the ornamentation; which is, in fact, entirely overwhelmed by these noble and forcible features. Let us candidly confess, that this one view is of a magnificence not wholly disproportionate to the prodigious cost of money at which we have purchased it; and let us not refuse to enjoy the sight of it, for reasons which, if allowed to influence us in other cases, would deprive us of the power of deriving pleasure from some of the greatest efforts of ancient architectural art. In the *coup-d'œil* to which we are now referring, and which is of course the principal view of the building, the lowness of the body of the edifice is scarcely a greater imperfection than the shortness of the nave of Cologne Cathedral in proportion to its height; and yet this cathedral is commonly regarded as the nearest approximation to ideal perfection which has been attained in Gothic architecture. This very want of elevation in the body of the New Palace is a fault which it possesses in common with the most perfect of our native cathedrals, that of Salisbury, where the fault is more serious, as interfering with the solemnity and ecclesiastical effect of the architecture; and we could name a long list

of justly famous works of ancient art, in every one of which there is some defect which would be equally complained of in the work of a modern architect. Let us not, then, close our eyes to the actual beauty of this building, because its beauty might have been indefinitely increased by expending, in greater altitude and mass, the hundreds of thousands which have been worse than thrown away in ornament that will have ceased to exist long before the time has arrived at which such an edifice ought to be in its best perfection—in the *bloom* that centuries alone can confer upon an architectural work.

While speaking of the destruction by time of the superficial decorations, let us pause to point out two curious facts which we have not seen noticed. First, the decay is generally deepest under copings and mouldings, where the rain has least access; secondly, the carved stones generally decay more rapidly than the others. For the first fact we are at a loss to account; for the last, there is sufficient explanation in the circumstance that the masons—we cannot, unfortunately, call them sculptors—have been allowed to select the material for their work; and they have not unnaturally chosen the softest stones. The public, who are not admitted without orders to a close inspection of the courts and river-front, are not generally aware to what an ominous extent decay has already proceeded. In some places, on the river-front, the surface of the wall has decayed away to the depth of an inch; and some of the heaviest carvings, as in the star-chamber court, are already almost obliterated.

Besides the view from the bridge, there is at present no sight to be had of the building as a whole; and the two considerable partial views, namely, those from Palace Yard and the pavement by Henry VII.'s Chapel, are greatly inferior in character to that from the bridge. The shaft of the clock-tower, which is the chief feature in the Palace-Yard view, has no more artistic organisation than a stalk of celery; and the lowness of the body of the building makes architectural proportion between it and a tower of any considerable altitude out of the question. In the view of the other end of the building, from Henry VII.'s Chapel, the same disproportion is greatly increased. We know of nothing more unpleasant in architecture than the huge mass of the Victoria tower rising from the frail and pigmy fabric at its base.

When once, however, we cease to regard the building as a whole, and look upon it as being, what indeed it is, a great connected group of buildings, we come upon a series of effects as lovely as any thing in ancient or modern art. But, from these effects, the public are unfortunately, and, as it seems

to us, unnecessarily excluded. The building contains twelve courts, each of which presents one or more points of view of great beauty. As Greek architecture is nothing if not seen as a total, so Gothic is never so beautiful as when its limits are indefinite. This beautiful and exciting indefiniteness prevails in all the twenty or thirty points of view presented by the interior courts; and with this character is combined another of equal importance, which is entirely wanting in all the external views of the edifice; we mean, the contrast of large spaces of plain wall-surface with highly-decorated members. Without this beautiful repose for the eye, all surface-decoration is worse than lost. The river-front would have been as much more beautiful as it would have been less costly, had nine-tenths of the carvings and mouldings been simply omitted, and the remaining tenth concentrated upon a few significant points, having great blank spaces intervening. Now Sir Charles Barry, not having millions enough at his disposal to enable him to fritter away the walls of the interior courts, has left them, for the most part, blank, or only moderately and artistically decorated; and the effect of the glimpses caught, from these quiet and simple squares, of the gorgeously decorated towers, louvres, and high-pitched roofs, is perfectly admirable; and we are astonished that no artist or photographer has ever thought of "editing" a series of architectural effects far surpassing any thing of its kind in England, and yet almost unknown to the English people whose metropolis it adorns. As examples of these beautiful and almost unknown aspects of our greatest national edifice, we beg to direct the notice of our readers more particularly to the view of the northern towers of the river-front from the Commons Inner Court, to that of the Clock Tower from the Speaker's Court, and to the truly magnificent view of the more salient portions of the building, to be had from the different angles of the Star-Chamber Court. The truth is, that although the New Houses of Parliament are totally defective in grand architectural unity, —although, even at their best, as seen from Westminster Bridge, they are no more than a glorious group of Gothic masses, having that sort of fortuitous harmony which necessarily arises from the juxtaposition of many architectural features in one and the same style,—this group nevertheless includes enough of splendid architecture to illustrate a great city. The genius involved in the discovery and perfection of the Pointed style was so vast, and its results so beautiful, that no tolerably accurate reproduction of those results upon so great a scale as in the present instance could well be otherwise than glorious to behold. In our praises of the New Palace, it is not Sir Charles

Barry and Mr. Pugin, so much as their nameless predecessors of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, whom we applaud. The above-named gentlemen, we are compelled to confess, have done as little as it was possible to do with their prodigious means and splendid precedents.

The British Museum is almost as magnificent a restoration of Greek architecture as the Parliamentary Palace is of Gothic. There is nothing at all equal to it, in this respect, in modern Europe. The type, however, of pure Greek architecture is so simple and invariable, that criticism has long ago said pretty nearly all that was to be said on the subject. There are only two points of importance to be mentioned in connection with this building: first, the choice of the style of architecture; secondly, the omission, perhaps inevitable, in this and in all other restorations of the Greek style, of certain delicate details of execution which seem to us to have conferred upon ancient works much of the vitality which is wanting in all our imitations of them. Our remarks on these two points will equally apply to Mr. Inwood's restoration of the Erechtheion in Euston Square, the General Post-Office, and all other modern restorations of the Greek Temple. The following description of the nature of Greek architecture is from a contemporary journal: "The Greek Temple consisted of a *cella*—a small apartment enclosing the statue of the god, and obscured on purpose to give the effect of mystery to the proceedings of the priests who were its only occupants—and of a large external and covered colonnade, about and beneath which the people assembled at the celebration of religious rites. The colonnade, and the entablature supported by it, were the only features of architectural interest in the building, because these alone were intended to be generally seen and used. Greek temple-architecture made no provision whatever for internal convenience or decoration. Greek house-architecture, concerning which we have little information, was, so to speak, the temple architecture turned inside out. The colonnade was enclosed by the bare walls, which in the temple were enclosed by the colonnade; an open court was thus formed, having a garden or fountain in the middle, and scope for small apartments in its sides. In these apartments torches and lamps seem to have been employed in the daytime; so little was it in keeping with the spirit and constructive obligations of Greek architecture to have the walls pierced with apertures of magnitude and number sufficient even for home purposes, in a climate too, where the daylight has three times the intensity of ours. The walls of these apartments were adorned with frescoes, and gilded and painted frets and "arabesques" fitted to show brilliantly by lamplight.

All the public business of the Greeks was transacted out of doors, or, at least, below the open sky. No space larger than might be spanned by a horizontal beam of stone was ever roofed in, nor could ever be." Such were the purposes and nature of the form of architecture which we have adopted for the British Museum and the National Gallery, *places built expressly for the exhibition of objects by daylight.* Moreover, a national gallery and a museum, in such a country as England, is not a building that can be raised once for all, and done with. There is no foreseeing the extent to which the collections may swell, or the space which they may require. Now the rigid symmetry of Greek architecture demands that the entire edifice be conceived and built at once. Occasional additions to it are impossible, without a violation of its character almost as gross as would be the occasional addition by nature of an extra nose or a supplementary eyebrow to the human face. But the irregularity which the Greek style abhors, the Gothic loves; and the dead wall, which in the Greek style is essential to the artistic effect of the shafts and entablature, in the Gothic, as we have seen, becomes *all window*, as, for example, in Christ's Hospital, the new Record Office, and the beautiful Tudor Hall in Lincoln's Inn. So much for the wisdom of the choice of the style in question. The omissions, which spoil its vitality, as compared with ancient Greek edifices, are much less culpable; since the recovery of lost principles,—we might almost say lost senses,—could alone have supplied them, whereas the choice of style proves a simple absence of common understanding. We allude to the delicate variations of intercolumniation, and to the wonderfully subtle deviations from the horizontal line and the plane in the lines and surface of the stylobate and entablature, and from the perpendicular in the axes of the columns and in the wall-surfaces. These variations and deviations are so subtle, that while they have always told upon the eye, it is only through recent investigations, chiefly of Mr. John Pennethorne and Mr. Penrose, that their existence has been discovered as a matter of fact, although passages in Vitruvius, showing that some of these refinements were practised even in the degenerate architecture of his time, afforded a clue which ought to have been taken up long ago. We have space only for a hasty enumeration of the practices, the omission of which in buildings like the Museum has constituted their chief inferiority to original Greek works:—the spaces between the columns were varied expressly for artistical effect; thus in an entablature carried by a *long* and perfectly even colonnade, the eye falsely apprehends a disproportionate burden at the extremes; and accordingly the columns are usually made thicker and set closer there

than in the middle; but where the columns of a portico are few, the chief apparent as well as real weight is in the middle. Accordingly, the tetrastyle portico of the Erechtheion, and the portico of the temple near the Ilyssus, have the outer intercolumniations *wider* than the central. The walls were not perpendicular, but had a slight pyramidal slope, to which the converging axes of the shafts corresponded. In order to heighten the effect of this general convergence of the perpendicular lines, it was contradicted by an inclination, in the opposite direction, of *unimportant* perpendicular surfaces, namely, those of the antæ, abaci, acroteria, and coronæ. The sub-basement or ground of the entire edifice, is a true level; but in the architectural basement, and in the corresponding lines of the entablature, it is not so. The edges of the steps, and the lines of the entablature, are convex curves, lying in vertical planes. We agree with Mr. Penrose in referring the chief beauty of a Greek building to the refinement with which these "irregularities" were managed, and in holding, contrary to the opinion of Mr. Ruskin, who, we believe, is extremely unjust to Greek architecture, that "the limited aim which the Greek architects proposed to themselves was not owing to any want of invention, but to that consummate delicacy and judgment which required that whatever was attempted should be thoroughly achieved." These "refinements," then, to which so thoughtful and scholarly an architect as Mr. Penrose feels justified in attributing the very spirit of Greek architecture, are wholly neglected by our modern imitators. With all its shortcomings, it must be confessed, however, that the vast Ionic façade in Great Russell Street is a very grand and imposing work; and we may make a friendly deduction from the main evil of the inappropriateness of its style, if we will remember that it is the repository of the noblest collection of objects of ancient art in the world, and may itself be looked upon as an important illustrative accessory.

The New Saint Pancras Church, in Euston Square, is the most careful restoration of Greek architecture in London. When regarded apart from its object, and from the other Greek temple which the conditions of ecclesiastical architecture have compelled the architect to erect upon the top of the pediment, it is a perfectly eye-satisfying work; but the absurdity of selecting this style for a church is so great as to have become a popular feeling within the last few years; therefore we need not expatiate upon it. Nor need we stop to notice the inferior repetitions of the same or very similar architectural forms in the General Post-Office, the National Gallery, University College, London, and other magnificent blunders of recent years in this kind.

We come now to our new London churches. Our ecclesiastical edifices are at present built almost exclusively in the right style, namely, the Pointed. Here and there, however, one is to be found in the Lombard mode. Most people have a notion that this is a branch of the "Gothic;" but let us undeceive them, and show them that the fundamental principles of the styles are entirely different, and that the Lombard, though good for Lombardy, is almost as bad as the Greek itself for England. The Gothic, or Pointed style, employs, as we have seen, a form of arch which is self-supporting, and needs not to be imbedded in heavy masses of wall in order to make it constructively good and artistically beautiful. Now the round arch, used in Lombard architecture, does require the continual contiguity of heavy masses of wall. This necessity makes the wall the principal basis of decoration instead of the shaft. All the masonry of a pointed edifice tends to resolve itself into some form of shaft or buttress—with vast advantages for northern purposes, as we have seen; but, in the Lombard mode, the shaft sinks into a minor decoration of the wall, the *thickness* of which is the *theme* of this style, just as the balance of forces in the entablature and columns is in the Greek, the simple fact of weight in the Egyptian, and weight triumphed over in the Pointed. This all-important fact of thickness in the wall, and of consequent permanence and security in connection with the round arch, is declared in a thousand ingenious ways by the Lombard architects; but their chief devices are, first, the recessing of the wall, thickness within thickness, arcade within arcade, sometimes even galleries being worked in the solid mass, in order to show how much of the wall may be wasted with impunity; secondly, the employment of the shaft, which expresses simply and emphatically the idea of support only in positions where support is not needed, as at the corners of massive piers, in the manifold angles of the peculiar porch, or with such contortions of the columnar form as ridicule the idea of the natural purpose of the column being answered in these examples of it. The simplicity of the theme, and its immediate reference to construction, almost entitle Lombard architecture to rank with the three great primitive styles; but these qualities, unfortunately, do not make it any the more suitable to us northerns, who have to make the most of our "scant allowance of daylight." In private houses, in which the windows are not intended to be painted, as they are or ought to be in churches, this style may sometimes answer; there are two or three very beautiful specimens of it recently erected in London: one of them in Southampton Street, Strand—a house clearly not intended to fall down in ninety-nine years—and another in

Buckingham Street, Strand. But the inferiority of this style, even for house architecture, will be at once apparent to any one who will compare either of these houses with the small Gothic house in Park Lane, or with the front of the school-house in Little Russell Street on the north side of Drury Lane Theatre, or even with the somewhat cockney shop-entrance on the north side of Leicester Square. The fundamental fault, however, of Lombard, as well as of all other architectures, when compared with Gothic, both for civil and ecclesiastical purposes, is, that it belongs to a time when builders had not learned the true economy of their materials. This economy is at the bottom of all artistic perfection in every kind. The architect who uses twice as many tons of stones or bricks as he needs, is as bad as the poet who uses twice as many words as his thought requires. The Gothic style, in addition to its various other perfections, includes the greatest possible economy of materials; and, when this style was invented, all others became for ever obsolete—a fact which the judges of the six hundred designs, now hanging up in Westminster Hall, will do well to consider before concluding *against* the Gothic style.*

Concerning the vast majority of the innumerable churches lately raised in and about London, we quote again from our contemporary: "The London church-architecture of the last five-and-twenty years is *rus in urbe* with a vengeance. You can scarcely walk half a mile in any part of the vast, smoky, business-like and *blasé* capital of the world without passing at least two or three as good little village churches as you would wish to see in a country ramble. They only want the context of creeping ivy and a neighbourhood of humble cottages, and the respectable and unpretending parsonage, to make them quite delightful, and every way as good as their predecessors of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The want of the right context, however, is a somewhat serious defect. Daisies would always be pretty, but in the head-dress of a countess at a court-ball they would be somewhat out of place. What help is there for the difficulty? What better thing can be substituted in the place of these architectural daisies? The Gothic architecture is of such vast real capacity, at the same time that it makes so little worldly pretence, that nothing Gothic, short of a cathedral, looks 'metropolitan.' The smallest mockery of a Greek or Roman temple has a sort of heathen pretension and self-complacency about it which seem to fall in with the mundane grandeur of a great city. The 'professional gentlemen,'

* Of which, by the way, Design 35, motto: "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle," is a most beautiful example—perhaps *the* most beautiful example in the collection.

who do business in the Renaissance line, of course object very strongly to the Gothic heresy, and pretend to regard it as a 'retrogression;' not remembering that they, in their own work, retrograde something like ten times the three centuries through which the Gothic builders return. Our architectural *rus in urbe* is, however, a sort of retrogression, not because it is an adoption of the best style of architecture ever yet developed, but because it is an adoption from old times of a particular form of that architecture which is not suitable to our modern metropolitan requirements." Our public worship, of which preaching is now an integral part, has little or no use for cathedrals. The building in which all shall be able to hear ought not, according to Sir Christopher Wren's calculation, to hold more than two thousand persons. Small churches, therefore, we must have. The above writer goes on to say: "The early and more properly ecclesiastical phases of the Gothic style will never be effective for metropolitan use until an entirely new principle shall be adopted in the ordering of the general mass. The cathedral type, with spire, pinnacles, clerestories, and three or four roofs of different elevations, must be cast aside; and in their place we must have, in all ordinary cases, a mere street façade of the greatest simplicity, consisting of a large and lofty wall, with a door on one side or both, and carved windows, with any amount of surface enrichment for which money may be forthcoming to pay; the whole surmounted with one steep, longitudinal roof, or two or three plain gables, and a small bell-tower. The church itself thus becomes, what in Protestant times it ought to be, namely, one of the houses, only a nobler one. The finest street Gothic in the world is that of Venice, which is very much of this character." The above seems to us to be a hint worth improving; although, in the not impossible event of churches once again becoming houses of prayer exclusively, there is no reason why they should not again be built with metropolitan dimensions.

This question of magnitude in architecture has not yet been considered with the attention it deserves. The truth, or part of the truth on the subject, appears to us to be this. Architecture not being, like painting, an imitative art, but depending for its greatest effects upon a simple and perpetual allusion to the nature and reality of its materials, gives that material an actual artistic value which does not attach to the material or medium of any other art, except, perhaps, in a lower degree, that of music. Besides this reference of the decoration to the reality and nature of the material, great masses of the material also acquire an independent artistic value from the fact that all architecture requires for its fundamental condition an expression of absolute permanence. Now it is contrary to our

knowledge of the nature of ordinary materials, that such an expression should attach to edifices of a trifling magnitude; and, even could such expression be evoked from architecture upon an insignificant scale, it would be *mal-à-propos* and absurd. For these and for other reasons, magnitude is absolutely essential to good architectural effect. But it must be remembered, that magnitude is a comparative quality; and a church which would have all the requisite preponderance of size in a village or a country town, would be lost with a context of private houses whose attics overtopped its spire.

Of recent Gothic churches in London, there are only two which seem to us to have a truly urban—we will not say metropolitan—character. These are, the new church in Margaret Street, and that in Gordon Square. The latter is of cathedral dimensions; there are cathedrals which are inferior to it in respect of size; and, indeed, in respect of general altitude, which is the chief direction which magnitude should assume in ecclesiastical edifices, the church in Gordon Square is most liberally and nobly built, and makes Mr. Pugin's Roman Catholic Cathedral stunted and vulgar by comparison. This church, however, is quite unfitted for our ordinary national ritual, for which, indeed, it was not intended. It is internally and externally of the common cathedral type, and its imposing effect is obtained by a magnitude considerably beyond that which would be convenient for any service in which the sermon is the chief point. There is no remarkable originality in this church: it is merely remarkable as, upon the whole, the best restoration of mediæval church-architecture in the metropolis. The other church we spoke of has a far higher merit. It is a truly original work. Without exceeding or even nearly reaching the interior dimensions allowable in a modern Protestant church, and without any sacrifice of true ecclesiastical effect, the builder of this church has succeeded in giving it a truly urban size and effect by a most artistical amalgamation of the parsonage and school-house with the church itself, of which the singular but beautiful spire rises to the altitude of 225 feet above the pavement. Not only is adequate size thus obtained, but the edifice is rendered an integral part of the street; for the parsonage and school-house come right up to the pavement, and are continuous with the houses on each side, at the same time that they form, as it were, the projecting wings of the church proper in the centre. By this arrangement, the ordinary defect of magnitude in London churches is still further avoided; for isolation always makes a building conspicuous, and calls for dimensions above those required in a position of less pretence, like that of the present edifice. On entering the building, which is constructed for a congregation of about 600 persons,

the beauty and costliness of the materials and workmanship at once take our thoughts away from considerations of size. The shafts, walls, and tracery are wholly of rare native marbles,—Derbyshire alabasters, Cornish serpentine, Purbeck and granite,—with the exception of a small surface covered with coloured bricks and the spaces occupied by Mr. Dyce's frescoes. The great window, by Gerent, is one of the most magnificent specimens of modern coloured glass. Altogether, the interior, when completed, will be unrivalled by any thing of the sort in England, with the one exception, perhaps, of the little Lombard church at Wilton. There is scarcely any feature of this church which is not peculiar, yet none which is not Gothic in spirit. The design of the exterior, which is at once the oddest and the most appropriate piece of ecclesiastical architecture in London, seems to us to be a work of real genius. We do not know that the same thing can be said of any other building of the time. If there is any fault in it, it is the somewhat jarring juxtaposition of the simplest with the most costly materials. We would have had all the coloured bricks on the exterior; those inside do not harmonise with the precious marbles around them. Again, the nave-roof is of deal, while that of the chancel is of white marble. As for the brick and tile of which the exterior surfaces mainly consist, we could not desire a more telling proof, not only of the competence of brickwork for all ordinary architectural effect, but even of its superiority to stone for London church-building. The great majority of London houses must always be brick; and we trust that we shall not be thought guilty of a fanciful refinement in architectural æsthetics if we object to the churches being distinguished by their material from the houses on the ground of Christian feeling. The reason which is given by an architectural critic, in the following passage, for excluding stone, as the principal material, from private edifices in London, seems to us to apply equally well to the question of its use in our churches.

"No foreign" (*i. e.* far-fetched) "material can ever be employed with right effect in any but edifices of a public character, on account of a presumed costliness which confers an indecently pretentious air whenever it occurs as the material of a private building. And if stone ought to be so excluded, imitation of stone in plaster is *à fortiori* to be condemned. Compare Fitzroy Square, two sides of which are built of stone, with any well-built brick square. Nothing can be less ornamental than these brick houses; yet how much handsomer, because less pretentious, they look than the others! It is a truth well known to all real artists, that noble effects are more easily obtained with a moderate economy than with a lavish expen-

diture of means. Plaster mockeries of stone are, as we have said, only a great deal worse; for, if they have any merit, it must be that of conveying the impression of stone, which, we see, is a demerit. To hide good brickwork with plaster imitations of stone, is to hide the only material in which architectural effects are rightly possible in London house-building, with a semblance of that of which even the reality would be inferior to the reality which is thus hidden. Brick is an artificial stone which is much more durable and even better to look at than many kinds of stone that are used in building; such stone as that, for example, of which the town of Saint Leonard's is constructed. The finest palaces in Italy are built of brick; and it is probable that we shall never again see such truly noble secular edifices as were raised by our ancestors in red brick with stone finishings. Brick, so far from being a bad vehicle for architectural ornament, is vastly better than stone itself in some respects; as may be seen in the endless variety of the Lombard mouldings, which, in ancient Lombard works, were brick castings. Brick also affords scope for truly architectural colouring; for no colouring is rightly architectural but that which pervades the entire substance of the material."

Once admit that the church should not be contradistinguished, by its material, from the private house, and all the above arguments tell with greater force in favour of a brick material for London ecclesiastical architecture than for London domestic building.

Lincoln's Inn Hall, and the new Record Office in Fetter Lane, are among the very few public buildings of which we have no reason to be ashamed. The first is perfect in style, right in material, and pleasing in all its parts, except, perhaps, the great southern gable, which is needlessly blank and uninteresting. The new Record Office, as far as we can judge it in its present imperfect state, has an appropriate and metropolitan character. Neither of these buildings is a slavish imitation of any other, ancient or modern; they are real revivals of the Gothic style in its secular form, as the church in Margaret Street is of the ecclesiastical mode.

The clubs and great houses in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, the Green Park, and the neighbourhood, are more consistent in their style than any other class of buildings in London; but they are consistently wrong. The heathen education of the male portion of the upper classes tells with decisive effect upon the architecture of their abodes and places of assembly. These edifices are a remarkable refutation of the common notion, that in England artistic effects are sacrificed to economy and convenience. Here, on the contrary, we find that mode of build-

ing chosen, which is, of all modes, the most costly and inconvenient, purely for the satisfaction of artistic feelings; and those perverted feelings. If there is any thing in art capable of influencing life, as the most serious critics and artists have maintained that there is, it must be granted that the buildings in question are an almost unmitigated public evil. Compare the house of a modern nobleman with the mansion of an English gentleman, "one of the olden time," in our native secular Gothic. In the first, all interior convenience is made secondary to the consideration of the dignity of the façade, whose proud and stupid symmetry is necessarily continued in the interior arrangements, which ought to be guided entirely by domestic convenience. The house is ill-lighted, because the style of building requires a great preponderance of wall-surfaces over apertures. Chimneys, unnecessary in the native land of this exotic architecture, have to be concealed by the most awkward devices. All its decorations assume a stone material, which we have shown to be the most costly, and, for such purposes, the least convenient and appropriate in every way. What is the artistic effect for which these and many other sacrifices are made? Let the reader recall what we have said on the moral expression of the Greek architecture. The expression of the derivative styles, the Roman and Renaissance, as far as it is architectural, is the same; it is that of pride in the supposed competence of powers to the tasks allotted; it is, in its best form, a boast of philosophic moderation and perfection, not unbeautiful in a heathen temple, but at once false in itself and insulting to the beholders in the house of a private Christian. Moreover, the fact of so much sacrifice being made, and obviously made, to a *façade*, is in itself a demand upon public attention which can only be appropriate in a public building. Two thousand years ago, it was regarded as a prosecutable indecency for a man to have a pediment to his private house; and, if the powerful but little noticed influences of art had justice done to them, a Renaissance club or mansion would be an indictable nuisance now. On the other hand, the English secular Gothic "expresses in the liveliest manner the feelings of English comfort and independence. The glowing brick-work, set off by slips and notches of cold stone ashlar, bids defiance to the winter's gloom, and reminds us of the merry hearth, about which the whole edifice looks as if it had gradually agglomerated by a process of crystallisation. The chimneys are conspicuous objects, as they should be where the hearth is of so much consequence. The vast mullioned oriels make the most of the misty northern day. No interior arrangements are sacrificed to a proud façade. The outside at once declares that the inside

has been the grand object of the architect's solicitude. It does not court the suffrages of the passing public, at the expense of its interior hospitalities. Every jutting gable and shadowy recess is a mystery, of which the key is only to be found in some internal convenience and comfort. And yet, with all this carelessness of what the world may think of it, the ancient mansion in this style carries, to our mind, a nobler air than any other form of private habitation hitherto invented; an air as much braver and lovelier than that of the modern 'Grecian house,' as a living face, lighted up with health, strength, humanity, and kindliness, though somewhat irregular in feature, is lovelier and braver than the waxen Adonis of the hair-dresser's shop-window." The irregularity of masses, admired by this writer, would not perhaps be suited to metropolitan building, space being, in this case, an important consideration; but, without this characteristic, the most beautiful and noble Gothic houses might be built. If nothing but a street façade is needed, the Venetian palaces prove how nobly it may be provided in this style. For detached houses on a large scale, like those in the Green Park, we have a splendid model in the more elevated portion of building that forms either end of the river-front of the Parliamentary Palace. Is it in ignorance and insensibility that our upper classes go on building in a style which expresses nothing but vulgar insolence, luxury, and exclusiveness; or is it that this style is indeed symbolic and appropriate, and that the nobler mode which we are recommending would express a genial humanity which, in such edifices, would smack somewhat of hypocrisy—happily, the last vice which our aristocracy thinks of countenancing by their example? However it may be, let none, who from their wealth or position are able to influence the practice of architecture, imagine that they can do so without influencing more than that. It has been said by the critic before quoted, that "the mightiest influences are not those which work partially, violently, conspicuously, and in fits, but are rather those which operate universally, unostentatiously, and without cessation. Such an influence is architecture—eminently and essentially the people's fine art; for not only do the people behold its productions without cost or trouble, but they are even compelled to behold them whether they will or not, day by day, for their whole lifetime, and precisely under the circumstances which are best fitted to secure to the art the most powerful exercise of its peculiar influence, whatever that may be; at times when the mind is not puffed up with the conceit of connoisseurship, but is in a condition of unconscious readiness to gather in and garner up 'the harvest of a quiet eye.' The daily beholding of architec-

tural works must operate in one of three ways upon all beholders. Either the influence will be beneficial, as in the case of an architecture in harmony with the best elements of our civilisation; or it will be indirectly injurious, as in the case of a false architecture like that of the Renaissance, of which the majority of our public and larger private edifices are specimens; or it will be directly hurtful, as in the case of a style expressive merely of an obsolete phase of human progress. In the second of the three cases, the people look on with simple indifference. The club-houses and the new Treasury buildings, for example, give neither pleasure nor pain to the immense majority of the passers-by; while few are so utterly without culture and sensibility as to be able to regard the Gothic Houses of Parliament or the Greek 'British' Museum, without any emotion whatever. The pleasure with which people look upon the Houses of Parliament does unmixed good; for, although the work is far from faultless, its style is in keeping with our best national culture. The pleasure given by the façade of the Museum, unless it is counteracted by the frequent sight of works of a more advanced stage of human progress, does direct and almost equally unmixed harm. But the indirect harm done by those works upon which the people look with utter indifference, is much greater than the direct injury wrought by specimens of a perfect but obsolete style. Such works tend to produce an oblivion and negation of all culture whatever; to justify improbity, sensuality, and falsehood; and to implant in the multitude a fatal distrust, either of art generally, or of their own instincts and perceptions, to which they find an art, so boastful, costly, and elaborate, appealing without effect. The existence and operation of such tendency in bad art, is an indisputable and lamentable fact of our national experience during the last three centuries. In and before the days of Elizabeth, when art was as pure as sunshine, it was universally enjoyed; but when the Italian 'revival' of arts and learning at last attacked our remote and wholesome shores, the people gradually became deluded into the notion that they had no right to have likings and dislikings of their own in the matter of art, and they came in a little time to believe, or to fancy that they believed, that a dead dog was better than a living lion. From that time to this, architects have had architecture all to themselves; the people having continued to pay whatever has been demanded, in the stupidly meek belief that they were receiving some sublime and unintelligible service from men who could quote Vitruvius and Palladio to justify any violation of common sense and artistic integrity which they chose to commit. The popular indifference concerning architecture, bad as

it was in its effects upon the people themselves, reacted no less injuriously upon architects, who, relieved from the wholesome necessity of deserving popular applause, gradually lost whatever there was of characteristic and noble in the early period of the Renaissance. The civil architecture of the present day is a great public nuisance. Bad paintings may be put in the fire, or, at worst, left to deform the apartments of bad judges; bad sculptures may be almost as summarily disposed of; bad poetry need not be read; bad music need not be performed; but bad architecture, once extensively practised, is a national curse for centuries."

To conclude with a few considerations as to the possible and probable architectural future of London. It is still possible that the metropolis may be redeemed from the charge we have proved against it, of being, as to its public buildings, a mere architectural curiosity-shop. Public offices upon a great scale, a national gallery, and an embankment of the river, involving many other architectural changes, are things which will certainly come to pass within the next few years. If the demonstrably right style of building is chosen in all these cases, there will be a decided preponderance of the true style; and, in Westminster, which is now the great architectural centre of the metropolis, that preponderance will be so overwhelming as almost to amount to the desiderated unity of architectural effect. The chief, and perhaps ultimately the only exception, Whitehall, will be a positive gain to the preponderating expression, as providing a contrast, not sufficient to disturb, but fully enough to enliven that expression. Westminster Abbey; the Parliamentary Palace carried out, according to Sir Charles Barry's designs, so as to enclose Palace Yard, and to occupy the space now taken up by the law-courts; the new public offices, the bridge, and the embankment, executed in a corresponding style,—will present an architectural group which, notwithstanding serious artistical faults, will be one of surpassing glory, and a fit centre for a city which, if it is destined to last for another century, is most assuredly destined to be rebuilt in the national style, as to its private edifices. It is comforting to reflect, that of all our thousand miles or so of street, a very small portion is so built as to be left standing in 1957. It is a simple fact, that London has to be rebuilt before some of those who are now living in it are in their graves; and nothing is wanting but a new and more reasonable understanding between landlords and land-tenants, to prevent the London of the next century from being built almost wholly in the right style. How glorious such a city so built would be, any one can realise to himself without much difficulty. Let him picture to himself

the whole of Park Lane, for example, every house as beautiful as the little Gothic house to which we have referred, and each one entirely different from all the others; for variety in Gothic is as easy and natural as uniformity is in the false styles. The cherished independence and individuality of the English character, which is stifled in the present style of street architecture, or only breaks forth in fantastic violation of it, as when Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, whose two houses have one pediment between them, distinguish their habitations by having them painted in different shades, would find a true artistic expression. Again, the necessity, in the case of shops, which form so large a proportion of the metropolis, for having the basement story as little obstructed as possible by masonry, would be met without the absurdity of having four or five stages of solid building superimposed upon a few sheets of plate-glass with invisible iron-posts. A combination of the Venetian and the Tudor-Gothic would produce a style of house-building so exactly suited for London shops, that its adoption could not but immediately follow any alteration in the present system of land-leases which should render permanent building feasible.

In contemplating the architectural future of London, the hitherto undeveloped capacities of iron and glass cannot but suggest themselves as important considerations, especially in connection with that style whose final adoption, with certain modifications, we regard as inevitable. In the Crystal Palace we have a building of truly metropolitan dimensions; and it has been raised at less than one-tenth of the cost at which a similar building in the ordinary materials could have been raised. We do not propose this building as an architectural model in any respect but that of magnitude. Magnitude, however, as we have seen, is of the very first consideration in metropolitan architecture, and this building proves the capacity of its materials beyond all others to provide that primary condition at a practicable expense. Nor can any one who is acquainted with the constructive and artistic peculiarities of Gothic architecture, fail to perceive that iron and glass are the only materials in which that style can ever attain to the full development of the effects aimed at by the architects of Strasburg and Cologne. The upward cataract of the Gothic spire, which in Strasburg Cathedral probably attains its utmost practicable limit in a stone material, could easily be continued five hundred feet higher in iron; and although the impressive element of hand-carving would have to be sacrificed in the details, this loss would assuredly be more than compensated by the production of an effect which would go far to overwhelm all considera-

tions of human workmanship, and would rival "the heart-enlarging hills" in its impression upon the imagination.

Art. IV.—THE ALLEGED NON-EXISTENCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare unfolded. By Delia Bacon. With a Preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of the "Scarlet Letter," &c. London, 1857. Groombridge and Sons.

American philosophy delights in hiding its light under a bushel. Emerson is not easy reading; the *Poughkeepsie Seer* (not that we wish to class them together) is sometimes difficult of construction; but Delia Bacon is harder still. We have met with nothing in the range of literature so like the attempt to find a needle in a bottle of hay as the task of extracting a definite meaning from the vast body of obscure verbiage and inconsequential reasoning in which she has folded up her ideas. As far as we can make out, however, the following is her theme and the thread of her argument. In the days of Elizabeth and James, a conquest more complete and more degrading than that of the first Norman king had overwhelmed England. At the same time, the first-fruits of the revival of learning were ripening in England. There was a body of men here, at the head of whom were Raleigh and Lord Bacon, of boundless penetration, wisdom, and philanthropy. The cause of freedom and of human advancement was that to which their whole souls and lives were devoted. Some of them ventured an overt act against the government, which was speedily crushed. It was necessary to conceal the new light which it was their mission to shed forth upon the world; yet so to hide it, that while it should not betray itself to the jealous scrutiny of a tyrannical autocracy, it yet should be discoverable to the gifted eye, and lie buried only to be disinterred, in its due time, by the sagacity of future generations. We know that in his youth Lord Bacon busied himself with ciphers; he speaks of word-ciphers as well as letter-ciphers: be sure, then, that in ciphers he has hidden the learning he dared not lay bare to the face of day. Those who search his works with a discriminating eye, will find abundant hints scattered through them that they have an esoteric meaning subtly hidden beneath their obvious expressions. He was the master-mind of a "secret association" of men who made it their business to perfect and transmit to posterity a "new and all-comprehending science of life and practice." It is in the later and more finished works of this school,—the *Advancement of*

Learning, Hamlet, Lear, The Tempest, and the *Novum Organum,*—that the key to the secret doctrines of which it is the object of Miss Bacon's work to furnish the interpretation is best found; but it lies also wrapt up, like the tree in the bud, in the earliest and most faulty plays of their collection. In Sir Walter Raleigh's play of *Love's Labour's lost,** for instance, what have we but a dramatic criticism on the old system of learning? The prince and noblemen in their woodland home represent the new school. The prince is Raleigh "himself, and there are good historical features peering through those masks a little." They are full of youthful enthusiasm for the new classical learning; "but already the practical bias of their genius betrays itself. They are making a practical experiment with the classics, and to their surprise do not find them 'good for life.'" As to Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel:

"Unless you should get a glimpse of the type,—of the unit in their faces—and that shadowy train that *the cipher* points to,—unless you should observe that their speech is somewhat strongly pronounced for an individual representation—merely glancing at them in passing—you would not, perhaps, suspect who they are. And yet the hints are not wanting; they are very thickly strewn,—the hints which tell you that in these two men all the extant learning, which is in places of trust and authority, is represented; all that is not included in that elegant learning which those students are making sport of in those 'golden books' of theirs, under the trees here now."

Don Armado is the fashionable literature:

"The literature that entertains *a court;* the literature of *a tyranny,* with his gross servility, with his courtly affectations, with his arts of amusement, his 'vain delights,' with his euphuisms, his 'fire-new words,'—it is the polite learning, the Elizabethan *belles lettres,* that is brought in here, along with that old Dryasdust scholasticism, which the other two represent, to make up this company."

* This is rather a sudden plunge, we know; but the reader of Delia Bacon must learn to take surprising things easily. If proof be required of this authorship, Delia furnishes the following

"LETTER FROM DON ARMADO TO THE KING.

"*King* [*reads*]. 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron . . . . . So it is,—besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black, oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air, and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour: when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.'

"[No one who is much acquainted with the style of the author of this letter ought to have any difficulty in identifying him here. There was a method of dramatic composition in use then, and not in *this* dramatic company only, which produced an amalgamation of styles. 'On a forgotten matter,' these associated authors themselves, perhaps, could not always 'make distinction of their hands.' But there are places where Raleigh's share in this 'cry of players' shows through very palpably]."

As to the princess, we learn only that though she too is an historical portrait, she is greater than she seems; and upon poor Anthony Dull, Delia is so very profound, that we have been unable to pierce her meaning, and must quote what she says of him:

"This Antony *Dull* is a poor rude fellow; but he is a great man in this play. This is the play in which one asks, 'Which is the princess?' and the answer is, 'The tallest and the thickest.' Antony is the thickest, he is the acknowledged sovereign here in this school; for he is of that greater part that carries it, and though he hath never fed of the dainties bred in a book, these spectacles which the new 'book men' are getting up here are intended chiefly for him. And that 'unlettered small knowing soul 'Me'—'still *me*'—insignificant as you think him when you see him in the form of a country swain, is a person of most extensive domains and occupations, and of the very highest dignity, as this philosophy will demonstrate in various ways, under various symbols. You will have that same *me* in the form of a *Mountain*, before you have read all the books of this school, and mastered all its '*tokens*' and '*symbols*.'"

And to let the possessor of the key sum up the design of the play:

"And Holofernes, the schoolmaster, who cultivates minds, and Sir Nathaniel, the curate, who cures them, and Don Armado or Don *Adrama*dio, from the flowery heights of the new Belles Lettres, with the last refinement of Euphuism on his lips, and Antony Dull, and the country damsel and her swain, and the princess and her attendants, are all there to eke out and complete the philosophic design,—to exhibit the extant learning in its airy flights and gross descents, in its ludicrous attempt to escape from those particulars or to grapple, without loss of grandeur, those particulars of which man's life consisteth. It is the vain pretension and assumption of those faulty wordy abstractions, whose falseness and failure in practice this school is going to expose elsewhere; it is the defect of those abstractions and idealisms that the Novum Organum was invented to remedy, which is exhibited so grossly and palpably here. It is the height of those great swelling words of rhetoric and logic, in rude contrast with those actualities which the history of man is always exhibiting, which the universal nature in man is always imposing on the learned and unlearned, the profane and the reverend, the courtier and the clown, the 'king and the beggar,' the actualities which the natural history of man continues perseveringly to exhibit, in the face of those logical abstractions and those ideal schemes of man as he should be, which had been till this time the fruit of learning;—those actualities, those particulars, whose lowness the new philosophy would begin with, which the new philosophy would erect into an art or science."

The most obvious and simplest application, however, of the special art required for the "delivery and tradition" of those

branches of knowledge it was too dangerous to enter on openly, is to be found in Bacon's early work, *The Essays of Montaigne.** The particular form of writing and publication of that work made bolder assertions possible. Under the disguise of its chatty brilliant style, "the abstrusest parts of sciences are waiting for those who will accept the clues and patiently ascend to them."

"The work is popular in its form; but it is inwoven throughout with a thread of lurking meanings so near the surface, and at times so boldly obtruded, that it is difficult to understand how it could ever have been read at all without occasioning the inquiry which it was intended to occasion under certain conditions, but which it was necessary for this society to ward off from their works, except under these limitations, at the time when they were issued. For these inner meanings are every where pointed and emphasized with the most bold and vivid illustration, which lies on the surface of the work, in the form of stories, often without any apparent relevance in that exterior connection—brought in, as it would seem, in mere caprice or by the loosest threads of association. They lie, with the 'allegations' which accompany them, strewn all over the surface of the work, like 'trap' on 'sandstone,' telling their story to the scientific eye, and beckoning the philosophic explorer to that primeval granite of sciences that their vein will surely lead to. But the careless observer, bent on recreation, observes only a pleasing feature in the landscape, one that breaks happily its threatened dulness; the reader, reading this book as *books* are wont to be read, finds nothing in this phenomenon to excite his curiosity. And the author knows him and his ways so well, that he is able to foresee that result, and is not afraid to trust to it in the case of those whose scrutiny he is careful to avoid. For he is one who counts largely on the carelessness, or the indifference, or the stupidity of those whom he addresses. There is no end to his confidence in that. He is perpetually staking his life on it. Neither is he willing to trust to the clues which these unexplained stories might seem of themselves to offer to the studious eye, to engage the attention of the reader—the reader whose attention he is bent on securing. Availing himself of one of those nooks of discourse, which he is at no loss for the means of creating when the purpose of his *essaie* requires it, he beckons the confidential reader aside, and thus explains his method to him, outright, in terms which admit of but one construction. 'Neither these stories,' he says, 'nor my allegations do always serve simply for example, authority, or ornament; I do not only regard them for the use I make of them; they carry sometimes, *besides what I apply them to*, the seeds of a richer and bolder matter, and sometimes, *collaterally, a more delicate sound*, both to me myself,—who well say no more about it *in this place*' [we shall hear more of it in another place, however, and where the delicate collateral sounds will not be wanting],—'both to me myself, and *to others who happen to be of my ear*.'"

* Again we must warn the reader not to be surprised.

In this work too we have the earliest example of the new Baconian rhetoric, of a mode of teaching the reverse of the ancient scholastic one—in which mere dogmatic results were impressed on a subject mind, whereas in the Baconian system the mind of the learner is excited to activity; what he gains he gains for himself; and he can gather from his teacher only so much as his own reasoning powers and insight enable him to master. This, indeed, is Bacon's "enigmatical method;" but our authoress will have it that it is nothing less than a style "in which he tells us the secrets of knowledge are reserved for *selected auditors*, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil."

But was Bacon likely to content himself with these French essays? There are abundant evidences in his acknowledged works that he considered the system of scientific investigation he advocated applicable not only to the laws regulating inanimate matter, but to the investigation of human nature and human life, to polity and morality. Did he, then, so apply it? Is it possible to conceive he did not? A whole book is wanting to his great work—"Where is the FOURTH part of the *Great Instauration?* It is absurd to suppose that there never was such a thing. And if he had wished to give a body of moral and political philosophy, in what form would he have put it? He who speaks so highly of fable and parable, who is the apostle of the "insensibly didactic," as opposed to the "magisterial" school of teaching; he who was under such fatal obligations, so to speak, that his meaning should not be too open? Was not the Globe theatre open to him? Did not the disguise of the player give him a cloak, and the admitted license of the player's speech afford him a mask under which to hide his deep thoughts and his bold criticisms on civil affairs, and even the then present political state of England? Is it not he who says "the play's the thing?"* Read *Lear*, read *Julius Cæsar*, read *Coriolanus*. Through the utterance of an actor the philosopher could discuss forbidden things, and even analyse the weaknesses and lay bare the nakedness of kings. Delia Bacon has discovered the secret long hidden; she has found the key to Lord Verulam's craftily-hidden lessons, she has solved the cipher, she has let in the light of day on the hoarded wisdom of the Elizabethan sages, and in this book she lays some portion of it bare to the multitude. The plays we call Shakespeare's constitute a systematic body of science; and by a more thorough inquiry into their nature and design, the gifted American namesake of our great philosopher was incidentally, but necessarily, led to the discovery of their real authorship. These plays embody a philosophy, and not "a brutish, low-lived, illiterate, unconscious spontaneity." (Alas, poor Yorick!) They

* He says so in *Hamlet*.

enclose but another side of the philosophy of nature, with which Bacon openly busied himself, disguised, as necessity required, under the veil of allegory and parable. These are not two philosophies, but one. "The proposition is, that it proceeds, in both cases, from a reflective, deliberative, eminently deliberative, eminently conscious *designing* mind; and that the coincidence which is manifest, not in the design only and the structure, but in the detail to the minutest points of execution, is *not* accidental."

Delia Bacon has accumulated overwhelming historical evidence that Lord Bacon was the main originator of these plays; but for the present she withholds that evidence; the internal witness is enough. Minds of average capacity would seem to require more than is here furnished them by a consideration of the matter embodied in these poems. To follow this literary female Columbus through her dissection of the plays she handles, and the "incidental" proofs of her theory, is not in our power. We are bound to say, she has a real appreciation of the wondrous genius displayed in Shakespeare's dramas; and though she ascribes to them a concerted philosophic design they clearly never had, she discusses with force, and sometimes with discrimination, the depths and bearings of that profound knowledge of man, that piercing insight into affairs, which we all admit distinguish the plays which we once thought were written by one greater even than Bacon. But when we come to the arguments by which she strips the crown of poesy from one head to place it on another, or others, it is impossible to forbear from smiling coldly at the imbecility she displays. Of course she deals only with the vaguest generalities, dim hints, obscure probabilities; the slightest approach to particulars would shatter her dreams, as a tap on the small end shatters a Prince Rupert's drop. The system of proving is just like that of a famous modern bank-director. She pays in a small sum of probabilities, and draws out thousands of pounds worth of conclusions; it is a system of hanging heavy weights on cobwebs, and bidding you observe how perfectly they are sustainable.

Half her theories are based upon elaborate and transparent misinterpretations of one or two passages. Take, for instance, the passage she adduces as a case in which Montaigne or Bacon ('tis all one) plainly intimates that he has a meaning hidden for the use of those who have the key to his cipher. The capitals are Delia's. She is fond of them. Montaigne says, "I am not afraid to insert herein several private articles, which will spend their use amongst the men now living, AND THAT CONCERN THE PARTICULAR KNOWLEDGE OF SOME WHO WILL SEE FURTHER INTO THEM THAN THE COMMON READER." The real meaning of this is too

obvious to need pointing out. So when Bacon, speaking of books, says, "The times, in many cases, give great light to true interpretations," Miss Bacon will have it he means times future; though, of course, he only means a consideration of the present circumstances under which the book was written. Her other arguments are equally forcible and amusing. She thinks it much more probable Bacon should have written Montaigne's Essays than that Montaigne should have made ever so small a slip in the memory, whose defectiveness he so sorely laments. She is quoting Montaigne:

"'I saw, in my younger days, a report of a process that Corras, a counsellor of Thoulouse, put in print.'—[The vain, egotistical, incoherent, rambling old Frenchman, the old Roman Catholic French gentleman, who is understood to be the author of this new experiment in letters, was not far from being a middle-aged man, when the pamphlet which he here alludes to was first published; but his chronology, generally, does not bear a very close examination. Some very extraordinary anachronisms, which the critics are totally at a loss to account for, have somehow slipped into his story. There *was* a young philosopher in France in those days, of a most precocious, and subtle, and inventive genius—of a most singularly artistic genius, combining speculation and practice, as they had never been combined before, and already busying himself with all sorts of things, and among other things, with curious researches in regard to ciphers, and other questions not less interesting at that time;—there was a youth in France, whose family name was also English, living there with his eyes wide open, a youth who had found occasion to *invent* a cipher of his own even then, into whose hands that publication might well have fallen on its first appearance, and one on whose mind it might very naturally have made the impression here recorded. But let us return to the story.]—'I saw in my younger days, a report of a process, that Corras, a counsellor of Thoulouse, put in print, of a strange accident of *two men, who presented themselves the one for the other.* I remember, and I hardly remember any thing else, that he seemed to have rendered *the imposture of him whom he judged to be guilty, so wonderful, and so far exceeding both our knowledge and his who was the judge,* that *I thought it a very bold sentence that condemned him to be hanged.* [That is the point.] *Let us take up* SOME FORM of ARREST, that shall say, THE COURT *understands nothing of the matter,* more freely and ingenuously than the Areopagites did, *who ordered the parties to appear again in a hundred years.*' We must not forget that these stories 'are not regarded by the author merely for the use he makes of them,—that they carry, besides what he applies them to, the seeds of a richer and bolder matter, and sometimes collaterally, a *more delicate sound,* both to the author himself who declines saying any thing more about it *in that place,* and to others who shall happen to be of his ear!' One already prepared by previous discovery of the method of communication here indicated, and by voluminous readings in it, to understand that appeal, begs leave to direct the

attention of the critical reader to the delicate collateral sounds in the story last quoted."

For mere external proof take the following:

"But let us leave, for the present, this wondrous Gascon, though it is not very easy to do so, so long as we have our present subject in hand,—this philosopher, whose fancies look towards one another at such long, such very long distances, sometimes, though not always, with an *oblique* glance, who dares to depend so much upon the eye of his reader, and especially upon the reader of that 'far-off' age he writes to. It would have been indeed irrelevant to introduce the subject of this foreign work and its style in this connection without further explanation, but for the identity of political situation already referred to, and but for those subtle, interior, incessant connections with the higher writings of the great Elizabethan school, which form the *main characteristic* of this production. The fact, that this work was composed in the country in which the chief Elizabethan men attained their maturity, that it dates from the time in which Bacon was completing his education there, that it covers ostensibly not the period only, but the scenes and events of Raleigh's six years campaigning there, as well as the fact alluded to by this author himself, in a passage already quoted,—the fact that there was a family then in England, *very well known*, who bore the surname of his ancestors, a family of the name of *Eyquem*, he tells us, with whom, perhaps, he still kept up some secret correspondence and relations, the fact, too, which he mentions in his chapter on Names, that a surname in France is very easily acquired, and is not necessarily derived from one's ancestors,—that same chapter in which he adduces so many instances of men who, notwithstanding that inveterate innate love of the honour of one's own proper name, which is in men of genius still more inveterate,—have for one reason or another been willing to put upon anagrams, or synonyms, or borrowed names, all their honours, so that in the end it is William or Pierre who takes them into his possession, and bears them, or it's the name of 'an African slave' perhaps, or the name of a 'groom' (promoted, it may be, to the rank of a jester, or even to that of a player), that gets all the glory. All these facts, taken in connection with the conclusions already established, though insignificant in themselves, will be found any thing but that for the philosophical student who has leisure to pursue the inquiry."

The reader—who is at first startled to hear that Miss Bacon is prepared to prove her case by a body of incontrovertible historical evidence—will be re-assured at the conclusion of the present volume, if he struggle so far; he will find that it is only the same story repeated. The evidence consists of a special secret meaning, underlying the ordinary, ostensible one of Lord Bacon's correspondence and state papers; not only all he wrote, but all he did, was in pursuance of one great plan of transmitting his ideas under the veil of secrecy to future times. "The proceedings" of the Parliament which "condemned him were studiously

arranged beforehand by himself,—he wrote the programme of it, and the part he undertook to perform in it was the greatest in history!" His pandering to power, his love of office, his baseness to Essex, his corruption on the bench, were all parts of one great scheme of self-devotion. Of course, if you establish to your own satisfaction that there is a hidden meaning in a man's writings, concealed under what he says on the surface, and that you have got the key to that hidden meaning, there is no difficulty in proving that any body wrote any thing. Give us the same latitude of assumption and construction that is used in this work, and we undertake to prove that *Paradise Lost* was written by Prince Rupert, to embody his ideas on the reform of Doctors' Commons; and that Tennyson's *Maud* is a tribute to Archbishop Whately.

Miss Bacon's style is very bad indeed; and its obscurities, redundancies, and incoherencies, enhance the difficulty of her subject-matter. She never makes direct assertions, or draws precise deductions, but deals in hints and innuendoes, and is in mortal fear of being too plain. So much literary beating about the bush, so much cry and so little wool, we have never before met with. She is fond of fine language. We like her observation on Albany's speech about "head-lugged bears." "It was necessary," she tells us, "to combine the proverbial sensitiveness of that animal to that particular mode of treatment, with the natural amiability of his disposition in general." This, however, though beautiful phraseology, is bad natural history.

Shakespeare she rarely, if ever, deigns to mention; but sneers at him distantly as "that individual." She doubts if he knew how to write, but her proof that he must have been illiterate deserves quotation:

"'While watching the progress of the action at Sadlers' Wells,' says the dramatic critic of the *Times*, in the criticism of the *Comedy of Errors* before referred to, directing attention to the juvenile air of the piece, to 'the classic severity in the form of the play,' and 'that *baldness* of treatment which is a peculiarity of antique comedy,'—'while watching the progress of the action at Sadlers' Wells, *we may almost fancy we are at St. Peter's College*, witnessing the annual performance of *the Queen's scholars*.' That is not surprising to one acquainted with the history of these plays, though the criticism which involves this kind of observation is not exactly the criticism to which we have been accustomed here. But any one who wishes to see, as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, or for any other purpose, how far from being hampered in the first efforts of his genius with *this* class of educational associations that particular individual would naturally have been, in whose unconscious brains this department of the modern learning is supposed to have had its accidental origin,—any one who wishes to see in what direction the ante-

cedents of a person in that station in life would naturally have biased, *at that time*, his first literary efforts, if, indeed, he had ever so far escaped from the control of circumstances as to master the art of the collocation of letters—any person who has any curiosity whatever on this point is recommended to read in this connection a letter from a professional contemporary of this individual—one who comes to us with unquestionable claims to our respect, inasmuch as he appears to have had some care for *the future*, and some object in living beyond that of promoting his own immediate private interests and sensuous gratification. It is a letter of Mr. Edward Alleyn (the founder of Dulwich College), published by the Shakespeare Society, to which we are compelled to have recourse for information on this interesting question; inasmuch as that distinguished contemporary and professional rival of his referred to, who occupies at present so large a space in the public eye, as it is believed for the best of reasons, has failed to leave us any specimens of his method of reducing his own personal history to writing, or indeed any demonstration of his appreciation of the art of chirography, in general. He is a person who appears to have given a decided preference to the method of oral communication as a means of effecting his objects. But in reading this truly interesting document from the pen of an Elizabethan player, who *has* left us a specimen of his use of that instrument usually so much in esteem with men of letters, we must take into account the fact, that *this* is an exceptional case of culture. It is the case of a player who aspired to distinction, and who had raised himself by the force of his genius above his original social level; it is the case of a player who has been referred to recently as a proof of the position which it was possible for 'a stage player' to attain to under those particular social conditions.

But as this letter is of a specially private and confidential nature, and as this poor player who *did* care for the future, and who founded with his talents, such as they were, a noble charity, instead of living and dying to himself, is not to blame for his defects of education,—since his *acts* command our respect, however faulty his attempts at literary expression,—this letter will not be produced here. But whoever has read it, or whoever may chance to read it, in the course of an antiquarian research, will be apt to infer, that whatever educational bias the first efforts of genius subjected to influences of the same kind would naturally betray, the faults charged upon the *Comedy of Errors*, the leaning to the classics, the taint of St. Peter's College, the tone of the Queen's scholars, are hardly the faults that the instructed critic would look for."

To follow Miss Bacon further through her confused assumptions and illogical ramblings, would be laborious and would not pay the cost. Mr. Hawthorne has allowed his name to be prefixed to the work, an honour to himself which he justly esteems a very perilous one; and his preface reads as if the writing of it had been very uphill work. He sets before us the sacrifices the authoress has made to these researches, and in what she conceives

the interests of truth and science. We don't doubt her earnestness and conviction, it amounts to monomania; but we can scarcely be justly called on to feel grateful for it. He claims for the work, "that the ability employed in its composition has been worthy of its great subject, and well employed for our intellectual interests, whatever judgment the public may pass upon the questions discussed." As for our intellectual interests, a young man might find a very useful exercise of his logical powers in dissecting the work from cover to cover, and laying bare all its errors of reasoning; but to read it with any other view than as an exercise, would be mere waste of time. It is near 700 pages of close print. Ability there certainly is, but ability utterly thrown away. Much reading of Lord Bacon hath made Delia Bacon mad. Her place is with Hermann Heinfetter and Elizabeth Cottle. This latter lady interprets Scripture on exactly the same principle as Miss Bacon interprets Shakespeare; though she does not account for her process so philosophically. The following is, for example, Mrs. Cottle's exegesis of Revelations xii. 12: "*Woe to the inhabiters of the* (Ottoman) *earth* (empire) *and of the sea* (of Marmara at Constantinople); *for the Devil* (Czar) *is come down* (from St. Petersburg) *to you* (Moslems), *having great wrath* (armies), *because he knoweth* (from Elizabeth) *that he hath but a short time* (to reign, as Emperor of the Greek, or orthodox Christian Church)"—an explanation, as our readers will perceive, completely in Miss Bacon's style of commentary; though, if that be possible, the same method is still more courageously applied.

Art. V.—THEORIES OF BAUR AND OTHERS ON THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

The Gospel according to St. John, after the Authorised Version, newly compared with the original Greek, and revised by five Clergymen. London, 1857. J. W. Parker.

Kritische Untersuchungen über die kanonischen Evangelien, ihr Verhältniss zu einander, ihren Charakter und Ursprung. Von Dr. Ferdinand Christian Baur. Tübingen, 1847.

Beiträge zur Evangelien-kritik. Von Dr. Fried. Bleek. Berlin, 1846.

The Gospel of St. John. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. Note I. On Baur's Theory of the Gospels. Macmillan, 1857.

Historical criticism is ordinarily weary reading; and yet certainly not principally, if at all, on account of the minuteness of the indications discussed—not on account of the infinitesimal

weights of evidence which sway the balance of judgment this way or that. Nay, in all cases where the interest of the issue is a *living* one, it is the very demand for this fineness and delicacy of judgment which stirs the hearts of men to their utmost depths. Common historical criticism undertakes, from small and delicate hints or vestiges of life, to determine what the human realities were which have left those traces; and in doing so it uses, or ought to use, exactly the very same faculty of swift moral insight by the help of which we all go "sounding on our dim and perilous way" among faint and uncertain indications of the nature and intentions of our fellow-men,—or by which the writer of fiction keeps his readers in breathless suspense while his principal characters painfully interpret and misinterpret the symptoms of secret purpose or mutual emotion in each others' actions. The highest interests of both life and literature are, in fact, critical interests, that seek to construct the human reality out of the faintest indications it has left:—the interests of a mind in judgment on contradictory evidence—now for an instant breathing freely, as a gleam of inward light seems to explain every thing in full consistency with its inward hope; now sinking into despondency or agitated by passion, as it yields to the persuasion that that hope is a broken reed, or that appearances have belied reality. What is the hinge of every fiction, but a delineation of the conflict between critical evidence and human desires—the intellect in battle with the heart—the tendency of events pointing the understanding in one direction, the current of emotions drifting in another? What, for example, is the tragedy of *Othello* but a delineation of such a strife—not only in the reader's mind as to the issues of the action, but partly too in the mind of Othello himself, vibrating between the critical evidence suggested by his agonising suspicion and the natural faith that is staggered by the enormity of the suspected crime. And every one who has experienced in common life the violent oscillation between different possible views of the same invisible character,—who has experienced the vivid dramatic interest attaching to the slightest shade of thought or expression when it seems to yield an inference as to the unseen reality—the relapses of the mind into a sudden sense of the extreme insignificance of the seeming evidence, and the innumerable different interpretations of that evidence, which would be equally fair,—every one who has experienced, we say, this painful hovering between one radical assumption as to the unseen motives and principles of a half-known person and a quite opposite assumption, must be intimately aware that when the interest is deep enough, and the conflict of evidence sufficiently great, the minutest and most delicate intellectual criticism may easily be the most vividly interesting of all pursuits. And wherever the criticism of old histories can involve a sin

living interest in the issue,—wherever we can see the critic's mind in vehement debate with itself, criticising history just as it would criticise living men or passing events, and therefore gleaning every particle of evidence, however small, as of deep practical significance,—criticism even of the minutest kind is not dull, but vividly interesting. If, indeed, criticism is to end in criticism, it cannot but be dull; but if it is only the first lesson in piercing beneath that superficial veil which lies on the surface of all things, human and divine, and so may eventually lead to certain and confident conviction or trust, then it affords a kind of practical *crisis* in life, and has in it all the interest of such a crisis. And, in fact, the real and only reason why *ordinary* historical criticism has but little general interest, is simply this, that it cannot supersede itself—that it cannot be merged in certainty of a kind deeper than mere probable judgment—that the questions it decides are past questions, questions in relation to which the force of living experience cannot come in to swallow up the first doubtful interpretations or misinterpretations of tentative criticism. It ends, and can only end, where it begins, in a balance of chances; and no merely probable facts can lay powerful hold on the deeper life of man. The character-criticism of daily life is in the end swallowed up in the confidence of practical insight,—the critical interests of fiction open out into certainties; but the criticism of ordinary history *ends* in a mere presumptive case, on which neither faith nor knowledge can take a secure hold. We do not mean, of course, that the foundations of living trust and insight may not often prove to be as misplaced and fallacious as mere intellectual estimates of probability; but only this, that there *is* a difference in kind between the assumptions founded on those living and personal impressions on which we daily rest and act, and assumptions founded on intellectual evidence in cases where we have no direct access to the living sources of the truth. When personal intercourse from a thousand daily unconscious sources enlarges and strengthens our conviction, we have a certainty of a totally different kind from that which is absolutely limited to a fixed balance of pros and cons quite incapable of change or increase. That, and that only, is the conviction of faith, human or divine, which can really *grow* with our enlarging experience. Any belief which remains always within the same limits of credibility while our lives and purposes deepen and strengthen, *ipso facto* loses a *practical* hold on us. If it cannot *grow as we grow*, it is a mere lifeless inorganic tenet, not a faith with living roots within our hearts.

From this source it is that, for a long time past, many one-sided heretical books have had so much more reality, so much more practical interest and power, than even books of sounder judgment. They have recognised the fact, that history must lead

to a conviction much deeper than history itself can give, if it would have a religious significance. They usually deny that history does do this, it is true; but they echo the genuine feeling of men about historical criticism, in making the assertion. They say boldly: 'Historical criticism has an intense interest, if it is only one stage in the education of men's spirits into truths lying far beneath it: but better clear it away altogether than mistake the title-deeds for the title,—the hold on the mere medium of revelation for the hold on the reality revealed. If you find that an imperfect history and literature is the introduction to a living and perfect trust—that as you pierce beneath the surface you get hold of far clearer and deeper certainties than the mere authority of the history or literature could bring with it—then historical criticism has a living significance, and we will follow it with you that it may lead us to something better than itself. But if you find that the thing revealed can only stand by the mere external force of its historical credentials, then you have got hold of no religion, but a piece of mere antiquarianism; and we will show you how baseless your confidence is.' And we believe that such destructive criticism has done a great and most needful work. Why, indeed, is the sacred literature so complex in character, and the sacred history so entirely on a level in authority with all other ancient history, unless for this very purpose, that we might not attempt to hold religious faith by the wrong, *i.e.* the external, side,—that we might be taught to hold our trust in God by the same tenure as our trust in man, that of *living* and *growing personal* impression; beginning, it may be, in outward historical evidence, but quite unable to hold and extend its influence on that evidence *alone?*

To our minds, the genuine and candid portion (for no doubt there is much both ungenuine and uncandid) of the destructive criticism of the last half-century has far more tendency to open the real issues of religious questions, and indirectly, therefore, even to *quicken* faith, than the "apologetic" criticism by which it has generally been met. The former has, at least, often delineated a real crisis in the history of individual lives — the first conflict between the dim intellect and the yearning heart—the fixed resolve to find something deeper than historical records on which to rest—the unshrinking scrutiny into the uneasy corners of intellectual profession; while the latter has been emphatically "apologetic"—seldom courageous enough to face the inward crisis at all—dealing with its enemies in detail—wounding one, disabling another, slightly hampering a third—making the most of each separate triumph, but seldom daring to confront with its whole force the whole force of the foe—seldom asking itself: Are these "reasons" that I assign, *the* roots of my own faith? Have I any deep unfathomable springs of conviction, which no "d'

culties" could choke up? And if so, would not the clearest and sincerest proof of the depth of those springs be attained by admitting eagerly and heartily the whole force of all opposite considerations, and convincing myself how powerless they are to undermine inward trust? As a rule, the most depressing and disheartening of all religious literature is the apologetic literature. If we wished to doubt the possibility of a revelation, we should take a course of reading in defence of it. The works of professional assailants are often, indeed, of exactly the same description; but we know no books so valuable to probe the sources and show the real depth and realities of the Christian revelation as the books of profound-minded, honest, reluctant sceptics, if only, instead of being scared by them, we would allow them to sink quietly into the mind, and be there fairly tested as "working hypotheses," by involuntary experience, thought, and reading. No doubt, at first, they often produce a strong and painful, and purely negative impression—an impression partly due to their strength, partly to their weakness; but, if they prove true, the pain is wholesome pain; and if not, the quiet and unshrinking study of them draws out latent truths and new aspects of truth, such as sadly few "apologies" bring to light. All delineations of real and eager mental conflict, of minds in honest transition, open many fresh realities to the mind; and if tranquilly laid to heart, for every new difficulty there is generally found more than one new fountain of faith.

A very remarkable instance of this effect of genuine, even when most negative, criticism, is to be found in the influence which Bretschneider's and Baur's assaults on the Fourth Gospel are likely to produce on the present condition of Christian faith. It is a more remarkable instance than the effect of such a book as Mr. Newman's *Phases of Faith* (a book which has been productive, we believe, of unmixed good, by *obliging* us to discuss the real relations of Christian history to Christian faith), because the former is, apparently, limited to mere historical criticism, while the latter pierces deep into the philosophy of human belief. But, on that very account, Baur's book shows more remarkably how a genuine historical investigation, conducted on broad and courageous principles, will lead us beyond itself, and suggest issues of a deeper and more instructive class. Every learned English theological critic of the present day is acquainted with Baur's able researches, and occasionally mentions points therein in order to refute them; but only one has ventured to face, in its original strength, the general tenor of Baur's argument, and he was precluded by the nature of his work from giving it more than a general consideration. We propose to lay before our readers the combination of converging evidences by which Baur demonstrates, to his own satisfaction, the historical incredibility

of St. John's Gospel; and to use the aspects of the subject, that will be thus brought out, as a guide in estimating the most plausible views of it. We believe that theologians miss more instruction by their timidity and negligent appreciation of hostile arguments, than by any diligence and enthusiasm of advocacy they can contrive to make up for.

Baur maintains and, we may safely say, proves that the unity of the Fourth Gospel is a theological unity; that the whole of the narrative is threaded together, by the single intention to unfold the relation of the Father to the Son or Divine Word, as *the* divine relation through a living participation in which all men may be transfigured and set free. But it is not the theology of the fourth gospel which we intend to consider in the present article; it is the bearing of that theology on the *narrative* of the Evangelist to which we must, for the present, limit ourselves. Baur's view is briefly this. The theology it contains is the theology of the second century. The Christian Gnosis or unfolding of the relation between the Father and the Son or Word, in the fourth gospel, presupposes the coarser Gnosis of the Syrian and Alexandrian schools; and is composed, partly at least, in answer to them. The great superiority it has is mainly in this—that, while the false Gnostics represented the Light and Darkness as contending in an external and semi-physical conflict, the Christian writer limits the arena to the soul of man. But not the less does he fall in to the Gnostic temptation of subordinating the moral freedom of man to the overruling metaphysical necessity he delineates. Only those who are virtually God's *already*, "come to the light, that their deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God;" while all whom the Father has *not* "drawn" to the Son, seem to remain helpless organs of the Darkness; and "hate the Light, neither come to the Light, lest their deeds should be reproved." To the delineation of the conflict between the "Word made flesh," and the power of darkness or unbelief in the Jews and their leaders the Pharisees, the whole narrative of the fourth gospel is, according to Baur, subordinated—and not merely subordinated, but completely accommodated—sometimes by the skilful use of traditional material, sometimes by the invention of symbolic miracles, everywhere by the free composition of appropriate discourse. It is to bring out more markedly the metaphysical opposition between the Divine Light and the Darkness of Jewish unbelief, that the scene is so often shifted from Galilee—almost uniformly the scene of Christ's ministry, up to the last crisis, in the other three gospels—to Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, where that unbelief was at once most intense and most culpable. It is to deepen the dark colouring of this unbelief, that most of the new facts, and new aspects of fa

are drawn up by the Evangelist. It is because it does not bear directly on this strife between the self-manifested Light and human darkness, that so much of the traditional history is left unused. But there was one other theological controversy in the second century, besides the Gnostic controversies as to the divine emanations issuing from the Godhead—the Paschal controversy. The Jewish passover had, by its connection with the crucifixion of Christ, acquired in the minds of Christians an association with spiritual deliverance from the power of sin and death, which almost absorbed its old association with the deliverance from political degradation and the Egyptian bondage. The paschal lamb was a sign of that mighty hand of God, which had been put forth to rescue them from the rapidly multiplying sins of slaves; and now, at the same season, they celebrated another sacrifice, which was a sign of a still mightier power, put forth to rescue them from the growing slavery of sin. The deliverance was greater; for, in the former case, their sins had been in some measure a result of their degraded political condition; in the latter, their degraded condition was the simple result of their sins. Hence the Jewish passover early obtained a Christian interpretation; and even St. Paul exclaims, "Christ our passover was sacrificed for us." Gradually, the minutely superstitious mind of the second century wanted, says Baur, to verify this broad and true insight by the minutest agreements in times and observances; and it became a matter of importance to prove, that Christ was slain exactly on the day and hour when the paschal lamb was slain, so fulfilling and exhausting the meaning of the Jewish rite. The three first gospels, however, represent him as *eating* the paschal lamb with his disciples, at the usual Jewish season, on the evening before his death. It became necessary, therefore, for an evangelist, who, in Baur's view, certainly belonged to the Alexandrian school, to defend the views of that school, by altering the date of the crucifixion by a day, and so bringing every thing into accordance with that view of the Jewish passover which regarded it as a typical anticipation of the Christian Easter.

It was with constant reference, then, to these two leading theological controversies of the second century—the Gnostic and the Paschal controversy—that Baur conceives that the primitive gospel was intentionally and consciously remodelled by the fourth Evangelist. But, before we give in detail the evidence by which he defends his view, we must clear away two intermediate hypotheses, which might be, and have been, put forward in regard to this gospel. The differences between the facts of the fourth gospel and the others, and the preponderance in it of the theological element, may be explained on four suppositions:

1. That the theology, brooding in the minds of successive

generations, has gradually modified, where it has not actually *produced,* the facts: the mythic theory.

2. That the facts are, probably, *less* reliable than those of the other gospels, because they are preserved by a less primitive stream of tradition; but that their peculiar character may be explained, on the assumption that they are the Hellenistic Christian tradition, as distinguished from the Hebrew Christian, —each selecting, and perhaps exaggerating, those aspects of Christ's ministry which were most suitable to its own cast of thought: this we may call the theory of Hellenistic tradition.

3. That the facts are consciously dressed up, and modified to meet the thoughts and wants of the Alexandrian Christianity, in the second century: Baur's theory.

4. That the facts were selected for special illustration of certain religious convictions; but are more reliable and closer to such events as this gospel touches at all than even those of the other gospels, being more certainly the recollections of a personal disciple of Christ.

Now with the first assumption we may very quickly deal. Baur's own answer to it is quite sufficient; and Baur does not put any thing like the whole strength of the case. He maintains, justly, we think, that there is no single portion of Scripture where there is so absolute an absence of any indication of the gradual condensation of belief into fact as in St. John's gospel. Distinct theological purpose is not only every where present, but every where conscious; and the boundary between it and the facts narrated is remarkably sharp and clear. Narrative and theological principles are both there, no doubt, and both in organic connection; but they are as separable as the principles and purposes of the hero of any modern biography from the career in which he illustrates them. For example, the gift of sight to the man born blind is clearly meant by the Evangelist to be taken in close connection with Christ's words: "I am the Light of the world," and with his rebuke to the Pharisees: "For judgment am I come into this world, that those who see not may see, and those who see may be made blind;" nor can it well be doubted that both the miracle and the sayings are strictly an illustration of the Evangelist's own prologue, where he speaks of the Light as shining in Darkness,—of the Darkness as comprehending it not, while "as many as received" it therewith received power, like the man whose eyes were opened simultaneously to the physical and spiritual personality of Christ, to become "sons of God." There can be little doubt that in such instances as these discourses of Christ, the narrative of his actions and the introductory theology of the Evangelist are intended to form an organic whole; but most clearly one in which there is a conscious indication of the different elements of fact and

doctrine. The procedure of Christ, the debate in the Sanhedrim, the examination of the blind man's parents,—none of these things have either a symbolic or a mythic character; they are at least put forth as straightforward incident: nor is there any single circumstance treated as narrative in the whole gospel, which has any appearance of being intended to bear an allegorical or merely symbolic interpretation, nor any thing like an imaginative representation of a popular faith. Even Baur has not noted the whole strength of this case. The temptation, the transfiguration, the supernatural birth, are none of them to be found in this gospel. The darkness which brooded over the earth when the Son of God expired,—the sudden rending of the veil of the Temple,—the visible ascension of the Saviour from the earth,—all of them events which *necessarily* have symbolic aspects, and are therefore most liable to symbolic modes of interpretation,—are wanting in the fourth gospel. In fact, though the miracles of this gospel may perhaps bear classification on a theological principle, in regard, namely, to the particular aspect of the Divine Word that each may illustrate,—as the restorer of health and strength to the physically and morally paralysed,—as the "Bread of Life" to the common labourer in the fullness of his strength,—as the "Light of the World" both to the seeing and the blind,—as the "Resurrection and the Life" to the dead;—yet in the account of the miracles themselves there is no disappearance of those small physical details and incidental facts which seem to distract the mind from the ideal element. On the contrary, the only great miracle which the fourth gospel and the other three have in common,—the multiplication of the loaves (which in St. John, we must recollect, immediately precedes the discourse on "I am the Bread of life"),—is related in a way even less ideal than in the synoptic narrative. A narrative which was merely the imaginative embodiment of the discourse, would certainly not have specialised the loaves as "barley loaves." Yet this is peculiar to St. John's account. And not only here, but every where, the fact and the engrafted teaching keep sedulously apart. There are few matters of fact in the other gospels which it is so impossible to analyse hypothetically into purely ideal elements as those of the fourth; simply because the ideal and the real side both exist here in their fullest strength, so that there is no pretence for saying that either of the two gave birth to the other.

(2.) The second or traditional hypothesis, which regards the gospel as the result of a less primitive but *bonâ-fide* tradition of the Hellenistic Christians, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, not more tenable. In the first place, if a genuine tradition, its germ or historical nucleus must have been the personal testimony of one of Christ's apostles, who can have been no other than St. John. The gospel introduces us to the most private intercourse held

by Christ with his disciples; it contains in the last chapters the reported testimony of one specially connected with Peter (as we find John in the opening of the Acts of the Apostles); and it has domestic elements of Christ's history recorded by no other Evangelist. In short, if it be a genuine tradition at all, it can only have originated in the reports of one of the three apostles every where spoken of in the synoptic gospels as the special friends and followers of Christ,—Peter, James, and John. Peter is excluded by the narrative itself. James was early put to death by Herod; nor has any tradition ever connected the gospel with his name. Moreover, as has often been remarked, on the assumption either that this gospel is written in simplicity or otherwise, the habitual absence in it of the description of John the forerunner of Christ as "the Baptist"—a description universal in the other three gospels—rather points (unconsciously or fraudulently, as the case may be,) to a writer who, being himself the other John to be distinguished, could not possibly have got into the habit of thus distinguishing John the Baptist from the well-known disciple of the same name. But be this as it may, the last chapters of the fourth gospel certainly profess to record much of the personal testimony of our Lord's most intimate friend among the twelve apostles; and Baur freely admits that they intentionally indicate John. But when we add to this certainty, which bears, no doubt, only on a portion of the gospel,—a portion which may therefore have been the mere germ or nucleus of the rest,—the unanimous inference of all great critics,—Baur being the single exception,—from the mere styles of the gospel and the first epistle of John, that these, as wholes, are the compositions of one and the same author; and find, moreover, at the very outset of the epistle an assertion of the author's direct personal intercourse with Christ exactly similar both in tone and substance to an assertion in one of the later chapters of the gospel,*—it is almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that the fourth gospel was not merely originated, but written as a whole, by one who professed to be a personal—and most intimate personal—follower of Christ.

But is it not possible to conceive the elements of the narrative properly *traditional*, in case the implied authorship by an apostle

* In the gospel, chap. xix. ver. 35, we read, "And he that saw it hath borne witness, and his witness is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye may believe." And again, chap. xx. ver. 31, "But these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life in his name." In the epistle, the words are, "And the life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness and declare unto you that eternal life that was with the Father and was manifested to us: that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

is a mistake or a fraud? We are strongly inclined to think not. Taking the broadest view of the contents of the gospel, we can find nothing less in it than a traditional character, if by tradition we are to understand that which has passed from mind to mind, and gradually taken the proportions and colouring in which it most powerfully affects the imagination either of a people or of a school. The traditional hypothesis, we must remember, is an attempt to account for the new aspects of Christ's character, and the new—nay, to some extent inconsistent—account of his career, which this gospel, when compared with the three synoptic accounts, brings out. There is, it is remarked, a haze of mystic glory brooding over the character and purposes of Christ in the last narrative, which clears away in the three first, showing the delicate and majestic outline of a distinct human personality. Again, the miraculous power, which in Matthew, Mark, and Luke is mainly the organ of a Divine compassion for human misery and pain, is in St. John—primarily, at least—the revealing medium of a mighty spiritual Presence, and intended more as solemn partings in the clouds of Providence, to enable man to gaze up into the light of Divine mystery, than as grateful temporary showers of blessing to a parched and blighted earth. And further, the religious love which in the synoptic gospels confines itself to the children of the kingdom, in this embraces at the very outset a village of the alien Samaria, and solemnly anticipates at the close not only the coming welcome of the Greeks, but the assembling of all men at the foot of the cross. And all these differences, together with that subordinate difference in the ordinary theatre of Christ's ministry which was needful to give it the requisite solemnity of antithesis to the narrow notions of the Jewish teachers, is explained by the colouring influence of a Hellenistic stream of tradition, which strove to see in Christ its own dream of supersensual brightness and self-revealing power. Now it is quite a different question whether or not this gospel contains a refracted and unfaithful image of the ministry of Christ, and whether or not that unfaithfulness looks like the unconscious modification of tradition. For many reasons it is desirable to keep the discussion of these questions as far as possible distinct, and it is the latter which we are just now discussing. We think it clear, then, that the fourth Gospel is much too remarkably peculiar and individual in its whole tenor to be the result of tradition. It is not simply that the selected thoughts and discourses of Christ are so entirely of one cast and tone, but the narratives themselves are all taken from the same point of view,—that of showing how the Son came into the world, not in his own name but his Father's, how the world would not receive him, and how yet as many as received him were, in proportion

to the simplicity and fullness of their trust, justified by the issue. Now tradition does not take up single truths, or single aspects of truth, and illustrate them throughout a series of facts. If it takes hold of character, it sketches the same character from ever different points of view, till the essence is engraved upon your mind by the variety of aspects in which you have seen it. If, on the other hand, it takes hold of narrative, as narrative, it brings out in clear colours the popular emotions,—the fear, the hope, the anguish, the triumph,—on which the interest of the story turns. Thus Elijah's character is brought out with marvellous clearness and sublimity by the traditions of his people, in its various attitudes towards God and man,—towards the king and the widow, in the hour of awe-struck inspiration, and in the hour of blank despair. But all these scenes are threaded together in the imagination of the people simply by the distinct personality they express, not by the illustration of any single aspect of Divine truth. And in the pastoral traditions of the Jews,—the narratives of Jacob and Esau,—of Joseph and his brethren,—of the Shunamite woman whose son was restored to her by Elisha,—we find, on the other hand, the vivid colouring of popular sympathy with the broad human emotions of parental love and anxiety, of brethren's jealousy, of awe at the loneliness of nature, and of trust in God. In short, the effect of tradition is to reduce the human narrative to its effective elements,—to pare away the small discrepancies and unrealities of a great character, which only mar the spectacle of it as a whole,—to omit those portions of a narrative which have no special fascination for the simple and universal feeling of the national heart. No doubt, in the case of an intellectual people like the Hellenistic Jews the tendency might be something different—namely, to reduce the memory of facts to their ideal essence,—their intellectual significance as thoughts. But of this too there is no trace in the gospel of John. The facts remain presented not as distinct ideal wholes, but as accumulated illustrations of a single truth. That aspect of Christ's works in which they are in the human sense specially *characteristic* of him, is almost left untouched. The popular element of the miracles, as exciting popular *wonder*, is generally wholly ignored,—certainly far more than by the other Evangelists; the human elements of compassion in Christ, of hope and gratitude in the objects of his mercy, are comparatively slightly indicated; while the whole stress is laid on their aspect as signs of life "from above," and of an absolute union of spirit with the Father. It is not the varying and characteristic essence of *each* individual act and sign which the fourth Evangelist brings out, but a single permanent element, which he traces through all of them: and this, too, is so remarkably the case, that if we stripped the nar-

ratives peculiar to St. John of all the details recorded with special reference to this permanent theological design, we should leave little for the share of "tradition" except the naked assertion that such or such an event had once happened during the ministry of Christ.

The only new details, indeed, which are not of this kind—namely, of illustrative theological value in their bearing—are details of personal and private affections, such as Christ's last recommendation of his mother to his disciple,—the request of Peter at the Last Supper, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head,"—the grief of Mary Magdalene at finding the body of Christ removed from the sepulchre,—the imputation of treachery to Judas in relation to his anxiety at the waste of the ointment,—the demeanour of Martha and Mary after their brother's death, and at the feast in Bethany,—and the little by-play at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee. Indeed, where the narrative of the fourth gospel seems confused at all, it is from the absence of those broad general effects (which tradition always preserves) even where you most expect them. It is almost impossible that the story of the marriage at Cana, for example, should in its present form have been preserved by either a Jewish or a Hellenistic tradition; there is none of that broad feeling of the sacredness of family life which would have endeared it to the Jew, and no clear ideal element which might have fixed it in the memory of the Greek. It does not catch the tone of sacredness and joy with which the popular imagination—especially amongst the Jews—always invests the threshold of family life; it does not even mention the wonder of the rustic guests at the greatness of the miracle. And it has puzzled rationalistic criticism ever since by the absence of any clear suggestion for an allegoric interpretation, such as might have suited the Greek taste for symbol. Yet it glances at the private background of the scene, indicating the familiar terms on which the mother of Jesus stood in the household, both by the interest she feels for the hospitable treatment of the guests and by her freedom in addressing the servants; it asserts emphatically, in the little dialogue between Jesus and his mother as to his "time being not yet come," a truth which is repeated again and again throughout this gospel—that there was a higher law for Christ's actions than could be derived from mere external circumstance—the law of a being whose guiding impulses were from within and from above; and it draws careful attention to the circumstances proving the greatness and the reality of the miracle—the magnitude of the water-pots, and the attestation by the governor of the feast. And lastly, it tells the effect of the sign, that his disciples "saw his glory, and believed on him." Now this may be theological in-

vention for a purpose; or it may be personal recollection or hearsay, modified by a special aim in recording; but it surely is not proper tradition. There is a disproportion in the parts of the narrative, a want of *wholeness* and distinctness, whether imaginative or rational, in the effect, which is extremely unlike the filtering and colouring process of a passage through the minds of men. We doubt especially if any tradition—properly so called—concentrates the attention on *points of evidence*. These are, indeed, always prominent in the first narration of marvellous events, and in the immediate rehearsal of them; but while the links of proof gradually fall out of the popular mind, and are absorbed into the ultimate effect which they were meant to accredit, the imaginative or intellectual influence which it is calculated to put forth is developed and brought out into clearer outline. Thus, among all the proper Hebrew traditions, there is none where any special stress is laid on the points which a lawyer would value as establishing the truth of his case. And indeed this is one remarkable point in which most of the miracles peculiar to John's gospel differ from those in the other three, which approach more closely to traditions. The nobleman whose son is healed by Christ in Cana, goes down to Capernaum (John iv. 52, 53), and finds that the child had begun to recover at the *exact* hour at which Christ said to him "Thy son liveth." In the accounts of the miracle on the man born blind, and of the resurrection of Lazarus, there is very much of the same character,—a predominance, namely, of that view of the narrative in which its testimony to the higher nature of Christ, and its adaptation to awaken belief in the beholders, are the two points regarded. The concluding assertion of the Evangelist, "These are written *that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God,*" is verified through every narrative he gives. Every where attention is fixed on the indications of a nature obeying higher and more mysterious laws than the common nature of man; every where attention is fixed on the indications that his divine acts were real, and not fictitious. In the account of the miracle on the man born blind, this is remarkably the case. The narrative is introduced with an emphasis on the former point, in the recorded saying of Christ, that "neither did this man sin nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day . . . . as long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." And then, throughout the narrative the emphasis is laid on all the points which bring out the evidence of the fact most irresistibly, and which make the unbelief of the Pharisees seem most obstinate and culpable. But what we may call the general graphic effect, the *spectacle* of the divine act, is scarcely painted at all:

the surprise of the neighbours, the emotion of his parents, the dawning of a new sense on the man himself, are not touched at all, or only touched in relation to the no-result produced on the minds of the obstinate Pharisees: "We know that God spake unto Moses, but as for this man we know not whence he is." We are not told, as Mark tells us in a similar case, that the blind man's sight came gradually, that he first saw "men as trees walking." We are not told even of the man's own joy. These are the sides of a miracle that take hold of the popular imagination. But we are told of the beggar's immediate *inference* that Jesus was a prophet, and how, in spite of all evidence, the Pharisees remained blind though saying "we see," and cast him out of the synagogue. Every winding of the story that bears on its strength of reality as against sceptics, and on the certain inference it yields with regard to the nature of Christ, is anxiously followed out; but no others. And as a whole, it is a living representation of the petty doubtings of Pharisaic pride and disbelief, but certainly not the *popular* vision of a mighty act of power.

The same remark may be made of the account given us of the resurrection of Lazarus. It begins as before with Christ's teaching: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." It then tells us that Christ, after hearing of the illness of Lazarus, staid two days without moving. And later on he tells his disciples: "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe." Here, as elsewhere, the Evangelist not only takes pains to bring out the glory of God *in the belief* of the disciples as the end of the miracle, but lays stress on the circumstances that show the law of Christ's nature to be mysterious and given from above, and not determined by the small occasional motives which make sport with human wills. He does not go on the first news; but when, afterwards, the disciples object to him the great danger of going into Judea again, Christ intimates that there can be no danger in doing any thing where there is clear light from Heaven. As all men can walk safely during the twelve hours of the day,—so could he go safely whenever his mind was clearly illuminated from above, as to the duty before him. His light of life was, not like other men's, reflected back from the mere visible circumstances of his earthly lot, but shone directly on the earthly lot from the Heaven in which his spirit dwelt. Then, if we omit the personal traits of Thomas's courageous affection and the sisters' grief and trust, the principal stress of the narrative falls on the great words to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and on the thanksgiving to which he gives utterance, "for the sake of the bystanders," that the Father had heard him. This precedes the act of power itself; and the Evangelist clearly

means to draw attention to this, as bringing out Christ's *conscious* unity with God more strikingly than if it had been offered afterwards.* Even the words "Loose him and let him go"—strikingly as they close the scene—are the *natural* ending rather to a mind riveted intensely on the manifestation of Christ's personal glory, than to one painting the startling awfulness of the event itself. It is the calmness of Christ's majesty, not the awe of the grave giving up its dead, which these words express. And as the evidences of his miracles, and the higher law of his heavenly nature, are the points on which the Evangelist fixes attention in regard to Christ,—so the *sincerity* of other persons' belief, and the depth to which their belief in him went, are the points on which he fixes attention in them. They are all classified or measured by the kind and amount of their belief. The Galileans are marked as believing only because they had seen the signs he did at the feast; his mother believes, but not implicitly enough to forego prompting him; the nobleman at Capernaum cannot at first leave to Christ the *mode* of his divine help, but prescribes to him "to come down" ere his child die, yet afterwards believes with his whole household; Nicodemus can assent to the convincing power of outward marvels, but cannot believe in the freedom of the spirit; Nathanael, and afterwards the Samaritans, believe on him on the testimony of their own inward experience to his divine power; the Pharisees reject him, because their own nature and deeds are evil; the Jews of Capernaum are staggered by the first "hard saying," with whom Peter is contrasted, asking, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and know that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;"† the brethren of Jesus tauntingly say to him, "'If thou be the Christ, manifest thyself to the world;' for even his brethren did not believe on him;" Thomas,—bold and enthusiastic, who would follow Christ into danger that he "may die with him"—who yet tells his master, "We know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" and who after the resurrection will not believe except he see the "print of the nails,"—is finally classified by Christ in regard to the nature of his faith, in the words, "Thomas, because thou hast seen, thou

* A parallel incident in the other gospels is the healing of the man whose sins have been *first* forgiven by Christ when he asks, "Whether is it easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or 'Arise and walk?' but that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, he saith to the sick of the palsy, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk.'"

† We adopt here and generally the translation of the five clergymen, which is, however, by no means adequately corrected. For example, it is a very great mistake to continue to translate σημεια "miracles." We do not think that the word necessarily implies the miraculous element; we are sure that it always implies much more. And clearly the version ought to have been made from the purest text.

hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and in briefer hints, the apostles at the last supper,—Peter and the "other disciple" who "saw and believed" in the empty sepulchre: and, in a word, all the actors, from the beginning to the end of the Evangelist's narrative, are described, compared, and delineated by their various symptoms of belief or unbelief. All this continuity of purpose is not, it will be observed, limited to the mere doctrinal application of the narrative, but is impressed on all the details of fact selected for narration. It cannot have arisen in traditional materials. Tradition might bring out or impress an ideal unity, but could not thread together narratives marked throughout by the mention of small circumstantial evidences, of frequent indications of the supersensual law of Christ's nature, and of the special kinds and degrees of belief that nature met with in men. This implies unity of *design* or *purpose*, not the vague ideal unity which tradition delights in. And when we observe also the fact noticed above, that the only incidents which are in any way beside the express aims of the narrative, are incidents of *intimate* personal relations with Christ, the evidence of individuality in the narrative is still more striking.

Nor does the hypothesis of a Hellenistic tradition seem to us at all to suit the actual character of this gospel. No doubt there is a religious universalism in it which is scarcely rivalled elsewhere in the New Testament; but it is not an intellectual and Greek universalism founded on the universality of human nature and moral law, but a divine and theological universalism, taking its point of departure from the personal self-revelation of God. The fourth gospel is essentially a universalised *Judaism*. The Greeks are mentioned far more slightly than the Samaritans, and the Samaritans with far less theological favour than the Jews. "Ye worship that which ye know not," says Christ to the Samaritan woman; "we worship that which we know, because salvation is of the Jews." The emotion which the Evangelist tells us was displayed by our Lord when he heard of the desire of the Greeks to see him, has no special relation to them as Greeks, but to the "much fruit" his death should effect in "drawing *all men* unto him." As has often been observed, the desire of the Evangelist to show the minute fulfilment of Jewish prophecies (which are frequently quoted by the writer directly from the Hebrew version, and not from the Greek) is uniform and anxious. But quite apart from these subordinate indications,—the theology is essentially Hebrew *in character*—too Hebrew, even, by far for the Alexandrian school of Judaism. If there is one point more than another that distinguishes the strictly *natural* element in Hebrew religion from the natural

element in the Greek, it is its Oriental disposition to subordinate entirely human ideas of right to the fiat of an unquestioned omnipotence. The Jewish *revelation* struggles, sometimes successfully, sometimes almost vainly, with this disposition in the minds of the national kings and teachers and prophets. God was trying to teach them that He did not ask for worship because He was all-powerful, but because He was all-holy. They constantly forgot the latter in remembering the former, and were ever gravitating towards a kind of worship in which the arbitrary appointments were superstitiously and pharisaically observed, while the moral order which those appointments represented was utterly effaced from the mind of the people. No Oriental people, least of all the Jews, had any difficulty in prostrating themselves before the personal Majesty of God; but they had difficulty in learning, what even Isaiah's inspiration strove, with very unequal success, to make manifest, that the divine commands were nothing but the practical expression of God's living and personal holiness, and worthless in letter unless their spirit also were drunk in. The Jews could hardly realise that the human virtues were the truest obedience and truest sacrifice. They were ever straying into the conception that God was to be propitiated as an irresponsible king. They were in danger of losing morality in self-obeisance. God was *over* them, not in them. The human atom was too small to be of value before the throne of Deity. This was the evil tendency with which the self-revealing Spirit of God struggles throughout the history of the Jewish nation. With the Greeks it was very different. Whatever was noble in their religion was an assertion of the divine element *in* man. They humanised all things, and truly felt that thought, love, human purity, and righteousness, were the divinest realities in life. To them, no Will could supersede right. The highest being was rather "the essential good" than a holy Will. They lost the personality of man in losing the personality of God. Spiritual obedience disappeared in the reverence for a mere natural goodness of disposition; but at the point where their religion was highest and truest, it consisted in the assertion that right and good are eternal and immutable, liable to no personal control at all,—not even to a god's,—but necessarily secure of the allegiance of all godlike natures. The Jew said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are thy ways higher than our ways, and thy thoughts than our thoughts;" while the Greeks were most effectively appealed to in the exhortation "to seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from any one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said: 'For we are also his offspring.'" Now, with refere

this cardinal distinction between the starting point of the Hebrew and Greek religions—a distinction unquestionably most real and striking—let us ask to which side of religious character does the fourth gospel most remarkably lean? Does it start from God or from man? Does it assume, like Plato, the human ground of immutable moral distinctions, and argue to the divine holiness; or does it try to unfold the nature of God as the key to the highest life of man? No one can hesitate for a moment in replying, that the latter is the aim of the whole gospel. It is to indicate in the mind of Christ a "way higher than our ways," a mode of thought "higher than our thoughts," that almost every small detail concerning him is inserted. It is to show that men's holiness is almost inseparably connected with their *belief*; that some deep belief in a power above, though close to them, is absolutely essential to holiness,—that almost every detail of human character is inserted. It is that men may "believe and have life through Christ's name," that the whole gospel is composed. Again, what we may call even the weaker side of the gospel, as compared with the other gospels, in its delineation of Christ, is a certain exclusive sense of his personal majesty and mystery, which overshadows the human and moral features of his character. There is the indistinctness of an almost feminine view of his life, which brings out more clearly than any other gospel, at once, the mystery and the tenderness of his acts, as well as the devoted affection of his personal followers; but which omits much that was needful to develop the stronger and more definite characteristics of his ministry. It dwells almost exclusively on Christ's personal *title* to authority as the Son of God, and on the personal relations between the Father and the Son,—not trying to delineate, except indeed as regards the infinite depth of *love* and *patience* in him, how the character of the Son contrasted, in general traits and results, with that of the men amongst whom he lived and taught. The morality of the gospel is *based* upon the personal relations in which Christ stands to the spiritual world. We do not mean, of course, that it falls into the old Hebrew disposition to regard righteousness as merely subordinate to the will of God, instead of as constituting the essence of his nature, but that it does not delineate or describe what this righteousness practically was, except on the side of love. It neglects the picture of Christ's character as a whole, to insist on his personal union with God, on the overflowing love in which that union consisted, and in which again it issued towards the lower world. The insight into special virtues and sins, the warnings against special temptations, the parables illustrative of the *details* of the Christian character, find no place here: the whole gospel is occupied in declaring the spiritual relation be-

tween men and Christ, as branches of one vine, or the sheep of one shepherd, and the eternal union between Christ and God. Need we ask, for a moment, whether this is characteristic of a Greek or Hebrew authorship? Once more, we cannot even think it like the production of Alexandrian Judaism. For though theological, the writer of this gospel is far less *metaphysical* than St. Paul, and *à fortiori* than Philo. Metaphysicians analyse the relations of thoughts, as even St. Paul does at times; but here there are no relations of thoughts which are not relations between persons, and that of the very simplest kind. "The Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—"The Father beareth witness of me."—"I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive."—"As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; abide ye in my love." Such, and such only, are the metaphysics of the gospel. Indeed, it betrays no intellectual interest in ideas or definitions as such, apart from personal *influences*. No one who has read Mr. Jowett's essay on Philo and St. Paul will disagree with us when we say that, far apart as are St. Paul's Epistles from the manner and matter of Philo, the style of our gospel, notwithstanding the Logos doctrine it contains, is much farther. "If, from time to time," says Mr. Jowett, speaking of the first Alexandrian school of Christian fathers, "they are found making extravagant suppositions to support a favourite theory, playing with words, numbers, or colours; reading the Old Testament backwards, that they may absolutely identify it with the New; we may compare them first with Philo; . . . . . they occasionally allegorise numbers; he, it may be said, never misses the opportunity. They, in a very few instances, supersede the historical meaning; he can scarcely be said to allow the historical meaning to stand at all." Nothing can be more totally different than this from the manner and thought of our Evangelist. Neither allegory nor metaphysics come in contact with his theology. Even ethical ideas are absorbed into personal influences. To us, there seems to be something not merely Oriental, but, as we have said, almost feminine in the exclusive importance attached to the personal origin and *derivation* of divine or evil influence, as distinguished from the *character* of that influence considered purely in itself. Christ's saying that "the tree is known by its fruits," does not seem to take strong hold of the Evangelist. His method seems, to us, to be the method of one who cared more to know that he drew his spiritual life from the individual Master he had loved, than he even cared to know exactly what the character of that spiritual life in itself was; and who, as a natural consequence, loved to call to memory all Christ's assertions of his own like dependence on the Father, even more than

to delineate in what sort of general character that dependence issued. This manner seems better adapted to the parting hours than to any other part of Christ's ministry, because then the consciousness of the personal relation between Christ and his disciples naturally assumes more depth and pathos. Indeed, if, as some philosophers say, "the sense of dependence" were the only essence of religion—a definition, however, which almost entirely excludes the Greek type of religion,—then St. John's gospel would be at once more essentially religious and less Hellenistic than any other book of the New Testament.

(3.) Having thus cleared away, at least to our own satisfaction, the mythic and traditional hypothesis of the fourth gospel, and given our reasons for thinking its religious universalism of strictly Hebrew, not Gentile, origin, we come to the theory of Baur, which represents the peculiar historical elements of this gospel as consciously-invented fiction, prepared in the interests of special theological purposes. And we are not afraid to say that we believe this to be a much more plausible and, intellectually speaking, tenable critical hypothesis than either of those with which we have as yet been dealing. In other words, if assumed as a base of explanation, there is more that it would seem to account for, and less that is absolutely unintelligible on that supposition, than there would be on either of the *former* suppositions. We are trying, it must be remembered, to look at the facts peculiar to this gospel purely critically, and understand with what origin of the gospel they seem most consistent; and we will venture to say that, apart from all previous hypothesis, the most repulsive theory of all, which regards them as purposely modified or invented by theological design, is far more plausible than any, except the view which regards them as more directly attested by personal experience than those with which they most seem to clash in the three synoptic gospels. Baur is a theorist, and has the German passion for a complete "view." He pushes his supposed discovery into some absurd extremes; but, taking his book on the whole, notwithstanding the shock it gives on a first perusal, or rather, perhaps, very much in consequence of this shock, we have no hesitation in saying it has done more to promote the true understanding of the gospel,—nay, is written, on the whole, with more eager desire truly to understand it, whatever it might cost,—than most of those shy and timid apologies which we believe to have been led by mere theological caution to truer and certainly to far more orthodox expositions. We will try and do justice to Baur's view. Baur supposes, then, that the writer of the fourth gospel had access to the other three, and probably, also, to the Acts of the Apostles. His object was to delineate Christ as the impersonated Logos, or Word of God, and to re-

present him as expecting from the first to be glorified through suffering and death, simply because the Darkness of human evil, being in deadly contest with him from the beginning, could not be persuaded to recognise the true Light on any easier terms than those of seeing the undiminished glory with which it passed through apparent annihilation. Hence he was not only the Divine Word, he was also the Paschal Lamb offered to celebrate the deliverance of his people from spiritual bondage; and thus it became important to record his death as occurring contemporaneously with its sacrifice. The gospel begins, says Baur, with a radically different assumption from that of the other Evangelists. With *them* the personal subject of the narrative first came into existence at the birth of Christ; according to this gospel it had not merely existed eternally, but even eternally as the Light of man, and only its distinctive personal self-manifestation in a human form was the subject of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Hence the supernatural birth is not only not mentioned, but would be out of place. It would be impossible to conceive of the Eternal Word in growth or progress; therefore the Evangelist passes at once and abruptly from the Word or Son in the bosom of the Father, to Jesus Christ's maturity and public ministry. Again, in the other gospels, the baptism by John the Baptist is the consecrating act which officially inaugurates his Messiahship,—without which he could not have "fulfilled all righteousness," *i. e.* have been completely qualified for his public office But in this gospel he cannot *become* any thing which he was not already; it is only "*manifestation* to Israel" which is in question; consequently the act of baptism is intentionally omitted,* and instead of it his forerunner, John, merely relates the vision by which God has satisfied his mind that Jesus is the Word or the Divine Son. Christ is thus introduced by the solemn testimony of his forerunner to the people of Israel as the promised Messiah. That the Jews may have no excuse for rejecting the explicit testimony of John, the Evangelist expands the vague words of Luke (iii. 15), "All men mused in their hearts whether he (John) were the Christ or not," into a formal embassy of "Priests and Levites" from the sacerdotal authorities at Jerusalem, to whom John expressly disavows all claim to be the

* This is certainly false criticism. The baptism by John is assumed. The Baptist, according to this gospel, says, "*That he should be made manifest to Israel*, therefore am I come, *baptising with water*." "*He that sent me to baptise with water*, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, &c." It is perfectly clear that the Evangelist describes John as implying that it was *in the official act* of baptising with water that that greater Baptist, who should baptise with the Holy Spirit, should be manifested to him. That the vision of the dove was subjective, both Matthew and Mark's account would seem to imply. In *their* narrative, it seems to be subjective to Christ; in this, subjective to the Baptist.

Messiah, and announces his merely preparatory functions as a "voice crying in the wilderness" (John i. 19). By a testimony as formal,—"Behold the Lamb of God,"—Jesus is introduced by John to the two first of his disciples, Andrew and one other, by whom again he is made acquainted with Simon Peter, when Christ's divine insight into character is at once proved by giving him the surname of Cephas, or Peter. This name, Baur assumes, is not conferred, according to Matthew's account, till the date of the confession of Peter (xvi. 18); but we think Christ's answer there implies that he is already so called, and that Christ merely lays a new and special emphasis on the appropriateness of the name. A greater exercise of insight into Nathanael's nature secures him at once the full belief of Nathanael. From miraculous insight he passes to miraculous power, and "manifests his glory" by the sign at Cana in Galilee, and "his disciples believe in him." This Baur takes in its close and obviously-intentional connection with John's baptism by water. He thinks the miraculous change of water into wine was meant to attest the wonderful transition from the weak human ministry of John, which could not give new strength, but only wash away old stains, to the "new wine" of the spirit, which poured fresh and divine life into the heart. Wine, like fire, is the symbol of the Holy Spirit. Shortly afterwards (iii. 29), the Baptist calls Christ the bridegroom, and himself only the friend of the bridegroom. Surely, then, this wedding-feast,—at which, as we see (ii. 9, 10), the bridegroom himself ought to provide the wine,—is meant to symbolise the mystic Messianic wedding-feast, at which the Messiah entertains his guests with the overflow of his divine gifts? Here Baur cannot quite make up his mind between the literal and symbolic interpretation, but regards the fact as certainly an invented one, whichever be taken. He thinks the wine may be an allusion also to the sacramental wine. The manifestation of Christ to his personal disciples being thus completed, his contest with the greater darkness of the outer world is to begin. He goes to Jerusalem, the great scene of that conflict; and as it would not do to let him at any time seem to tolerate abuses in the Temple, from want of desire or power to remove them, against which, in his later ministry, he so indignantly protests, the Evangelist narrates at once the cleansing of the Temple, which the other gospels also narrate—on occasion of Christ's public visit to Jerusalem, but not till the close of his career—in their account; his first visit being also, in their account, the last and only visit of his ministerial life. We cannot of course follow Baur through all the minutiæ of his exposition: we will note his strongest points. The other Evangelists directly assert that Christ's official career began when John was cast into prison. This narrative gives him a pre-

liminary career both in Galilee and at Jerusalem before that event. In fact, he contrasts graphically the waxing and the waning light, by bringing Jesus and the Baptist into a kind of competition in baptising in Judæa (iii. 22), at a time when the former was only beginning to be great, and the latter had not yet ceased to be so; but only in order to make the Baptist prophesy his own decrease, and the increasing power of the Messiah. Nicodemus is then sketched as a type of that kind of belief which, resting only on marvel, was closest to absolute unbelief. On bringing Christ back to Galilee, the Evangelist takes occasion to show that even the capacity to draw conviction from the most marvellous of all Christ's works necessarily involves some deeper belief in him personally as the Word of God. This he does by the example of the Capernaum nobleman, whose sick son Jesus heals from a distance by a spoken word. The nobleman believes the word, and so proves that a tentative belief which precedes the test of the miracle,—*i. e.* a preliminary willingness to trust Christ's personal character,—is the condition of the fullest subsequent conviction by means of miracle. Baur sees in this tale a clearly-intentional modification of the centurion's servant's* cure in the other Evangelists. In both cases the ready belief on the *mere word* of Christ is the point of the story; only there is this difference: in the fourth gospel the nobleman is anxious that Jesus should "come down," and is rather reproached for insisting on it as want of faith. In the others, he himself begs Christ not to trouble himself, as he is sure that a word from a distance will do as well, and receives the warm eulogy of Christ for his great faith. This change accords with the theology of John, which usually elevates Christ's nature so infinitely above the capacity of others to understand, that it would not allow an ordinary man to anticipate the greatness of his signs, but would prefer to make them proceed, unsuggested, from Christ alone.† The next-recorded miracle is that of the man at the pool of Bethesda, illustrating the doctrine that "the Son hath life in himself." It is the only one selected of the ordinary kind of miracles of healing so common in the other gospels, and seems taken, says Baur, from Mark (ii. 9-11), (with which the language, in one or two sentences, verbally agrees), only it is transferred to Jerusalem, and magnified in kind by the mention of the man's thirty-eight years' paralysis, in order to render it more appropriate as the subject of the discourse on the Son of God as the Life of man. Then comes the

* The word being παις in Matthew, and δουλος in Luke, Baur thinks John has taken his υἱος from the former, but the scheme of a person returning to the house and finding the cure already effected during his absence, from the latter.

† This latter remark is, we believe, Strauss's, not Baur's.

only great miracle which this gospel has clearly in common with the others,—the foundation of the discourse on the "Bread of Life." It differs, however, thus, that Christ is represented here as putting forth the miracle as the beginning of, and conscious preparation for his teaching to the multitude; while in the other gospels it finishes a day of protracted teaching, and is a mere measure of compassion for a fasting crowd. "Jesus then lifting up his eyes, and seeing that a great multitude cometh to him, saith unto Philip, Whence are we to buy bread that these may eat? But this he said proving him; for he himself knew what he was about to do." This, Baur argues, is clearly a theological transformation of the miracle from an act of divine compassion into one of conscious didactic purport. Reluctant to send them away fasting, after long fatigue, he feeds them by miracle in the one case; anxious to manifest forth his glory in such a way that it may illustrate his discourse, he *begins** by a physically needless sign in the other. The miracles of this gospel all have their first purpose in manifesting the glory of God,—only their secondary aim in blessing men. Then comes the single miracle on the blind,—a type of its class, and greater (inasmuch as the man had been "*born*" blind) than in the other gospels,—but in the mode of healing borrowed from Mark's healing of the deaf-and-dumb man (Mark vii. 33; compare John ix. 6). It is meant to be the practical commentary on "I am the Light of the World." And finally, when the Evangelist wants to bring the Pharisaic hatred felt for Christ to a crisis, having exhausted most of his resources already in those frequent contests with Pharisees in which the "stoning" was only delayed because Christ's "hour was not yet come," he substitutes for the irritation created according to the synoptic gospels by Christ's first appearance and bold teaching in Jerusalem, the excitement caused by the resurrection of Lazarus, which *they* do not mention. Of the mode in which this miracle was invented Baur gives a very ingenious account. Luke's gospel, he thinks, suggested the elements of the narrative, and this in two distinct divisions. First, Luke mentions "a certain village" where dwelt a woman named Martha and her sister Mary (Luke x. 38); and the characters of the sisters, the one practical and restless, the other quiet and contemplative, are suggested. Again, Luke (xvi. 19-31) gives the parable of the rich man, in which Christ teaches that those who do not already rightly use Moses and the Prophets, would not be likely to repent though one rose

* The supposed difference is by no means candidly stated, nor is it what Baur assumes. The Evangelist (John vi. 2) states first that "a great multitude followed him, because they saw the miracles which he did on them that were sick;" *then*, that Jesus withdraws to a mountain; and lastly, that the multitude still follow him, and he puts the above mentioned question to Philip. The day's work, by implication, *preceded* the withdrawal to the mountain.

from the dead; and the man whom it is there proposed to send as a messenger from the dead is called Lazarus. This suggested to the fourth Evangelist to conclude his narrative of the strife with the Pharisees, by showing that such a one did actually rise from the dead, and that the Pharisees were not the less obdurate. He introduces Lazarus, therefore, as the brother of Martha and Mary,—declares the "certain village" to have been Bethany, in order that he may afterwards reintroduce Mary at the supper in Bethany as pouring the spikenard over her master's feet in gratitude for his miracle, and makes Christ claim to be "the resurrection and the life;" ending his series of great miracles by this the greatest of all. This miracle answers the purpose, too, in this gospel, of thoroughly frightening the Sanhedrim, and accounting for that final measure of hostility which *needs* no new motive in the three synoptic gospels, since Christ's severe tone of preaching was, according to them, now new at Jerusalem, and quite cause enough for a criminal prosecution. In the fourth gospel this motive had been long exhausted; a new one was wanting. But Baur maintains that if the resurrection of Lazarus had really had this great importance in its bearing on the last crisis, it could never have dropped out of the synoptic narrative. Again, the supper at Bethany, in the house of "Simon the leper," at which "a woman" comes to anoint Christ, is seized hold of by the fourth Evangelist as affording a final motive to Judas's treachery. He introduces Lazarus to the supper, tells us that "Martha served," and that Mary is "the woman" who (mentioned without name in Matthew and Mark) brought the precious ointment. He, and he alone, also tells us that it was Judas whom Christ checked for his suggestion that the ointment should have been sold for the poor; and he alone speaks of the bad motive in Judas which caused that suggestion. Again, the triumphal entry is quite differently conceived by this Evangelist. It begins only from Bethany, where Christ was then staying. In the other gospels, he was only passing Bethany in going from Jericho straight to Jerusalem. The crowds which accompany him, in the three first gospels, are a Galilean band of friends going up to the passover in the same caravan. In the fourth gospel, the procession comes out *from Jerusalem* to meet him, because they had heard of the resurrection of Lazarus.* Then there is the great difference as to the time of the last supper, John clearly explaining that it was not

* Again, the difference is not what it appears. Even in the synoptic gospels, Jesus is not coming direct *from* Galilee with the Galilean caravan, but from a residence *beyond Jordan*, by way of Jericho (a town not on the Galilean road). In John's gospel, he had also just been staying in the wilderness of Judea, which is in the same direction. Also, it is not the *Jerusalem* crowd which, according to John, goes out from Jerusalem to welcome him, but "much people *that had come to the feast*,"—probably, therefore, Galilean friends.

the passover supper, but took place on the evening before the passover; the others assuming that it was an ordinary passover. Finally, when Jesus leaves the room with his disciples, he is, in this gospel, tranquilly comforting and strengthening them, not in any anguish for himself. The conflict in Gethsemane is passed over entirely by this Evangelist; and when Judas comes with the priests and guard, instead of his active aid being needed to betray Christ "by a kiss," Christ is not passive, but voluntarily comes forth to give himself up, and strikes so much awe into his enemies, that they "go backwards and fall to the ground." Here again we see, it is said, the theological modifications made to enhance the dignity of Christ. The scene of quiet expostulation with Pilate is peculiar to this gospel; and Pilate's reluctance to deliver him to death is delineated much more anxiously than by the others, in order to enhance the guilt of the Jews.* And finally, at his death, the narrator, Baur thinks, lays the greatest stress on the fact, peculiar to this gospel, that while the soldiers broke the legs of the two malefactors crucified with Christ, they only pierced the side of Christ, in fulfilment of the prophecy, "a bone of him shall not be broken,"—a sentence which Baur takes to be a quotation from Exodus (xii. 46) in reference to the paschal lamb, thus proving the writer's anxiety to identify Christ with the paschal lamb, and suggesting a motive why he took care to put back the day of his death to that (14th Nisan) on which the paschal lamb ought to be killed, from the great day of the feast (15th Nisan), on which, according to the three synoptic writers, Christ really died. Finally, taking from the Acts of the Apostles the hint of Peter's intimacy with John, the Evangelist exalts into a position of something like equality with Peter "the other disciple" (who is clearly intended for John), by introducing the new facts, that he went along with Peter into the palace of Caiaphas; that he was the only disciple of Christ who stood beneath the cross; that he there received in trust from his dying master the care of his mother; and that, running with Peter to the empty sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection, he even outran him, and though Peter was eventually the first to enter, "the other disciple" was the first to believe.

Such is, in brief, Baur's account of this gospel. He adds an argument, of much ingenuity and apparent weight, directed against the special authorship of the Apostle John. Of course it goes further than to subvert that special authorship. The whole carefully prepared internal evidence, as well as tradition, points so clearly to John, that, if the authorship be not his, it very much increases the probability that the work was alto-

* But Matthew *alone* records the saying, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children."

gether a pious fraud, by a later hand. Baur's argument is briefly this: It was long the Apostle John's practice to celebrate the ordinary Jewish passover (14th Nisan), as the anniversary of the Lord's last supper; this is inferred from the most explicit testimony of the Ephesian church, which specially cited his authority as their apology for adhering to the day of the Jewish festival, at a time when the Church of the West enjoined on them to celebrate the last supper of Christ on the Thursday night preceding the movable feast of Easter Sunday. Now the fourth gospel was certainly the great authority of the Western Church in *opposing* the doctrine of the Asia-Minor Christians,—the Quartodecimans as they were called,—that the last supper of Christ had taken place on the evening of the passover feast—that is, on the 14th Nisan. How is it possible, then, that the Apostle John should have been the author of a gospel, which was the main authority against his own traditional practice?

Again, the earliest attestation we have for the authorship of any New Testament book, is that for the authorship of the Apocalypse by the Apostle John. Most critics now, however, agree that the books are too completely different in style to be the production of one author; and every thing, Baur thinks, should induce us to choose the Apocalypse as the work of the apostle. It is more narrowly Jewish, which agrees with John's association with Cephas and James, in Paul's account to the Galatians of the quarrel about circumcision. It is more vehement, which agrees with the title given by Christ to James and John, of "Sons of thunder;" again with the question addressed to Christ, whether they should call down fire from heaven on the Samaritan village, which did not receive him; also with the circumstance told by John to his Master: "We found one casting out demons in thy name, and we forbade him" (Mark ix. 38); and lastly, with the tradition of John's fleeing out of the bath in which the heretic Cerinthus was bathing, lest it should fall and destroy the enemy of the truth. Moreover, the contents show that the Apocalypse was written by one familiar with the churches of Ephesus and its neighbourhood, to which universal tradition assigned the last years of John. If, then, the Apocalypse and the Gospel cannot be the work of one mind, Baur has no doubt that the Apocalypse is the genuine work of the apostle, and the Gospel a spurious history of later date. These considerations, together with the general improbability that three, in some measure, distinct gospels should all be in error on such cardinal points as the principal theatre of Christ's ministry—the day of his crucifixion—the proximate cause of his arrest and condemnation—make out assuredly a very strong *primâ facie* case for Baur's view.

Nevertheless, on a long and careful examination, we feel confident that Baur is wrong; and that, as regards such facts as it registers at all, the Gospel of John is better and more personal testimony than the collected and often fragmentary narratives of the other gospels, which seem to us to bear distinct marks of being different recensions of a purely Galilean tradition; except indeed, that Luke embodies in his narrative additions from a Judean source. We do not disagree with Baur, about the individual theological purpose of the fourth gospel. We read it clearly in every chapter. We think it probable that John, looking back on the events of Christ's ministry from a new stage of conviction, discerned, often too exclusively, in his Master's miracles, the purpose of "manifesting forth the divine glory," as distinguished from the human and temporary purpose of conferring blessing on private lives. The transient human pain relieved, the transient human joy produced, had passed away from the earth for ever. The only purpose of the miracles that *still remained,* was the revelation they had given of the nature of God; and it was natural that the disciple should merge the immediate and temporary aspect of the signs, in that which was now the permanent root of all his religious convictions. That Christ's discourses had real elements, similar, both in subject and manner, to those which the fourth Evangelist alone has preserved, there are distinct enough traces, even in the other gospels;* but, being little suited to the character of a popular tradition, they seem to have been specifically retained only—and probably also (looking to the style of St. John's first epistle) to have been rendered *more* diffuse and special in manner—in the report of the fourth Evangelist.

We will speak first of Baur's last arguments, those which refer to the special authorship by the apostle. We are inclined to agree with him, and most modern critics, that, notwithstanding some essential harmonies in substance between the Apocalypse and the Gospel, they are too remarkably distinct in general character, to be the writings of the same man. It seems certain, however, that there were, at the end of the first century, two Johns resident in Ephesus, both of them immediate disciples of Christ—one of them his apostle; and Bleek has shown several reasons, to which some others may be added, why we should *not* ascribe the Apocalypse to the apostle.† Papias, the bishop of Hierapolis in Phrygia, in the beginning of the second century, quoted by Eusebius (iii. 39), tells us, he did not attend much to

* Matt. xi. 27, xv. 13; Luke x. 22; and compare also the remarkable parallel in Mr. Maurice's eighth note to his *Gospel of St. John*, between the style and teaching of the Sermon on the Mount and that in the eighth chapter of St. John.

† See Professor Bleek's able work, at the head of our article, pp. 182-200. He seems to us the only opponent of Baur we have met with, worthy, both from his candour and his ability, to cope with him.

mere books, but "if any one came who had been a personal follower of the elders (πρεσβυτεροι), I questioned them about the words of the elders (πρεσβυτεροι); what Andrew or Peter had said, or what Philip, or Thomas, or James, or what *John or Matthew*, or any other of the disciples (μαθηται) of the Lord; and what Aristion and *John the elder* (πρεσβυτερος), *the disciples of the Lord*, say? for I did not suppose that the accounts of books would be of so much use to me, as that which came from a living and still existing voice:" on which Eusebius remarks, that there are still said to be shown in Ephesus two tombs, each the tomb of a John, who had been a disciple of Christ; and that Papias often speaks of having been a personal hearer of the second John (not the apostle). Now the writer of the Apocalypse, we must notice, lays great stress on the privileges of the apostles, as such, saying: "Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and found them liars" (Revelations ii. 2; see also xxi. 14); and yet does not any where give any indication of claiming for himself such a title (i. 2, 4, 9; xxii. 8). Again, there are many indications, both in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Gospels, and also even in Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, that John the Apostle was a man who took no *leading*, though he took a *remarkable* part among the disciples of Christ. He accompanies Peter in the Acts, but leaves all the acting and speaking to him. John's *name* only is mentioned, while the special influence, both of Peter and James, is alluded to by Paul in his Galatian letter. The tradition that he "leaned on the breast of Christ" at the last supper, which is separately and early attested (*before* the Gospel of St. John seems to have been in universal use), in the letter of Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus (quoted Eusebius, v. 24), leads to the same conception of his character; and the tradition of his latest addresses, in extreme old age, to his Ephesian flock, as consisting merely of the exhortation, "Little children, love one another," entirely agrees with the tone of the gospel and epistle. But it is difficult to believe, on the other hand, that one so full of imaginative power, and apparently so strongly inclined to exercise a stern pastoral authority, as the author of the Apocalypse seems to be in his letters to the Seven Churches, should not, if really one of the twelve apostles of Christ, have taken a much more active position in the early church than seems to have been his. Especially in the controversy of which Paul speaks in Galatians (ii. 9), it is not very easy to imagine that the author of the Apocalypse, if it had been he who is there referred to, would not have had something sharp and individual of his own to say to one who did not object to eat "things sacrificed to idols." (Compare Rev. ii. 20.) There are, we think, two Johns round whom tradition has clustered its characteristic

rumours; one, he who followed Peter's lead in practical matters—passive, affectionate, severe only where his jealous affection for his Master was excited—a reader of the Jewish Scriptures—in short, a theologian, qualities which would agree well with the tradition of him, as "he who lay on the bosom of the Lord, who became a priest (ὃς ἐγενηθη ἱερευς), who bore a plate on his forehead, a confessor and teacher;" * and which would agree completely with the whole tone and character of our gospel—full as it is of knowledge of the Old Testament, and of applications of that knowledge to Christ: another John, not contemplative, but passionately imaginative; in temperament like an old prophet, and a vehement Jew; an authoritative pastor, rather than a theological thinker, who has stamped all the rich colours of his mind on the book of Revelations. James the Apostle, John's brother, who, if we may judge by Herod's singling him out as the first martyr, had certainly taken a more fiery and prominent part in the early church than John, may well have gained for both the brothers the title of Boanerges; nor can we suppose, from St. John's Gospel, that the author of it would at all have been one to *object* to summoning fire from heaven in his Master's cause, had his brother proposed it (Luke ix. 54). His wish to forbid one teaching in Christ's name, "because he followeth not us" (Mark ix. 38), is completely in keeping with the Gospel, which, though not fiery, betrays extreme jealousy for his Master's honour; as, for example, in the severity of its tone concerning Judas (xii. 6), and elsewhere. The difficulty of supposing the Gospel and the Apocalypse the productions of the same mind, is the extraordinary difference of intellectual character therein displayed,—the one, full of deep and quiet colourless thought; the other, of a vehemently disciplinarian temperament and highly-coloured imagination; the latter qualities being exactly those which would have most certainly given the author prominence amongst the apostles, had he belonged to their number. We can scarcely imagine such a man a quiet follower or companion of Peter.

No one who knows the state of the external testimony to the authorship of the Apocalypse and Gospel will hold that it adds much, in any way, to the decision of the question. Neither of them receive any explicit testimony till the time of Justin Martyr, about the middle of the second century, when the two Johns, having been both disciples of Christ, probably enough would be already confused. Within another ten years both are explicitly acknowledged.

The second argument of Baur's against the apostolic author-

* The letter of Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, above referred to (Eusebius, v. 24).

ship of the gospel is still more plausible. There can be no doubt that the apostle had handed down to his Christian successors in Ephesus the practice of observing, in Jewish fashion, the evening of the Jewish passover (on the 14th Nisan). There can be no doubt that, in later times, this Jewish festival took a purely Christian meaning, and had reference only to the Last Supper of Christ. But, as Bleek has shown, there is no reason to suppose that the Jewish festival had in St. John's day the Christian meaning, or was in any way, therefore, inconsistent with the account given in the gospel of Christ's parting meal. Indeed, there is every reason to suppose the contrary. St. Paul's account of the celebrations of the Lord's Supper imply, clearly, that it was a frequent thing in all the churches; not an annual anniversary at all, but a rite that was often repeated, that *might* be observed at any time. The idea of an *annual* celebration of this memorial service had not yet entered into the mind of the church at all. "When ye come together therefore into one place," says St. Paul, "this is not to eat the Lord's Supper." "For *as often as* ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come." (1 Corinth. xi. 20, 26.) Moreover, even when the dispute first broke out, about A.D. 160, the language employed will not at all bear the construction that it was a dispute as to *when* any Christian anniversary ought to be celebrated, but only as to *whether* a certain Jewish anniversary should be celebrated at all. The authority adduced for keeping 14th Nisan is, that Philip, John, and other immediate disciples, "all kept the 14th day of the passover (*i. e.* 14th Nisan) according to the gospel, transgressing in nothing, but following strictly the rule of faith." Again, "Neither was Anicetus [Bishop of Rome] able to persuade Polycarp [Bishop of Smyrna] not to observe it [14th Nisan], since he had always observed it along with John, the Lord's disciple, and the other apostles with whom he lived; nor was Polycarp able to persuade Anicetus to observe it," the whole dispute turning, at its commencement, not on a "when," but on a "whether," and having, as we think with Bleek, no reference at all originally to a Christian feast (which, in the time of the apostles, was not an anniversary, being frequent and irregular), but rather having reference to a Jewish feast, which, even at a distance from Jerusalem, was scrupulously observed by all Jewish Christians.* No doubt it eventually acquired the Christian significance, and then, as by Apollinaris and Hippolytus, the synoptic gospels were quoted as at variance with the fourth. But the authority of John for the observance of the 14th Nisan

* Acts xviii. 21; xx. 6. Even Paul regarded it as sacred; and Christ expressed a feeling that must have been strong in his apostles, when he said, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer."

only shows, we think, what the gospel itself would indicate, and what is quite as true of Paul (1 Cor. v. 8) as of John, that he regarded the Jewish passover as a festival that should be still observed by the Jewish people.

The great question still remains. On the assumption that John were the author of the fourth gospel, can we explain its great deviations from the traditions of the other three? Have we any grounds for regarding its narrative details as more historical than those of the Galilean gospels, or are Baur's grounds for suspecting fraud legitimate? There are two main points on which the last gospel is at issue with the others—the day of the crucifixion, and the length of Christ's ministry; the latter involving the question of his frequent attendance on the feasts at Jerusalem. Can we explain these differences best on the fictitious or historical hypothesis with regard to the last and most independent account? These will be two testing points, by which, if we could clearly ascertain them, we might fairly estimate the accuracy of the gospel as a whole.

1. As to the day of the crucifixion, the discrepancy no doubt *exists*. The more we see of attempts to reconcile John's account with the other evangelists, the more uncandid and futile they appear. But Baur assumes, as we have said, that he can not only detect the falsehood, but the ground of the falsehood in John's account. It had become, he says, an object to represent Christ as the "Christian passover,"—according to St. Paul's expression "Christ our passover was sacrificed for us." To carry out the analogy, it began to be asserted [not, however, as far as any body knows, before 160 A.D., when the fourth gospel was almost certainly in circulation] that the paschal feast Christ is described as *eating* in the three first gospels, was merely an anticipatory rite, while he himself was sacrificed at the time of the true rite. A fourth gospel, therefore, was wanted in order distinctly to declare this, and to show that the real feast took place after, not before, the slaying of the new passover lamb. To this end the later chapters were modified. The secret purpose is marked, according to Baur, clearly enough in chap. xix. 36, where the apostle, so solemnly testifying to the piercing of Christ's side, adds "These things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled: 'A bone of him shall not be broken;' and, again, another Scripture saith, 'They shall look on him whom they pierced.'" The reference being, as Baur maintains, to Exodus xii. 46, or Numbers ix. 12, where it is said of the paschal lamb, "Neither shall ye break a bone thereof." We believe the answer we can give to this ingenious criticism is complete. The chapter on the crucifixion has several references to minute fulfilments of prophecy from the books of Psalms and Prophets—those Psalms, namely, which describe suffering and disgrace.

From Psalm xxii. 18, the passage is quoted, "They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots;" from Psalm lxix. 21, the words of Christ on the cross, "I thirst," are expressly cited. From Zechariah xii. 10, a passage is taken in immediate connection with the one in dispute, "They shall look on him whom they pierced." None of these passages have any reference at all to the paschal rite; all of them but the last seem to be quoted as anticipations of the pain and shame to which Christ was exposed, while the last refers to the remorse which the Jews must suffer.* Now, in Psalm xxxiv. 19, 20, occurs the passage, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. *He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken.*" Taken in such close connection with the passage from Zachariah, which cannot refer to the paschal lamb, and which does refer to a people's repentance after ingratitude to a righteous shepherd, it seems incredible that the verse in question should be intended as a reference to the chapter in Exodus, rather than to the 34th Psalm, which is also speaking of the sufferings of the righteous, and God's providence over him.† But if this be so, the whole of Baur's *motive* for the theological reconstruction of the narrative fails; since the evangelist could not have omitted even to hint to his readers the analogy for the sake of which he is supposed to have modified and falsified the traditional facts.

But though Baur's theory of the theological ground of the misrepresentation is broken down, can we show that the narrative itself is not misrepresentation—contradicting, as it does, the concurrent testimony of three other gospels? We can only deal with historical probabilities, but these seem to be very strong indeed. We must remember that the Gospel of John is the only one that can, in its present form, pretend to come from the hand of a single writer. Whatever the extremely curious phenomena of the constant verbal agreements, and yet frequently wide divergencies, in the three first gospels may indicate, they at least indicate *common sources for some elements of the narrative, and distinct sources for others.* We cannot take the truth or falsehood

* Zachariah xii. 10. "They shall look on me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one is in bitterness for his first-born."

† Here are the three passages possibly quoted, compared with the quotation itself.

John xix. 36. *Ἵνα ἡ γραφὴ πληρωθῇ· ὀστοῦν οὐ συντριβήσεται αὐτοῦ.*

Psalm xxxiv. 20. *φυλάσσει πάντα τὰ ὀστᾶ αὐτῶν, ἓν ἐξ αὐτῶν οὐ συντριβήσεται·* (no reference to the paschal lamb).

Exodus xii. 46. *καὶ ὀστοῦν οὐ συντρίψετε ἀπ' αὐτοῦ.* } References to the paschal
Numbers ix. 12. *καὶ ὀστοῦν οὐ συντρίψουσιν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ.* } lamb.

Looking at the mere form of the quotation, it seems to us perfectly obvious that the reference is to the Psalm, and not to Exodus or Numbers.

of one historical portion as supporting or invalidating the history of another portion, at least not to the extent that is certainly justifiable in a homogeneous work. Now the *only* fragment which asserts or implies that the last supper of Christ was the ordinary passover meal, is one about three or four verses in length. It is found, with variations, in all the three synoptic gospels, and states that "on the first day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed," Christ directed two of his disciples to go into the city and ask a certain specified person for the use of his room, that he might eat the passover there on the same evening with the twelve. Nothing else throughout the narrative either of the last supper or of the crucifixion, even *tends* to the supposition that Christ was crucified on the great day of the feast: but a good deal else that we find in the synoptic account itself, does tend to throw much doubt on that supposition. More than this, even in the three verses mentioned as the only authority for this belief, Matthew's version has one element which seems to point to Christ's having *anticipated* the ordinary passover-time; for he is made to say, "Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, *My time is at hand;* I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples;" as if he were assigning the short time now left him as a reason for some unexpectedly hasty arrangement. Now remembering that after the account of the meal once begins, there is *no* allusion to its passover character, except Luke's report of Christ's opening words: "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer; for I say unto you, I shall eat no more thereof till it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God," words which, taken alone, admit an equally satisfactory, or even better, interpretation, if we suppose the meal to have been in anticipation of the regular passover; and remembering, also, that when Paul recalls Christ's institution of the memorial service to the minds of the Corinthians, he does not describe it as instituted on the evening of the passover feast, but "on the night on which he was betrayed," it becomes really worth while to look carefully at the subsequent and previous narrative, to see whether or not it confirms or invalidates the few verses mentioned above, as the only authority for the statement that the meal was the ordinary Jewish passover. Nothing seems to us so clear as that the separate elements of the synoptic gospels must have existed long in separation before they were consolidated by any single mind into a continuous whole. The short passage as to the appointment with the owner of the "upper chamber" is just such a separate element, not closely connected either with the foregoing or subsequent narrative. Though incorporated into all three gospels, its authority can scarcely be much greater than if it

stood only in one. And, no doubt, any indication in the original tradition that the house to which the apostles were sent was the place where Christ *had intended* to eat the passover, had not his fate been too near,—and such an indication we find in Matthew's version of the message,—would easily pass into the explicit error which the passage now, as we believe, contains. There is another slight confirmation of this suggestion. In the account of the priestly council, in which it is determined to put Christ to death, the priests say: "Not on the feast-day, lest there be an uproar of the people" (Matt. xxvi. 5; Mark xiv. 2). Now had this report come to our Lord's ears, he would of course have understood that they would try to apprehend him *before* the feast-day, and would therefore naturally send a message to hasten the last supper which he had so much wished to celebrate with his disciples, on the ground that "his time was at hand." But if the account as it at present stands were correct, the priests would have changed their prudent determinations without apparent ground, and waited *till* the first day for the crucifixion of Christ. There are, however, other stronger indications that the remainder of the narrative in the synoptic gospels really assumes the order of things we find explicitly given in St. John. It is scarcely credible that the very evening and night on which was celebrated the great religious ceremonial of the year, and on which by the strict law the celebrants might not leave the house, should have been chosen by the priests for arresting, examining, and condemning Christ. Moreover, the 15th Nisan had all the character of a sabbath;* and as, even according to the synoptic gospels, every care is taken to observe the sabbath, it cannot be imagined that the Jewish laws had fallen so much into disuse as to render it no longer a necessity to observe in like manner the still more sacred great day of the passover. Yet not only does the trial, the whole transaction with Pilate, the crucifixion, and the release to the people of a prisoner (which last was an *annual* privilege, and would take place on a given day, not being an exceptional affair), occur, according to our present reading of the synoptic gospels, on this great day of the feast, but, by both Mark's and Luke's account, "fine linen" is "bought," and "spices and ointments" prepared on the *evening of this same day;* although they are obliged by the approach of the sabbath to wait to use them till after the sabbath is past, in order that they may "rest according to the commandment." Again, all the three Evangelists speak of the day of crucifixion as a mere "preparation-day" and "the day before the sabbath;" which would be incredible if the original accounts had regarded it as the great day of the feast, the 15th Nisan (Matt. xxvii. 62; Luke xxiii. 54; Mark xv. 42). The 15th

* Exodus xii. 16, Levit. xxiii. 7, Numb. xxviii. 18, cited by Bleek.

Nisan was entitled, just like a sabbath, to its *own* day of preparation; and to speak of it thus, as the mere preparation-day for an ordinary sabbath, would be quite unprecedented. It is sometimes said, that the Jewish nation was in a very irregular state, and that the old ceremonial laws may not have been at that time obeyed. Besides that this is quite conjectural, the gospels themselves give strong evidence that on sabbatical points the ceremonial law was over-strictly obeyed; and a decree of Augustus, which conceded that the Jews should not be required "to give security on the sabbath, or on the preparation-day before the sabbath, later than the ninth hour,"* shows that even the Romans respected this institution, and had no inclination to force on them any breach of their sabbatical law. When, now, we consider that the notes of time in John's gospel not merely agree, but agree in a minute and apparently undesigned way,† with this supposition,—and agree far better with every thing in the synoptic accounts except the three or four verses we have spoken of, than their own subsequent statements can be made to agree with the same passage,—the evidence seems to us irresistible that the account of John is the accurate one. We may add, that most of the Jewish authorities not only maintain that the proceedings against Christ *could* not take place on the great day of the passover feast, but that an old Jewish tradition specifies the 14th (not the 15th) Nisan as the actual day of Christ's crucifixion.‡

2. The other great historical discrepancy between the fourth and three first evangelists has relation to the frequent presence of Christ, during his ministry, in Jerusalem. It cannot be denied that the three first gospels have, as we now read them, no clear indications that Christ ever visited Jerusalem during his public ministry till immediately before his death, nor that they contain some passages which are rightly held, in their present position, to point the other way. Of these, by far the strongest is one of two verses which occurs only in Matthew, and which links together the account of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem with the account of the expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple. It is this: "And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the *prophet of Nazareth of Galilee*. And Jesus went into the Temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the Temple," &c. If this be in its right place, Jesus was evidently

* Joseph. Ant. xvi. 6, 2, cited by Bleek, who states that "in the edict the "sabbath" is taken in the larger sense to include all "sabbatical feast-days."

† As, for example, in the statement that the disciples supposed Judas had gone out to buy something "against the feast;" and again in the explanation that "that sabbath-day was a high day," which it would be if the 15th Nisan coincided with an ordinary sabbath.

‡ See tr. Sanhedr. fol. 43, 1. cited by Bleek, p. 148.

quite unknown to Jerusalem and its people. The passage therefore directly suggests the question, whether or not St. John is correct in his date for the purification of the Temple, which he places at the very commencement of Christ's public ministry, while all the other evangelists place it at its very close. The two verses prefixed in Matthew, and which we believe really *belong* to the passage, speak strongly in our minds, for the date given by the *fourth* evangelist.* For even supposing that Christ were now, at the close of a lengthened ministry in Galilee, entering Jerusalem for the *first* time during his public career—a view against which we shall presently give what we believe to be strong reasons,—it is far from likely he would have been so completely unknown to the people as this graphic record of popular curiosity would seem to imply. The emphatic description of him, as "Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee," would have been far less applicable after he had, according to Matthew's own account, long left Nazareth for Capernaum as his Galilean centre of operations, and for some time back left Galilee altogether, to work in the "parts beyond Jordan," whence he had come to Jerusalem,—than it would have been at a time when the rumour was *fresh*, that something "good had come out of Nazareth,"—at a time when his only reputation was derived from the testimony given to him by the Baptist, and the influence he had gained among Galilean disciples at Nazareth, Cana, and Capernaum. But there is yet stronger ground than this. It seems to us clear that the cleansing of the Temple belongs naturally to the time when Christ was fresh from the influence of John the Baptist. No one can read the discourse of the Baptist in Matthew without feeling that his teaching was a renewal of the prophetic Judaism; that it was against exactly such abuses as these in the Temple that his spirit would have burned. And doubtless his greater disciple, whose baptism was with fire, would know that he should appeal best to the noblest elements of his nation's mind by beginning with a reform, such as John himself might have initiated,—by claiming for the visible Temple the sacredness and purity which the Baptist would have claimed, and so leading the best among the Jews to feel more intensely that no "temple made with hands" could *limit* that worship of a Father which its impurity and unsacredness could nevertheless easily obstruct. The purification of the Temple was a "baptism with water" perhaps, but just such a one as would best teach the deeper meaning of a baptism with fire; and Christ ever avails himself of a sympathy with what is noble but incomplete, to lay the foundation of a deeper perfection. It is very remarkable

* In an article on the life of Christ by Ewald, in our First Number, the arguments were strongly and ably set forth in favour of the synoptic view.

that placing this purification of the Temple where they do, all the synoptic gospels should yet bring the "baptism of John" into the closest connection with and obvious reference to this great act. Immediately after it, we read in all the synoptic gospels,—and this is the more remarkable because in John's gospel, where it would come in far more appropriately, the answer of Christ is omitted,—"And when he was come into the Temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority? And Jesus answered and said, I also will ask you one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven or of men? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From Heaven; he will say unto us, Why did ye not then believe him? But if we shall say, Of men; *we fear the people; for all hold John as a prophet.* And they answered Jesus, We cannot tell. And he said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things." Now, no one, we should think, can read this without the strongest impression that John's prophetic influence was then fresh on the mind both of Christ and the people. The Pharisees would not have *feared the people* when John was no longer living, and when his great popular influence, almost as a consequence, had passed away along with the hope that his mission would issue in any great deliverance. Still less would Christ's first appeal have at *that* time been to John's authority. He had at the end of his career the right to claim "a greater witness than that of John;" nor could John's testimony to Christ justly have had much weight, if an interval long enough to verify that testimony by *his own* career had elapsed since it was given. It was known, too, that John himself had subsequently wavered as to the divine mission of the greater prophet whom he had announced; so that we may well feel clear that this appeal would have been in place, and would have had the effect which it obviously produced on the Pharisees only if made very soon after the baptism of Christ. To our minds this almost demonstrates the falseness of the position into which the purification of the Temple has got in the synoptic gospels. Moreover, it is pretty clear that at the time of Christ's last passover, the proper population of Jerusalem, as distinguished from the country people "who came to the feast," was anything but favourable to him. His depreciation of the Pharisees, his religious universalism, his compassion for the "publicans and sinners," had undermined his influence with that ostentatiously religious party which is generally in immediate command of the mob. They cried out eagerly for Barabbas when Pilate was most anxious to

release Christ; and at this period, therefore, we do not believe that they would have supported him in any attempt at cleansing the Temple. When, as a disciple of John, he was a distinctly *Jewish* reformer, they supported him with enthusiasm; but when he became the antagonist of all Jewish selfishness and ritual bigotry, they cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Nor do we think that at a time when Christ saw clearly how much deeper than any improprieties in the Temple service the canker had reached into the national life, this would have seemed to him a reform important enough to attempt. "His hour was come." His spirit was nerved for the suffering before him. He saw that the hope of the world lay, as much as it lay in any thing human, in the little band of personal disciples, not in the services of the Temple; and we believe he was much more anxious then to sow an ineffaceable trust in the mind of his apostles than he could be to brush away the uppermost stratum of Pharisaic rottenness. The mood in which he wept over Jerusalem as past recovery, was not the mood in which he would have driven sellers of oxen and sheep out of the Gentiles' court. And when we remember—if we may assume for a moment the genuineness of the gospel on which we are writing—how deeply the relation between the "baptism of water" and the "baptism of the spirit" enters into that conversation with Nicodemus which immediately follows this purification of the Temple, in the narrative of the fourth evangelist: and how again the relation between the "temples made with hands" on Mounts Zion and Gerizim, and the universal spiritual temple, enters into that conversation on the "water of life" with the Samaritan woman, which follows next, we cannot doubt that the religious problem as to the *grounds* of spiritual purification suggested by the Baptist's ministry was predominant in Christ's mind at this first period of his career, and that to it we owe the event misplaced by the synoptic gospels.

In John's gospel also, it will be remembered, "the Jews" come to Christ after the purification, and ask him, "What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?" and Christ is reported to have answered, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up;" a remark apparently misinterpreted into a symbolic prophecy by the evangelist, who looked back on it after the resurrection, but the reality of which is strictly confirmed by the evidence of the false witnesses at the trial of Christ, in Mark's gospel:—"There arose certain, and bare false witness against him, saying: We heard him say, I will destroy this temple made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands: but neither so did their witness agree together" (Mark xiv. 57); and by the accusation brought against Stephen (Acts vi. 13)—"This man ceaseth not

to speak blasphemous words against this holy place and the law; for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us." The real bearing of Christ's answer seems to us to have been, that One who would shortly enable them to dispense with the Temple altogether, One who, as he says in Matthew's gospel, is "greater than the Temple"—could alone give the spiritual authority to *purify* it. He refers to his Father, whose "house" it is, *first*, and probably to John's testimony to himself next, as that lower ground which the Jews might better understand. But it is worth notice, that unless this remark had occurred at a *considerable interval* before the last scene of his life, there could not have been that hesitation and contradiction about the evidence of the "false witnesses," and difficulty in procuring it, which both Matthew's and Mark's accounts distinctly attest.

But if in two remarkable points—the date of the crucifixion and that of the purification of the Temple—we can show the strongest probability that the fourth gospel has corrected the accounts of the others, we may feel no little confidence that in it we are on historic ground. Let us look at the other passages by which the purely or mainly Galilean view of the ministry of Christ seems most strongly supported, and see whether or not they are reconcilable with St. John's narrative. That the synoptic gospels quite *ignore* the Jerusalem ministry up to the last passover, we are well aware. The question is—does their positive information concerning Christ's career in any way tend to *exclude* it? The principal passages are the following: (Matt. xvi. 21) "*From that time forth* began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests," &c., as if this were a thoroughly *new* line of action. Again, the terror displayed by the disciples at the absolute resolve of Jesus to go up to Jerusalem is thus described by Mark (x. 32): "And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus went before them, and they were amazed, and as they followed they were afraid;"—while Luke (ix. 51) tells us, "And it came to pass when the time was come that he should be received up, he *steadfastly set his face* to go to Jerusalem." Now, no doubt, these passages in their present form imply perfect unconsciousness on the part of the last compilers of the gospel-histories that Christ had exercised any public ministry in Jerusalem. But when we come to ask the reason of the great fear of the apostles on the one side, and the steadfast, compressed purpose manifested by their Master on the other, it becomes much more intelligible if we suppose, as we find it stated in John, that for a long interval before this time "Jesus walked in Galilee; for he would not walk in Judea, *because the Jews*

sought to kill him" (John vii. 1). In fact, the fourth evangelist really presents just such a struggle in his Master's mind on his last departure from Galilee, as the other three, only giving the sufficient causes also, which the others do not. We find his brethren, who "did not believe on him," urging him to depart and go into Judea, alleging that "no man doeth any thing in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly: if thou doest these things, *manifest thyself* to the world;"—and we find Christ declining at first, on the ground that his "hour was not yet full come," and that it would be certain destruction to him, as the *world* "*hated*" *him;* and then at last finally resolving to go, not in the public caravan, but privately: all which remarkably agrees with the state of mind indicated in Luke's gospel—"When the time was come that he should be received up, he *steadfastly set his face* to go to Jerusalem;" or with the passage in Mark's in relation to the terror of his disciples at his fixed resolve. True, this journey is not, as it is apparently, and only apparently, in the other three gospels, the *immediate* antecedent of his death, being at least six months earlier, and directed to the feast of tabernacles which preceded the last passover; but it *is* his last farewell to Galilee. Now all the evangelists agree in making him devote a certain undefined portion of his latest ministry to the districts beyond Jordan: the only difference being, that while John directs his Master's course first to Jerusalem, and then *twice* takes him away thence to the district beyond Jordan during the winter; the other narratives confusedly represent him as at first going straight to Jerusalem, but without any explanation whether he really at that time went there or not, next speak of him as in Perea beyond Jordan, and then *once more* represent him as going up forebodingly to his death. Thus Luke, immediately after the passage we have quoted, speaks of a Samaritan village rejecting Christ, "because his face was set as though he would go to Jerusalem;" in the following chapter we have the account of Martha and Mary, and the parable of the good Samaritan plundered between Jericho and Jerusalem; all which points to a ministry in the neighbourhood of the city. Then comes a long period of ministry in perfectly undefined localities, but all with more or less reference to strifes with the Pharisees, in the middle of which occurs that remarkable indication of a ministry of some duration in Jerusalem—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, *how often* would I have gathered together thy children, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate; and verily I say unto you, ye shall not see me [again]*

* ἀπ' ἄρτι occurs here in Matthew's version of the same passage.

until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Then come a series of parables (*e.g.* that of the Pharisee and the publican in the Temple), which appear far more adapted to those familiar with Jerusalem, and more suited for the large and general questions of Jewish theology, than for the quieter atmosphere of a purely country audience; and then at last we learn again (xviii. 31), "Behold we go up to Jerusalem," on which occasion they pass through Jericho, which would be the natural road from "beyond Jordan," but not from Galilee. Matthew's and Mark's accounts are simpler, but lead to the same result. Already, in the 19th chapter of Matthew and the 10th Mark, Jesus leaves Galilee for ever, after telling his disciples of his fixed resolve to "go up to Jerusalem," and face the sufferings he there expected. In neither case, however, does he seem actually to go at this time to Jerusalem, but unto the "coasts of Judea beyond Jordan." While there his ministry is scarcely related at all, two chapters being devoted to it in Matthew without any specification of localities, and one in Mark; and then again we find him going up full of fresh foreboding to Jerusalem by way of Jericho. It is *after* his triumphal entry at this time that Matthew places the address to Jerusalem on its frequent rejection of his efforts to save. In all these accounts there is not only room, but the distinct demand for an interval passed in Judea, and the parts beyond Jordan, between the first setting of Christ's face towards Jerusalem and the last. In Luke's account the inference is almost inevitable, that he did visit Jerusalem on the first occasion, and returned to it from Judea on the last. In all accounts, John's included, he leaves Galilee for the last time, and leaves it statedly for Jerusalem, with a sad foreboding of his fate, at least *some time* before his death, as the admitted ministry beyond Jordan of course necessarily implies. The extreme vagueness and absence of all localisation from this period of the ministry in all the synoptic gospels shows that they had little definite information about Christ's movements,—Luke's suggesting, however, strongly that the intimacy with Martha and Mary, the neighbourhood of Jericho, and constant conflicts with the Pharisees on great questions falls into this period of his career. This is exactly the view that John's gospel confirms. It takes him first—after much hesitation—to Jerusalem to the feast of tabernacles, after which occurs the restoration to sight of the man born blind, and a conflict with the Pharisees on their betrayal of their trust as religious shepherds of the people. Again, in the winter in the feast of dedication, Christ is in Jesusalem,—no account being given of the interval. Then he goes away beyond Jordan, where John at first baptised. Thence he returns to raise Lazarus from the

dead at the peril of his life. Then he again retires for a time to a town called Ephraim "near to the wilderness," until he finally comes up before the passover, and enters Jerusalem by way of Bethany, in the so-called triumphal procession. That these are the facts compressed into the very vague synoptic narrative of the interval between his first painful departure from Galilee for Jerusalem, and his *last* entrance thither, there is some incidental evidence in Luke's gospel, and no kind of disproof in the others.* The other passages usually regarded as proving the complete freshness of Christ to Jerusalem on his last visit, are of very trifling weight. They are those which seem to show that Jesus and his disciples looked at the Temple buildings with the admiration of complete strangers. (Mark xi. 11, xiii. 1; Luke xxi. 5; Matt. xxiv. 1.) When we remember that the Temple was then *building,* not built (it was not completed till A.D. 64), it seems likely enough that at each new visit there might be room for fresh remark.

We have, we think, now shown reason for affirming John's account, both of the first passover and of the last, as the correct one—and also for identifying the final (and private) departure of Christ from Galilee to the feast of tabernacles (John vii. 10) with the *first* "setting of his face towards Jerusalem," which we find in all the synoptic narratives,†—after which comes a vague period (perfectly indistinct in all the three first gospels, and only marked by a few single great events in St. John), which extends to the last passover. The only visit to Jerusalem which cannot be connected in any way with the synoptic account, is the short one (John v.) in which Christ heals the man beside the pool of Bethesda.

We may end this examination, already far too long, into the historical truth of the fourth gospel by briefly summing up our results, and a few minuter evidences not yet mentioned that the gospel is no pious fraud of a later age. We think we have shown ground for assuming that the synoptic narratives are collections —no doubt arranged on a *principle,* but still collections—of the traditional events in Christ's life, derived, almost exclusively in Matthew and Mark, principally in Luke, from *Galilean* sources; while John's narrative is at least the individual result of one mind. We may remind our readers that the oldest evidence concerning

* It is scarcely worth notice, perhaps, that the question and discussions with the Pharisees on adultery occur in all three synoptic gospels at the beginning of this interval that occurs after his Galilean ministry, while the disputed passage in John's gospel on Christ's treatment of a woman taken in adultery occurs just in the same place.

† In John, as in the synoptic gospels, this takes place almost immediately after Peter's confession, "We have believed and know that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Matthew's gospel—that of Papias—speaks of it expressly as a collection of Christ's *discourses* (λόγια). And we cannot but think that many of the narrative illustrations introduced are of far less authority and later collection. It has some narrative passages of a distinctly apocryphal character, while its discourses have every evidence of perfect genuineness. Especially all the portions of Matthew which refer to events *out of* Galilee (the earliest and latest) have far less internal evidence than the others. Its account of the resurrection is more confused than that of any gospel; and its account of the birth of Christ also. Mark's gospel only *professes* to begin with the Galilean ministry, and confessedly breaks off just at the resurrection, the rest being added by a later hand. In it, too, the non-Galilean part—the account of the crucifixion, especially—seems less trustworthy and more traditional than any other portion. It is a collection of Galilean records—the most faithful of any, we are inclined to think, in registering the Galilean *events*, but careless about discourses.* Luke's gospel is less Galilean, but still principally so; probably embodying, also, much of the information to which Paul had access. His account of the resurrection approaches closely to that of John. John's history of the crucifixion and the resurrection stands, we believe, on much higher historical ground than any of the others. It entirely omits the rending of the veil of the Temple, and the darkness over the whole earth; and it gives us an exposition of Pilate's conversation with Christ, which is quite an essential link in the understanding of the narrative. As we have laboured to prove, he has set right for us two great errors as to time, into which a traditional fragment in the other gospels would have led us. He writes with a definite selective purpose,—which does not, however, we believe, distort the historical accuracy of those facts which we have any means of testing. His materials approach, often very nearly, the *special* materials of Luke, as in his account of the sisters of Bethany, and the intimate relation between Peter and John; but he adds many of which not even the germs can be found in any other gospel; and he sometimes agrees remarkably with Mark. In the mention of the "two hundred pennyworth of bread" at the feeding of the multitude,—and of

* Notwithstanding all the German criticism, we cannot but think Mark is—as to Galilean *events*—the most reliable and original of the three synoptic gospels. His occasional confusions as to Christ's words at times—as, *e. g.*, his evident interchange of the occasion of v. 37, c. ix. with that of v. 15, c. x.—only proves to us that he could not have copied from either Matthew or Luke. The abrupt beginning and close,—the non-occurence of the technical word *Apostles*, so common a little later, in Luke and Paul, a word which, in this sense, also never occurs in John's gospel, but which does, by the way, frequently in the Apocalypse,—and a great many other small notes of antiquity and simplicity, pointed out by a very acute Reviewer, some years ago, in the *Prospective Review*,—convince us that in the *Galilean* portion he is on historic ground.

the supposed value of the ointment at the supper in Bethany,—we have small points of agreement very curious in writers so distinct. But his own new minor details—all of those details implying personal intimacy with his Master—are those which inspire us with the most trust. The characteristic declaration of Peter, when Christ would wash his feet,—the answer to John at the last supper, which seems to direct *his* attention to Judas, and yet is not heard by any of the others, since they simply wonder at Christ's saying, "What thou doest, do quickly,"—the distress of Mary Magdalene in the garden of the sepulchre,—Christ's dying recommendation of his mother to the care of his disciples,—the demeanour of Martha and Mary at the tomb of Lazarus,—and the character of Thomas, sketched nowhere else, and here only incidentally touched, all are details that recommend themselves. When, in addition, we find a narrative wholly free from the mythical elements which had crept into the other gospels, and yet full of the *supernatural* elements, simply and naturally described; and discourses which, the more closely they are studied, exhibit—not without a real modification from the apostle's own diffuseness and repetition of style—a type of religious teaching that appears more and more essentially similar to the greater discourses in Matthew's gospel,—we believe that no one who could accept the theological teaching here recorded as divine, will reject the *history* as spurious. On that the real credibility of St. John's gospel depends, and is no doubt intended to depend. We may, perhaps, attempt to take up that higher side of the subject at some future time. In the mean while, we trust we may have clearly appreciated and dissipated some few haunting shadows of critical doubt that have long hovered round this gospel in our own mind, and probably in many others. It will be found in the end that dauntless heretics like Baur, by distinctly embodying, do more to dispel the difficulties of criticism than all the orthodox theological learning in the world, which dreads heresy more than it dreads falsehood.

Art. VI.—MISS BRONTË.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. By E. C. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1857.

Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. By Currer Bell, Author of "Shirley," "Villette," &c. Fifth Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1855.

Shirley. A Tale. By Currer Bell, Author of "Jane Eyre." London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1852.

Villette. By Currer Bell, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," &c. A new Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1855.

The Professor. A Tale. By Currer Bell, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1857.

Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey. By Ellis and Acton Bell. A new Edition, revised; with a Biographical Notice of the Authors, a Selection from their Literary Remains, and a Preface. By Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1851.

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. By Acton Bell. Hodgson.

Poems. By Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1846.

FRIENDS and friendly biographers are apt to ask too much from "the public," and from the critic who expresses an individual atom of public judgment. There is such a thing as being unjust to the judges. It is unjust to require of readers—all of whom more or less form opinions on an author—that the personal qualities of the writer, unblemished purity of life, exalted heroism, or heroic self-denial, should blind them to errors of style or dullness of story. It is constantly urged, more or less directly, that Smith must write sense because he supports an aged mother, and Amelia be true to nature because all her friends love her so much; and when these claims are ignored, there is irritation and outcry. "It is well," Mrs. Gaskell writes, "that the thoughtless critics, who spoke of the sad and gloomy views of life presented by the Brontës in their tales, should know how such words were wrung out of them by the living recollection of the long agony they suffered." Why thoughtless critics? They had penetration enough, it seems, to point out a leading feature in the books; and they must have been more than thoughtful to penetrate the secret domestic sorrows of the family and take them into account in characterising their written productions. A living author is known to the world by his works only, or, if not so, it is with his works alone the public are concerned; and he has no cause of complaint if he is fairly judged by them without any allowance for the private conditions under which they were produced. On the other hand, he has the corresponding right to demand that personal considerations and private information shall not be dragged in as elements of literary judgment, and that his publicity as an artist shall give no pretext for invading the seclusion of his

private life. While we disregard the weak and unfounded complaints we so often hear of "unsympathising" criticism, we must all allow that no terms of reprobation are too strong for forced and unwarrantable intrusions into the personal sanctuary. When an author is dead and his biography is written, especially what may be called a private biography as distinguished from a simple record of public actions, some of the restrictions never justly infringed during the lifetime are removed. The sphere which is voluntarily opened to the public measures the range of the critic. By the very act of admitting us to the interior of a life and character we are invited to examine it; and if such a biography is to have any value, opinions on it must be freely formed and freely expressed.

In writing the life of the late Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Gaskell had more than ordinary difficulties to contend with. She had to depict an existence whose interest consisted in the singular characteristics of the narrow home in which it passed, in the spectacle of genius contending against circumstance, not on the wide stage of the world, but within the walls of one household, in energy struggling not against the outward blows of fate, but against the trials of the heart, and still more against isolation and repression. So narrow was the stage, so few the actors, that it was impossible to illuminate one without letting in the light on others who stood closely grouped around the central figure, and without laying bare to the public eye the closest, and by all men most zealously guarded, secrets of domestic life. The biographer who has to deal with such a life must choose between a mode of treatment which reduces his field to the limits of a memoir, and scarcely allows him to do justice to his task, or one which, on the other hand, is sure in its wider scope to do some injury to the rights and susceptibilities of others. Mrs. Gaskell made her choice, and has unflinchingly acted upon it. In the warmth of her admiration for her friend, in her determination to interest the public in her conscientious self-denying character and her joyless life, she has let no considerations interfere with her purpose of presenting her subject in all the detail necessary to its complete appreciation, and with all that force of graphic delineation of which she is so great a master. Frankly we will state our conviction, that she was mistaken; that the principles and the practice which in England make it indecorous to withdraw the veil from purely domestic affairs,—the joys, the griefs, the shames of the household,—have a true basis in fortitude and delicacy of feeling, and are paramount to considerations of gratifying public curiosity, or even to that of securing a full appreciation for the private character of a distinguished artist. Don't let us deceive our-

selves about the moral lesson in the present case; it is either so exceptional as to have no common application, or it is one which all who wish may gather for themselves within the range of their own family experience. And let us remember, too, that, without pressing real domestic events into the service, we have in our modern novels sufficient scope for supplying that pleasurable excitement of our better feelings, now so common a luxury, and which is in danger with many of us of replacing the effort to find them a field for their actual exercise.

After this protest, we are free to echo the universal opinion as to the skill with which a difficult work has been executed, and an absorbing interest given to the narrative; rather, we should say, to the felicity with which its native elements of interest have been marshalled and arrayed. The writer, indeed, has gently evaded the responsibility of giving us her own conception of the characters she is describing; this, perhaps, is a thing we have no right to demand of her, but it would have added much to the value of her work to have had a clear view of the impression produced by the whole of Miss Brontë's character on any mind which had had opportunities of studying her intimately. This is the simplest, the most trustworthy, almost the only way in which we can gain any adequate comprehension of a nature which we have not known at first hand. But Mrs. Gaskell neither loves to form a judgment herself, nor is she very willing that others should do so. She admits the right of divergence of opinion, but is almost as sensitive to the exercise of it as Miss Brontë herself; not to echo her own enthusiasm is an unfailing mark of superficial insight and shallow thought. She has a tendency to hector us all, in a lady-like way, into unqualified admiration; and when very angry, she whips the critics severely with her pocket-handkerchief. What she stigmatises as want of sympathy, excites her bitterness. She prefers the Transatlantic school of criticism, and thinks praise cannot be too like Devonshire cream. She approves the American clergyman, whose tribute, however, seems to us more difficult of digestion than any censure, however harsh and undeserved. "We have," writes the reverend gentleman,—"we have in our sacred of sacreds a special shelf, highly adorned, as a place we delight to honour, of novels which we recognise as having had a good influence on character—our character. Foremost is 'Jane Eyre.'"

With all its excellencies, and they are many, her book has a trace of the cant of paneulogism. It is a very different description from that which Charlotte Brontë herself would have written under similar circumstances,—very dissimilar from

those brief, unspoken, truthful sentences in which she characterises her sisters in the short and eloquent tribute she has paid to their memory. Charlotte Brontë's character could have borne a thoroughly open and honest picture of what defects it had, and borne it better than it can bear one or two slight, and almost friendly hints, such as that of "slight astringencies" of character in the lady-novelist, sentences written concerning her married life.

These are shortcomings, no doubt, yet the completeness of the work in other respects goes far to compensate us for them; whatever can be derived from sequence of events, external description, and such indications of personal character as letters afford, is furnished in the fullest abundance. The biographer's command of language, and her talent of description, at once powerful and delicate, enable her to depict with wondrous vividness the scenes in which this painful and secluded drama of life was presented, and the conditions under which it was played out to its melancholy close. Sadly and strangely the story reads, from the time when the motherless and little less than fatherless children sit self-companioned in the gloomy candleless kitchen, or return with wet and weary feet to a smell only of dry boots, to that when the last of them, after a life deeply scarred with those sharp struggles, of which the heart is the arena, parted at last with a cry of reluctance from a brief spell of happy days. It is not keen and protracted suffering, or great calamities, which give its sorrowful character to this family history,—though of these too it embraced its full share; but there is a sunlessness, a gray shadow over the house, from the pressure of which none of its members seem to escape even for a moment. Nothing happy, genial, or expansive gilds their brief day; joy rarely, if ever, comes to elevate them; and grief has no power to strike them down, it can only crush them lower. How far the temperament, common under varied aspects to the three sisters, was due to the circumstances of their life, or how far to peculiarities of nature and race, it is impossible to determine. They seem curious offspring of the eccentric, strong-willed Irish father, and the simple, mild, Cornish mother. It is as if the churchyard-air they breathed, and the strong cold breezes from the moor, had entered into their very nature, and made them what they were. Yet they were clearly not children of the soil; the glowing embers that lay but half smothered at the bottom of the character of two at least of them, had in it more of the Southern and Celtic element than of the Northman's opener clearer fire. Half England now has formed an idea of Yorkshire on what these sisters have written;

yet we doubt if they ever understood the north-country character. They studied its exceptional aspects, and familiarity with its external traits enabled them to give lifelike costume to their pictures; but their narrow and secluded natures had neither the range nor the opportunity to grasp the broader characteristics of the people among whom they lived, and the north country has received considerable injustice at their hands. They described one or two mere general characteristics, such as "the contrast of rough nature with highly artificial cultivation," and they delineated fully a confined set of very special characters. But all Yorkshiremen are not Helstones, Yorkes, Crimsworths, or Hunsdens. The timid lady who, after a perusal of some of the Brontë novels, declared she would rather visit the Red Indians than trust herself in Leeds society, may be reassured. Rude the North is perhaps, and keen and over-engrossed in personal objects, far-sighted rather than wide-ranging in vision, and sagacious rather than wise; in the manufacturing districts especially there is much that is repulsive in coarseness of manners and greed of wealth, or rather in a sort of obtrusive self-satisfaction in these defects: but it is not true that, either in East Lancashire or Yorkshire, pity is an extinct passion, nor that the great mass of the men are selfish in heart, bull-dogs in temper, and boors in demeanour. Whatever the outside may be, at bottom the poet's saying may be trusted, that

"Dark and true and tender is the North."

The close shadow of the Brontës' churchyard-home, the bitter winds, and the wild dark aspect of their moors, have left the mark of their influence upon the writings as well as upon the characters of the sisters. They want softness, variety, beauty; they are too often dark, hopeless, and discomfortable: on the other hand, they are vigorous and fresh, and bear welcome traces of Nature's close companionship with the minds from which they sprang. A personal impress is strongly marked on them. It is curious that, though the writers all had strong imaginations, not one of them had the power to get rid for a moment of her own individuality. It permeates with its subtle presence every page they write. They were not engaging persons; and they felt that they were not—felt it acutely, and made others unduly sensible of it. Nor did they care to see others in their more agreeable and engaging aspects. They had been brought into close contact with the darker shades of character, and they instinctively studied them and reproduced them; too often they used light to give a greater depth to

shadow, rather than shadow to set off light. It is in Emily's works, as in her own nature, that the darkness lies deepest. None of them are at home in sunny weather; but Emily has drawn mid-winter and thunderous skies. The clouds are ragged and dreadful, illumined for short glimpses by tempest fire:

> "Storm and hail and thunder,
> And the winds that rave,"

are the material correspondents of those dread perturbations of the human spirit in which she found herself at home. Her temperament was a strange, even a distorted one. There must have been a fund of ferocity in her own nature strangely mingled with tenderness. "Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her whole nature stood alone." So says her sister. She could not tolerate the contact of other wills. Isolation became a necessary of her life; she could not endure her reserve to be infringed, and the demonstrations at least of her affection were reserved for the dumb creation. One who knew her, said of her, "She never showed regard to any human creature; all her love was reserved for animals." In her last illness, her sisters dared neither question nor assist her. As her body sank, her will seemed to get stronger. To the very gate of death she walked alone, not from necessity but from choice, rejecting all aid from medicine, refusing the sympathies that hung so tenderly around her, and compelling her wasted frame to continue independent of all assistance from others. "The awful point," says Charlotte, "was, that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render." A less degree of this sort of Stoicism and self-immolation is not uncommon in people of strong wills; but except in youth, before we have learnt the value of even the meanest of us to other hearts, it is not in general compatible with strong affections. Persons gifted with these soon learn to appreciate the truth, that to be cruel to oneself is often to be yet more cruel to others; and that self-indulgence, paradoxical as it seems, may sometimes conceal itself under the guise of self-sacrifice. But Emily was young; and all the sisters seem to have been united by ties of deep and fervent, even passionate affection. Yet they all had that unhappy gift of feelings strong out of all proportion to their power of bringing them to the surface. If

those who express habitually more than they feel deserve contempt, those deserve pity who can give no utterance to what they do feel, and most unwise are they who wittingly hide away in the recesses of their hearts riches which were meant to be freely spent for the welfare of themselves and others. Their treasure is like the buried gold of the miser, it is stored up apart from its true uses. It yields no interest of happiness or joy; yet if it be seized away, the agony of loss is not the less bitter. It is a mistake to suppose that affections are the more powerful for being concealed. Like other great gifts, they rust unused, and their true use is to let them flow forth easily and freely. It is on the evidences of affection the heart feeds; and he who drinks of other springs, and gathers his own in a deep well, must look closely to it lest the waters stagnate. Concentrated on few objects, love may become more strong; but the more it is concentrated, the closer it approaches to self-love. How mere a self-love it may become, how mere a passionate wilful surrender to native instincts, has no where received a more vivid and terrible artistic delineation than in Emily Brontë's tale of *Wuthering Heights*. In force of genius, in the power of conceiving and uttering intensity of passion, Emily surpassed her sister Charlotte. On the other hand, her range seems to have been still more confined. The atmosphere of the book obscures the elements of character and incident; it is like gazing on a storm which melts together and shrouds in rain and gloom all the distinctive features of the landscape. It is idle to deny that the book is revolting. That a wickedness, whose only claim to attention is its intensity, that the most frightful excesses of degrading vices, snarling hypocrisy, an almost idiotic imbecility of mind and body, combined with a cruel and utterly selfish nature,—that these things should not excite abhorrence is impossible; and they occupy so large a space in the book, they seem displayed so much for their own sake, that it is impossible the whole work should not obtain a share of the sentiment. We may admire, but not without horror, the stern, unflinching hand with which the author drives her keen plough through the worst recesses of the human heart, nothing surprised at what she finds there, nothing concerned at what she uproots; accepting every thing as the simple bent of nature, referring to no higher standard, and letting no sign escape her either of approval or condemnation. Unsparing vindictiveness and savage brutality are depicted in all their native deformity. Art throws aside her prerogative to dwell on beautiful and hint at hideous things, and lays bare to day the base actualities of coarse natures and degraded lives.

The way in which the imagination of the author is imbued with the fierce uncontrolled tone of the work is shown remarkably in its overriding essential probabilities, as, for instance, in the way in which Isabella Linton's and the younger Catherine's temper and character become so immediately assimilated in coarseness and malice to those of Heathcliff's household. We dare not question Charlotte Brontë's judgment, when she says of her sisters that they were "genuinely good and truly great." How the will and the life may have moulded the character, we are not competent to discern; and therefore we do not say that in the character, but that in the original temperament of Emily, there must have been some strange sympathy with the fierce natures she revels in delineating. We cannot help shrinking from a mind which could conceive and describe, even as occurring in a dream, the rubbing backwards and forwards of a child's hand along the jagged glass in a broken window-pane till the blood flowed down upon the bed. "Having formed these beings," says Charlotte, "she did not know what she had done. If the auditor of her work, when read in manuscript, shuddered under the grinding influence of natures so relentless and implacable, of spirits so lost and fallen; if it was complained that the mere hearing of certain vivid and fearful scenes banished sleep by night, and disturbed mental peace by day,—Ellis Bell would wonder what was meant, and suspect the complainant of affectation."

Her sister goes on to prophesy that the matured fruits of her mind would have thrown into the shade this early and immature production. But we doubt it. We doubt, at least, whether she could ever have taken any very high place in dramatic literature. In *Wuthering Heights* there is an unmistakable tendency to subordinate differences of character to vividness of narration. Rather, we should say, perhaps it shows the absence of any power of intuitive insight into characters widely differing from one another and from the author. All the characters described in the book are within a very narrow range, and have a tendency to run into one another. Yet the whole story embodies a wonderful effort of imagination. It is not painted in detail from observation or reflection, but caught up, as it were, into the highest heaven of imagination, and flung out from thence into the world, with scornful indifference to the restrictions of Art and the judgment of men. All is fused together as by fire; and the reader has neither power nor inclination to weigh probabilities or discuss defects. He shudders as he reads, and feels as one may imagine a modern Englishman would feel in gazing at the gladiatorial shows

of ancient Rome; but the laceration of his feelings deadens him to the bearings of details. There is humour in Joseph, rude and harsh though it be; a quality not discernible in any of the other writings of the sisters (we do not except the curate scene); and once, though once only, Heathcliff shows in such a light that it is possible for pity to mingle with our detestation. It is when, after Catherine's death, he stands on his hearth-stone, his passion spent, and his spirit overwhelmed by the sense of his desolation.

"Heathcliff did not glance my way; and I gazed up, and contemplated his features almost as confidently as if they had been turned to stone. His forehead, that I once thought so manly, and that I now think so diabolical, was shaded with a heavy cloud; his basilisk-eyes were nearly quenched by sleeplessness, and weeping, perhaps, for the lashes were wet then; his lips devoid of their ferocious sneer, and sealed in an expression of unspeakable sadness. . . . . .

Mr. Earnshaw looked up, like me, to the countenance of our mutual foe; who, absorbed in his anguish, seemed insensible to any thing around him. The longer he stood, the plainer his reflections revealed their blackness through his features.

'O, if God would but give me strength to strangle him in my last agony, I'd go to hell with joy,' groaned the impatient man, writhing to rise, and sinking back in despair, convinced of his inadequacy for the struggle.

'Nay, it's enough that he has murdered one of you,' I observed aloud. 'At the Grange, every one knows your sister would have been living now had it not been for Mr. Heathcliff. After all, it is preferable to be hated than loved by him. When I recollect how happy we were—how happy Catherine was before he came—I'm fit to curse the day.'

Most likely, Heathcliff noticed more the truth of what was said than the spirit of the person who said it. His attention was roused, I saw, for his eyes rained down tears among the ashes, and he drew his breath in suffocating sighs. I stared full at him, and laughed scornfully. The clouded windows of hell flashed a moment towards me; the fiend which usually looked out, however, was so dimmed and drowned, that I did not fear to hazard another sound of derision."

"The clouded windows of hell flashed a moment towards me!" What a wealth of tragic utterance there is in the phrase! Entirely out of place, indeed, in the mouth by which it is uttered, as is the whole of this description; but in true keeping with the strain which underlies the whole wild harmony. Never, perhaps, has unbridled ferocity and unassuageable vindictiveness found so adequate a delineator as in this young girl. If her book have any moral, it serves, as we before observed, to show how fierce, how inhuman a passion, personal attachment to another

may become, and how reckless of the welfare of its object; and this, too, not the love which sinks from the human level into the sensual appetite of the brutes, but the pure love of souls. For such is the passion of Heathcliff and Catherine. The life-like presentation of how such a love may be compatible with selfishness utterly unredeemed is, if not the conscious teaching of the author, yet the prominent lesson of her rude titanic story, "rich with barbaric gems and crusted gold." The only other evidence Emily Brontë has left of her remarkable genius, is to be found in her few short poems, for which Charlotte justly claimed an appreciation they have never obtained. They show a scarcely less forcible and a finer side of her nature than *Wuthering Heights.* They want the finish of an accomplished writer; but they have a true music of their own answering to the sense. It is rarely, indeed, that poetry written early in life stands so independent as does this of any trace of the influence of other minds. But here the writer has looked with her own eyes on nature and into her own heart (rarely, if ever, beyond these two), and with genuine simplicity and native vigour her poet's instinct gives a voice to what she has seen and experienced. The life in her imaginary world seems with her to have become positively more present and real than the outward daily world which surrounded her. To her uncompanioned spirit imagination was a refuge, a comfort, almost a deity.

"O, thy bright eyes must answer now,
When Reason, with a scornful brow,
Is mocking at my overthrow!
O, thy sweet tongue must plead for me,
And tell why I have chosen thee!

Stern Reason is to judgment come,
Arrayed in all her forms of gloom:
Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb?
No, radiant angel, speak and say,
Why I did cast the world away.

Why I have persevered to shun
The common paths that others run,
And on a strange road journeyed on,
Heedless alike of wealth and power—
Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

These once, indeed, seemed beings divine;
And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,
And saw my offerings on their shrine:
But careless gifts are seldom prized,
And *mine* were worthily despised.

So, with a ready heart I swore
To seek their altar-stone no more;
And gave my spirit to adore

Thee, ever-present phantom thing,
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

A slave, because I rule thee still;
Incline thee to my changeful will,
And make thy influence good or ill:
A comrade, for by day and night
Thou art my infinite delight,—

My darling pain that wounds and sears,
And wrings a blessing out from tears
By deadening me to earthly cares:
And yet a king, though Prudence well
Have taught thy subject to rebel.

And am I wrong to worship, where
Faith cannot doubt, nor hope despair,
Since my own soul can grant my prayer?
Speak, God of visions, plead for me,
And tell why I have chosen thee!"

The following lines breathe a softer influence than most of the poetry. Wordsworth himself might have acknowledged them

"Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be:

To-day I will seek not the shadowy region,
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-side.

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell:
The earth, that wakes *our* human heart to feeling,
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell."

"Liberty," says Charlotte, "was the breath of Emily's nostrils;" and there are some verses, christened "The Old Stoic," which give expression to this deep-seated impatience of restraint which lay so near the heart of the young Stoic who wrote them:

"Riches I hold in light esteem;
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!'

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure."

There is something fine in her free undaunted spirit, her hidden tenderness, her passionate love of Nature and of home, her genius and her unconquerable fortitude. She died young, snatched away by rapid decline; and though we, who are strange to her, look on her with a sort of compelled and fearful admiration, there were passionate tears shed over her by those who associated with her in every-day life. In less than another six months the youngest sister, Anne, followed Emily to the grave. Her death was in as marked contrast to that of her sister as her character had been. If it be proper at all to withdraw the veil from these sad privacies of domestic life, and carry us with so much minute detail into the chamber of death, we must own that, in the present instance, it has been done with all delicacy and respect. It is a calm and tender scene, in which the pious spirit gently and patiently, and filled to the last with affectionate thoughtfulness for those she was leaving, unmoors from the shores of life and fades into the unknown sea. Anne must have had much of her Cornish mother in her. Concerning the latter, Mrs. Gaskell has been able to gather a few picturesque details, and portrays her with a sort of soft melancholy interest to our eyes. Like her, Anne was "meek and retiring, while possessing more than ordinary talents; and her piety was genuine and unobtrusive." Though gentle, she was not weak; she possessed her full share of that independence of external support which distinguished all the sisters, and her share too of their constitutional reserve. But she had an unaffected humility, and lived more in purposes entirely apart from herself than either of the others. Charlotte speaks of her life as having been passed under the tyranny of a too tender conscience, and of her religious feeling as partaking in a milder form of the sad hallucinations of Cowper. The former we can well understand; but neither her writings, nor the occasional glimpses of her life which we obtain, seem to warrant the idea that she suffered in any degree from the

disease of religious melancholy. Indeed, her sister probably scarcely meant us to infer so much as this. *Agnes Grey* reflects so accurately all we hear of her, that we can scarcely be wrong in supposing it shadows forth her character as well as a part of her experiences. Without wishing to seem paradoxical, we cannot help thinking that Anne had more of the artist's faculties than either of her sisters. Her stories are much more homogeneous in their structure, her characters more consistent, and, though less original and striking, conducted with a nicer perception of dramatic propriety. Grimsby, Hattersley, and Lord Lowborough—unfilled outlines as they are—are more of real men than Heathcliff, Rochester, or Dr. John. The revolting scenes in *Wildfell Hall* were drawn, in despite of a natural reluctance for the task, from a sense of the duty of sparing no blackening touch in the picture of an odious vice; a mistaken duty we think it (for these gross pictures of excess cannot touch those whom alone they are adapted to benefit), but in the discharge of which the writer has displayed no common powers both of insight and delineation. The hero spoils the book. Anne meant him to be a gentleman; but she was ignorant of the manners and demeanour of a gentleman, and she has given us instead a truculent ill-bred young farmer, with strong feelings, an active mind, and a most offensively good opinion of himself. Lawrence, who is meant to be the not very strong, somewhat over-refined, reserved, fine gentleman, she is not able to draw at all. She had no materials to enable her to do so.

Charlotte Brontë, older than her two sisters, differed widely from them in character. Hers was a mind fitted to shine in society, at least as well as to write in solitude. The absolute seclusion which was to Emily a necessary, and to Anne a protection, was too often felt by Charlotte as a prison, in which the ties of affection and the claims of duty, to which none ever yielded a more loyal and unconditional obedience, alone had power to bind her. Hers was an active, eager spirit, which thirsted for knowledge and experience; which took a warm interest in the character and actions of men, and would willingly have seen them with her own eyes, and studied them from the life. Some of her letters indicate how much it cost her willingly to immure herself within the narrow sphere which Providence had assigned her; and one of her friends has recorded a conversation which shows with how much even of horror she contemplated the narrow cell-like existence before her, and with how unfaltering a will she remained true to what she deemed, and not unjustly, to be her nearest duty, that of consoling and upholding her aged father, and of sharing with

the others those gloomy trials to which the misconduct of their brother subjected them.

"When last I saw Charlotte," says one of the two most intimate friends she had, "she told me she had quite decided to stay at home. She owned she did not like it. Her health was weak. She said she should like any change at first, as she had liked Brussels at first; and she thought that there must be some possibility for some people of having a life of more variety and more communion with humankind, but she saw none for her. I told her very warmly, that she ought not to stay at home; that to spend the next five years at home, in solitude and weak health, would ruin her; that she would never recover it. Such a dark shadow came over her face when I said, 'Think of what you'll be five years hence,' that I stopped, and said, 'Don't cry, Charlotte!' She did not cry; but went on walking up and down the room, and said in a little while, 'But I intend to stay, Polly!'"

And she did stay: not only five, but ten years she spent, with only occasional brief absences, in that contracted home, soon rendered all but solitary by the swiftly-repeated strokes of death; and there she died. All England is now familiar with that home; has seen, with the mind's eye at least, the plain gray-stone house, looking across the well-filled grave-yard to the ancient little church at the top of the steep hill at Haworth, with the undulating wild moors, "purple-black," above and beyond it: every one knows the little fireless room and the flagged kitchen in which the precocious little Brontës lived, unvisited by the dying mother or the eccentric father; and, trained to forego the usual vivacity of childhood, read their newspapers and invented their plays, with Wellington and Bonaparte for their *dramatis personæ*. There were six of them in these first days, before the two eldest died. These were Maria, the Helen of *Jane Eyre*, and of whom her father tells us that before the age of eleven "he could converse with her on any of the leading topics of the day with as much freedom and pleasure as with any grown-up person," and Elizabeth, of whom we only know by one little anecdote that she shared the characteristic patience and fortitude of the family.

Among these children, Charlotte was the quick and clever one. The servants thought her "sharp," and declared they must mind what they said before her; and her first schoolmistress describes her as a "bright, clever, happy little girl, never in disgrace." One of her schoolfellows furnishes a likeness of her at the age of thirteen, which is graphic enough in other respects, and contains one fact specially characteristic:

"I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. She was coming to

school at Miss Wooler's. When she appeared in the schoolroom, her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted, that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it; and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing."

Anne took after her mother, but Charlotte after her father. The little girl "spoke with a strong Irish accent." This tells more completely than any thing else in what complete seclusion she must have lived, and that the characteristics of her father's race were prominent in her. Living all her life in Yorkshire, Mr. Brontë the only person near her of Irish blood, and associating but little with him, she yet spoke in the accent of his country. The way in which, in her child-writings, she imitates Tabby's pronunciation, seems to show that the Yorkshire dialect always sounded strange to them. But Charlotte seems to have been the most Irish among them, except perhaps Branwell. From Ireland she derived her eloquence and vehemence, and from Ireland her keen susceptibilities, both physical and mental. No common force and fire of nature lay hidden beneath her plain and fragile exterior, and gleamed through her eyes sometimes with a sudden brilliancy that startled the spectator. Mrs. Gaskell has given a good description of this feature in her face, and of the rest of her personal appearance. Her eyes

"were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large and ill set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance overbalanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and

gloves. I can well imagine that the grave serious composure, which, when I knew her, gave her face the dignity of an old Venetian portrait, was no acquisition of later years, but dated from that early age when she found herself in the position of an elder sister to motherless children."

We question this; at least the composure which comes after many years of bitter trial and arduous self-control is very different from the aspect under which a reserved child of thirteen hides the secret things of its heart and struggling intellect. We doubt if any of the children were unhappy, though perhaps never joyful. The house, which seemed so dreary from the outside, was warm within with mutual affection, and the close intellectual sympathies engendered by the common working of their active minds. Back to their childhood, and to that later time when, in the dim fire-light, the sisters walked to and fro discussing their future lives, or communicating and criticising their several literary efforts, Charlotte always looked as to the sole bright gleam in her life. And none of them could leave home for a time without an irrepressible yearning to return, which in Emily resulted in actual illness.

"This is Sunday morning," writes Charlotte from her *pensionnat* at Brussels; "they are at their idolatrous '*messe*,' and I am here, that is, in the *réfectoire*. I should like uncommonly to be in the dining-room, or in the kitchen, or in the back-kitchen. I should like even to be cutting up the hash, with the clerk and some register-people at the other table, and you standing by, watching that I put enough flour, not too much pepper, and above all, that I save the best pieces of the leg of mutton for Tiger and Keeper; the first of which personages would be jumping about the dish and carving-knife, and the latter, standing like a devouring flame on the kitchen floor. To complete the picture—Tabby blowing the fire, in order to boil the potatoes to a sort of vegetable glue! How divine are these recollections to me at this moment!"

A few years later, when occupied as a teacher at Miss Wooler's school, she suffered much from dejection of spirits, and underwent that experience of bitter self-condemnation and black hopelessness through the sharper or more softened terrors of which almost every soul is destined to find its way to higher things.

"If I could always live with you," she writes to her friend E., "and daily read the Bible with you—if your lips and mine could at the same time drink the same draught from the same pure fountain of mercy—I hope, I trust, I might one day become better, far better than my evil wandering thoughts, my corrupt heart, cold to the spirit and warm to the flesh, will now permit me to be. I often plan the pleasant life which we might

lead together, strengthening each other in that power of self-denial, that hallowed and glowing devotion, which the first saints of God often attained to. My eyes fill with tears when I contrast the bliss of such a state, brightened by hopes of the future, with the melancholy state I now live in, uncertain that I ever felt true contrition, wandering in thought and deed, longing for holiness, which I shall *never, never* obtain, smitten at times to the heart with the conviction that ghastly Calvinistic doctrines are true—darkened, in short, by the very shadows of spiritual death. If Christian perfection be necessary to salvation, I shall never be saved; my heart is a very hot-bed for sinful thoughts, and when I decide on an action, I scarcely remember to look to my Redeemer for direction. I know not how to pray; I cannot bend my life to the grand end of doing good; I go on constantly seeking my own pleasure, pursuing the gratification of my own desires."

Her vivid intellectual interests and longings for a sphere better fitted to her capacities seem to her almost sinful. "If you knew my thoughts, the dreams that absorb me, and the fiery imagination that at times eats me up, and makes me feel society, as it is, wretchedly insipid, you would pity, and, I dare say, despise me." It is generally necessary to have some external knowledge of an author before we can trace him in his works: but once furnished with a key, it is not difficult, in many writers, to distinguish self-revelations from pure dramatic expressions. In various parts of her works, Miss Brontë has given a voice to this impatience of seclusion, and that desire for a wider experience, which we have before mentioned as preying upon her. Jane Eyre speaks for her in this as in many things:

"Any body may blame me who likes, when I add further, that now and then, when I took a walk by myself in the grounds; when I went down to the gates and looked through them along the road; or when, while Adèle played with her nurse, and Mrs. Fairfax made jellies in the store-room, I climbed the three staircases, raised the trap-door of the attic, and having reached the leads, looked out afar over sequestered field and hill, and along the dim sky-line—that then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit—which might reach the busy world, towns, regions full of life I had heard of, but never seen: that then I desired more of practical experience than I possessed; more of intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance with variety of character, than was here within my reach. I valued what was good in Mrs. Fairfax, and what was good in Adèle; but I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness, and what I believed in I wished to behold.

"Who blames me? Many, no doubt; and I shall be called discontented. I could not help it: the restlessness was in my nature; it agitated me to pain sometimes. Then my sole relief was to walk along the corridor of the third story, backwards and forwards, safe in

the silence and solitude of the spot, and allow my mind's-eye to dwell on whatever bright visions rose before it—and, certainly, they were many and glowing; to let my heart be heaved by the exultant movement, which, while it swelled it in trouble, expanded it with life; and best of all, to open my inward ear to a tale that was never ended—a tale my imagination created, and narrated continuously; quickened with all of incident, life, fire, feeling, that I desired, and had not in my actual existence."

Literature seemed to open a field for her energies, and she might have devoted herself to it earlier than she did, had not her first aspirations been quenched by the cooling, sensible reply Southey returned to a letter in which she consulted him on the subject. His answer is a perfectly good one to her letter; but it was impossible he should gather from her letter what her powers were. From the condition of shattered nerves and broken health into which she fell thus early in life, Miss Brontë seems never to have recovered. It combined, with her long habits of secluded existence, to make any unusual effort or new excitement a severe tax upon her. Hence, later on in life, the short and scattered experiences she had of the social intercourse she was naturally so well fitted to enjoy, seem to have brought with them almost as much pain as pleasure. Her personal appearance, too, seems always to have been a sort of bugbear to her. "I notice," said she, "that after a stranger has once looked at my face, he is careful not to let his eyes wander to that part of the room again." This, a false enough apprehension, as Mrs. Gaskell assures us, joined with those other causes to give her in society an air of constraint and timidity, which it needed the vivid excitement of some strong intellectual interest to enable her to shake off. Her life makes plain, however, what warm affections and genuine kindliness were concealed under a demeanour not always attractive. Old servants remember her for little kindly actions in her childhood; home affections centered in her, friendship found her loyal, and love, warm and true. "She thought much of her duty," writes a friend who knew her from childhood, "and had loftier and clearer notions of it than most people, and held fast to them with more success. It was done, it seems to me, with much more difficulty than people have of stronger nerves and better fortunes. All her life was but labour and pain; and she never threw down the burden for the sake of present pleasure." Nay, so careful was she in this respect, that an asceticism almost morbid seems sometimes to characterise her actions. She will not accept the common alleviations of her desolate condition after her two sisters' death, lest they should tend to dissatisfy her with her lot, or render her too dependent on external

support. She will not seek relief in the society of her friend from the worst misery of human life, a dejection of spirits heavy almost as despair; she will not even allow herself the indulgence of a frequent correspondence. She was constitutionally destitute of hope, and though never without a just estimate of her mental powers, distrusted excessively her claim to affection and her interest in other hearts. She never leaned on others. It was her principle, that friends, and even husband and wife, should each jealously guard some independent standing-room of his or her own. Though the reverse of exacting, she had no faculty of closing her eyes, and scrutinised with some closeness the share which each party subscribed in unions of this sort. Mrs. Gaskell bears testimony to her deficiency in hopefulness.

"In looking over the earlier portion (of her correspondence with E.), I am struck afresh by the absence of hope, which formed such a strong characteristic in Charlotte. At an age when girls, in general, look forward to an eternal duration of such feelings as they or their friends entertain, and can therefore see no hindrance to the fulfilment of any engagements dependent on the future of the affections, she is surprised that E. keeps her promise to write. In after-life, I was painfully impressed with the fact, that Miss Brontë never dared to allow herself to look forward with hope; that she had no confidence in the future; and I thought, when I heard of the sorrowful years she had passed through, that it had been this pressure of grief which had crushed all buoyancy of expectation out of her. But it appears from the letters, that it must have been, so to speak, constitutional; or, perhaps, the deep pang of losing her two elder sisters combined with a permanent state of bodily weakness in producing her hopelessness. If her trust in God had been less strong, she would have given way to unbounded anxiety at many a period of her life. As it was, we shall see, she made a great and successful effort to leave 'her times in His hands.'"

Absence of hope in her was not only a moral deficiency, but extended its influence over her intellect. She always looked at things as they were in the immediate present, without looking forward to the modifications they might undergo in the future. She never represents the growth of character, or the influence of circumstances and of the will in changing it. She accepts her own and that of others as something settled; and while displaying and advocating a rigid conformity to duty in action, she studies but little its reflex influence on the actor. Hence partly it is that she is too much disposed to accept all men's natures with a somewhat unusual tolerance. Emily, as we have before remarked, had the same tendency, though in a far greater degree; and some lines of hers express it so clearly that we are tempted to quote them,

though we have already perhaps indulged ourselves sufficiently in this matter. But Emily Brontë's poetry is little known, and always worth reading:

Stanzas to ———.

"Well, some may hate, and some may scorn,
And some may quite forget thy name;
But my sad heart must ever mourn
Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame!
'Twas thus I thought, an hour ago,
Even weeping o'er that wretch's woe;
One word turned back my gushing tears,
And lit my altered eye with sneers.
Then 'Bless the friendly dust,' I said,
'That hides thy unlamented head?
Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,
The slave of Falsehood, Pride, and Pain,—
My heart has naught akin to thine;
Thy soul is powerless over mine.'

But these were thoughts that vanished too;
Unwise, unholy, and untrue:
Do I despise the timid deer,
Because his limbs are fleet with fear?
Or, would I mock the wolf's death-howl,
Because his form is gaunt and foul?
Or hear with joy the leveret's cry,
Because it cannot bravely die?
No! Then above his memory
Let Pity's heart as tender be;
Say, 'Earth lie lightly on that breast,
And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!'"

Strong as was her fancy, Miss Brontë's was an eminently practical mind. She seemed to have the power of reserving her imaginative faculties for a sphere of their own, and excluded them almost too entirely from the domain of actual life. Though her limited experience of the world may have betrayed her into some blunders, they were wonderfully few—a sound practical judgment distinguishes her: her letters to her publishers are perfectly business-like, clear, succinct, and direct to the purpose. She has the whip-hand of her genius, and compels it to go in harness and draw to a purpose. When the *Professor* was declined for want of "startling incident" and "thrilling excitement," she sat down there and then to write a book which should be more to the public taste. Her object was to find not "fit audience though few," but a purchasing publisher and a reading public; and she went straight to her object. If she thus wrote worse than she might have done had she been more independent, the fault was not hers, but that of

her necessities and of the public taste. Since literature has become a lucrative profession, it necessarily shares the disadvantages of that position. To reach—even to aim—at his own highest idea, an artist must be untrammelled by the opinion of the day, and he must have the self-denial, scarcely human, to see others placed on the highest pinnacle of popular applause, where he knows he might sit if he would, and bide his own time on a lower elevation. He who writes, or paints, or carves for bread or profit must secure, as the first condition of his object, the public ear. In time he may come to command it; and then is his time to scorn the patronage of critics and circulating libraries, and be true to his highest promptings. Unfortunately, in almost every case his servitude has unfitted him for freedom; his lofty desires have faded; his eye is dimmed; mist hides even the blue heavens; his ears are dull to catch the fine aerial harmonies, and his cramped wing refuses to sustain him in the clearer loftier air. One great reason of the surpassing excellence which almost always distinguishes the early stages of a new growth of Art—one thing which, in literature, has helped to make Dante and Shakspere and Goethe so noble in their freedom, is the absence of those fine silken bands of public opinion, which, scarcely visible, and all but unfelt by the artist, yet hamper him with a closer constriction than iron links of external tyranny. Enthralled, in some degree, as the professional writer necessarily is, he is, however, in any case, bound not to sacrifice principles or truth; to bow, as little as he can, to a false popular taste, and to do all in his power to elevate it. And no one, we think, can accuse Miss Brontë of failing in these respects. She used her high powers under a full sense of the responsibility they entailed. She was true to the main bent of her genius; and neither adverse criticism, to which she was keenly, even unduly, sensitive, nor the desire for applause, could induce her to quit that ruggeder pathway, for which she felt she was adapted, for smoother and more flowery fields of Art. In one of her letters, mentioning the pain it had given her to hear a lady whom she respected speak of *Jane Eyre* as a "wicked book," on the authority of the *Quarterly*, she continues:

"No matter, whether known or unknown, misjudged, or the contrary, I am resolved not to write otherwise. I shall bend as my powers tend. The two human beings who understood me, and whom I understood, are gone: I have some that love me yet and whom I love, without expecting, or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. I am satisfied; but I must have my own way in the matter of writing. The loss of what we possess nearest

and dearest to us in this world, produces an effect upon the character; we search out what we have yet left that can support, and when found we cling to it with a hold of new-strung tenacity. The faculty of imagination lifted me when I was sinking, three months ago; its active exercise has kept my head above water since; its results cheer me now, for I feel they have enabled me to give pleasure to others. I am thankful to God who gave me the faculty; and it is for me a part of my religion to defend this gift, and to profit by its possession."

Her judgment was instinctive sense, however, rather than a power of deducing correct conclusions. She had no taste for abstract thought; observation and imagination absorbed her intellectual activity. You never find her pursuing trains of thought, or deriving conclusions from a process of reasoning. Politics, social reforms, the various questions of the day, on which most active minds form an opinion, may have interested her, but they did not form the subjects of her thoughts. She meddled little or not at all with matters that require a solution; but she treasured experience in whatever form it came; and her notes on life and criticisms on books are always worth listening to; often penetrating and profound. We can give no better proof of this than by quoting some remarks of hers in a letter to Mr. Williams, and one or two of her scattered criticisms on well-known books:

"In the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment here arises chiefly, *not* from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of *their* liking for and opinion of *us;* and that if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy to give more affection than we receive—can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences thence, and never let self-love blind our eyes, I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsions of feeling. All this sounds a little metaphysical, but it is good sense if you consider it. The moral of it is, that if we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for *their* sakes rather than for *our own;* we must look at their truth to *themselves*, full as much as their truth to *us*. In the latter case, every wound to self-love would be a cause of coldness; in the former, only some painful change in the friend's character and disposition, some fearful breach in his allegiance to his better self, could alienate the heart."

"I have read the *Saints' Tragedy*. As a 'work of Art' it seems to me far superior to either *Alton Locke* or *Yeast*. Faulty it may be, crude and unequal, yet there are portions where some of the deep chords of human nature are swept with a hand which is strong even

while it falters. We see throughout (I *think*) that Elizabeth has not, and never had, a mind perfectly sane. From the time that she was what she herself, in the exaggeration of her humility, calls 'an idiot girl,' to the hour when she lay moaning in visions on her dying bed, a slight craze runs through her whole existence. This is good; this is true. A sound mind, a healthy intellect, would have dashed the priest-power to the wall; would have defended her natural affections from his grasp, as a lioness defends her young; would have been as true to husband and children, as your leal-hearted little Maggie was to her Frank. Only a mind weak with some fatal flaw *could* have been influenced as was this poor saint's. But what anguish, what struggles! Seldom do I cry over books; but here my eyes rained as I read. When Elizabeth turns her face to the wall—I stopped—there needed no more.

"Deep truths are touched on in this tragedy—touched on, not fully elicited; truths that stir a peculiar pity—a compassion hot with wrath and bitter with pain. This is no poet's dream; we know that such things *have* been done; that minds *have* been thus subjugated, and lives thus laid waste."

Of Mill's article in the *Westminster*, on the Emancipation of Women, she says:

"Well-argued it is—clear, logical—but vast is the hiatus of omission; harsh the consequent jar on every finer chord of the soul. What is this hiatus? I think I know; and, knowing, I will venture to say, I think the writer forgets there is such a thing as self-sacrificing love and disinterested devotion. When I first read the paper, I thought it was the work of a powerful-minded, clear-headed woman, who had a hard, jealous heart, muscles of iron, and nerves of bend leather; of a woman who longed for power, and had never felt affection. To many women affection is sweet, and power conquered indifferent; though we all like influence won. I believe J. S. Mill would make a hard, dry, dismal world of it; and yet he speaks admirable sense through a great portion of his article, especially when he says, that if there be a natural unfitness in women for men's employment, there is no need to make laws on the subject; leave all careers open; let them try; those who ought to succeed will succeed, or, at least, will have a fair chance; the incapable will fall back into their right place. He likewise disposes of the 'maternity' question very neatly. In short, J. S. Mill's head is, I dare say, very good, but I feel disposed to scorn his heart. You are right when you say that there is a large margin in human nature over which the logicians have no dominion; glad am I that it is so."

The union of strong imagination and strong love of living realities is the characteristic of her genius. It is she, however, who compels them together, and never permits the former faculty to work except upon a basis of close observation. Her method is the reverse of that of most writers, and does much to give to her works their great originality of style. Most writers

draw upon imagination for their general conception both of character and incident, resting merely on a suggestion of fact, and work up their details from observation. Thackeray does so, Dickens does so; all great painters of manners necessarily do so. But Miss Brontë is no painter of manners, or of social conditions. Her creations inhabit an exceptional world of their own. She takes her characters and her main field of incident from the world of reality, and furnishes the filling-up from imagination. The phrase she and her sisters used for the creative workings of their young minds shows the bent of their genius. They called it "making out." They took favourite heroes and starting points of historical fact, and "made out" sequels to them; and they pondered on them till the imagined part seemed as real, or more so, than the rest. From her earliest years Charlotte was accustomed to exercise her gifts. She not only dreamed, as so many children do, but wrote down her dreams, and gave them defined artistic forms in tales and poems. The children had a *Little Magazine* of their own; they had standing plays to which all contributed, and other esoteric, or "best" plays, confined to two. "Best plays mean secret plays—they are very nice ones;" so Charlotte informs us. She made a list, in 1830, of her works written up to that time; and a curious collection of fanciful and poetical titles it presents. Wellington is always the prominent hero. We have, "The strange Incident in the Duke of Wellington's Life;" "The Duke of Wellington's Adventure in the Cavern;" "The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley's Tale to the little King and Queens," &c. More purely imaginative are, "The Adventures of Edward de Crack;" and poems, such as "On seeing the Ruins of the Tower of Babel;" "The Lay of the Glass Town;" "Interior of a Pot-house: a Poem;" &c. &c.

Mrs. Gaskell quotes a specimen of Charlotte's early style. It does not contain the poetical picture of the approach of the winds which she finds there; but it is a very graphic piece of narrative, at once old-fashioned and simple, and shows in all the children a remarkable familiarity with some of the leading names of the day. We cannot help thinking, however, that little Anne, who was then not eight, as Mrs. Gaskell says, but six years old, must have had her heroes suggested to her.

"*June the* 31*st*, 1829.—The play of the *Islanders* was formed in December 1827, in the following manner. One night, about the time when the cold sleet and stormy fogs of November are succeeded by the snow-storms and high piercing night-winds of confirmed winter, we were all sitting round the warm blazing kitchen fire, having just concluded a quarrel with Tabby concerning the propriety of lighting a candle, from which she came off victorious, no candle having been pro-

duced. A long pause succeeded, which was at last broken by Branwell saying, in a lazy manner, 'I don't know what to do.' This was echoed by Emily and Anne.

Tabby. 'Wha ya may go t' bed.'

Branwell. 'I'd rather do any thing than that.'

Charlotte. 'Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby? Oh! suppose we had each an island of our own.'

Branwell. 'If we had, I would choose the Island of Man.'

Charlotte. 'And I would choose the Isle of Wight.'

Emily. 'The Isle of Arran for me.'

Anne. 'And mine should be Guernsey.'

We then chose who should be chief men in our islands. Branwell chose John Bull, Astley Cooper and Leigh Hunt; Emily, Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Johnny Lockhart; Anne, Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, Sir Henry Halford. I chose the Duke of Wellington and two sons, Christopher North and Co., and Mr. Abernethy. Here our conversation was interrupted by the, to us, dismal sound of the clock striking seven, and we were summoned off to bed. The next day we added many others to our list of men, till we got almost all the chief men of the kingdom. After this, for a long time, nothing worth noticing occurred. In June 1828, we erected a school on a fictitious island, which was to contain 1,000 children. The manner of the building was as follows. The island was fifty miles in circumference, and certainly appeared more like the work of enchantment than anything real," &c.

The extraordinary feature in these literary productions, however, is the amount of them. The list of Charlotte's works consists of twenty-two of her own volumes, which, taking Mrs. Gaskell's facsimile as about an average page, and she says it is a small one, we have computed would contain above seven thousand five hundred octavo pages such as those in the Life of Charlotte Brontë, or twenty-five such volumes of three hundred pages each. An allowance must be made for the poetry; but by far the greater part of this seems to have been written in seven months, and the whole of it within eighteen! Mrs. Gaskell may have over-estimated the size of the little volumes; but with every allowance the amount is enormous. It is this power of "making out"—the intense vividness with which she summoned up her creations before her own eyes—that gives their enthralling air of actual fact to her narrations. The events *were* so and so to her; she seemed to herself to be discovering rather than inventing. She could not fancy and build up at her leisure; she must wait till she could *see* how it really was. Her father was most anxious *Villette* should end happily; but how could it? Monsieur Paul Emmanuel really *did* die at sea. There was no help for it; all she could do was to conceal his fate in ambiguous phrases. If Miss Brontë gave reality to fiction, her biographer occasionally spreads a little of the varnish

of the novel over her facts. She seems even sometimes to have indulged the idea that by force of imagination she could penetrate, as by experience, into the secrets of unknown facts.

"I asked her whether she had ever taken opium, as the description given of its effects in *Villette* was so exactly like what I had experienced; vivid and exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct, or lost in golden mist, &c. She replied, that she had never, to her knowledge, taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe any thing which had not fallen within her own experience; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep, wondering what it was like, or how it would be, till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she wakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it, word for word, as it had happened. I cannot account for this psychologically; I only am sure that it was so, because she said it."

Mrs. Gaskell need not puzzle herself to account for this "psychologically." Let her first be sure that when the live fish are immersed, the water does *not* overflow. *Villette* contains no description of the specific effects of opium, but only the impressions of a half-dazed excited mind. Stronger than that of most writers seems to have been Miss Brontë's experience of that almost tyrannous action of the creative impulse, that sense of possession, when the poet feels himself more an instrument than a voluntary agent, as if some viewless power spoke through him.

"When authors write best, or, at least, when they write most fluently, an influence seems to waken in them, which becomes their master; which will have its own way; putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature; new-moulding characters, giving unthought-of turns to incidents, rejecting carefully-elaborated old ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones."

In her novels, it is not so much the whole story as the separate scenes and detached incidents that delight us; and it is not the characters themselves so much as the mode in which they display themselves under particular circumstances. She is perfectly master of the art of narration; her events are linked in so easy and continuous a succession, that the reader loses the sense of the exquisite art by which it is done; and the wonderful thing is, that there are no dull places. Long she is sometimes, but never dull. A certain sinewy vigour gives interest to every paragraph. Character is her favourite study; but,

like most people who deliberately study character, she never thoroughly comprehends it. True perception of character seems to be something intuitive. It requires, at any rate, a nature of very extended though not necessarily deep sympathies, which finds something in itself answering to all hints, and ready to gather up all clues. Miss Brontë had nothing of this. She studies the manifestations, the workings of character; and it is these alone, for the most part, that she is enabled to reproduce. She does this with all her might. In *Shirley*, for instance, with intent and resolute eyes she sits gazing into the human heart. Darkness shades its penetralia; but her keen vision *shall* pierce the veil; she *will* compel its secrets to the light. She reads as if she set the characters in her story down before her, and set herself, not to develop them, but to write down what she sees in them. It is not a creation, but a vivisection. The anatomical process pleases us; or, if this does not interest all, there is always for such the lively details, the stirring events, the expression of feeling, the clash of passions, accompanied by an intellectual byplay of the author's own. But the concrete characters, the persons, do not interest us much. Do any of us really care much for that little elfish Jane, or that ugly-muscular Sultan Rochester? Should we not flee from Lucy Snowe and the little Professor? Are we not all very much surprised at the Cambridge student who wrote to Currer Bell, and begged to be allowed to consider Jane Eyre and Shirley Keeldar as his sisters?

Miss Brontë never deals with mere abstractions; all her people have body, reality, definiteness. But they are too singular. The greatest poets have always been those who have done the greatest things with the old every-day materials; and who have never, however special may have been their web, omitted to work up with it those threads which connect it with universal interests. Miss Brontë is apt to exclude too much common sympathies and every-day knowledge. Of many of her characters we can scarcely say whether they are truthful or not, they are so different from what we have seen, known, and experienced, either in Lancashire, Yorkshire, or elsewhere. Something Jane Eyre, and Lewis Moore, and Madame Beck, have in common with us, no doubt; but no doubt also much of the charm of Currer Bell's works, and their great popularity, is due to this very thing—the minuteness and accuracy with which she has described unfamiliar scenes and characters; and to the thorough air of novelty which pervades both her subject-matter and her treatment. But this, though the most popular of attractions, is not the most lasting. New readers such works never lack; but few, if any, turn back to them as they do to Fielding, Scott, and Thack-

eray. It is wearisome to read them even twice over. Another thing which adds both to the singularity and the want of permanent interest of Miss Brontë's works is, that they have a world of manners of their own. Not a soul in them is represented under the ordinary conditions of propriety of demeanour. Rochester, St. John, the two Moores, Crimsworth, behave like human beings certainly, but as certainly not like English gentlemen. We decline to be referred to Yorkshire, which Mrs. Gaskell treats as a *terra incognita*, of which she is the Columbus. These are neither meant for Yorkshiremen, nor like them. It is just in acquainting Miss Brontë with the forms of social intercourse, and the ordinary modes of expression, that observation would have been of most use as the handmaid of her genius; but the opportunity of such observation she never commanded. Her school of manners,—we use the word in its wide sense,—is an imaginary one, drawn out of her own head; a very ably drawn one it is, and admirably it is made to subserve her characters and her incidents; but it is one strange to the experience of her readers. In Brussels, she had an opportunity of drawing manners from observation, and she availed herself of it. In the Professor, what a difference between her idea of an Eton man, and her description of his Brussels life; how false a notion she has of the one, and with what unsparing force, yet with how fine a touch, she can mark all she has really seen!

In her love for the study of character, she is apt to be led too far. Her sketches, in which observation alone worked, are admirable. Her Mrs. Reeds, her Miss Temple, her Miss Marchmont, her M. Pelet, are sharp and characteristic; but in her more elaborate efforts she attempts too much. No artist can delineate the whole of the character of a human being; the most successful have been those who, having taken up their creations from a certain point of view, always look at them steadily from thence, threw the light on some side they wish to be prominent, and let the rest fade off into an obscurity, which the eye of the reader rounds dimly off, partly by the aid of his own imagination. They indicate a character, and dwell on one side of it. This gives the reader peace; he has time to gather a distinct image, which gains new clearness as he gazes at it. But Miss Brontë gives him no peace, she must always see the reverse side, she is anxious if possible to see both sides at once; she is always making new discoveries in her characters, we never know when we have them. Yet, as we have before said, she never represents them in course of change, never paints development of character; and she is so absorbed with what is before her, so much taken

up with the scene immediately in hand, that she is apt insensibly to mould her personages so as to suit it, and give it the highest effect. She forgets what they are in thinking of what they are doing, and hence they are sometimes different people at different times. Jane Eyre is one person as a child, another with Mr. Rochester, and a third with the St. Johns. In *Villette*, Graham is one person, Dr. John a second, Dr. Bretton a third. Perhaps he affords the most marked instance of discontinuity of general character in all these novels, and the author herself became sensible of it. In a letter to Mr. Smith, she speaks of being conscious of a defect he had pointed out in "the discrepancy, the want of perfect harmony between Graham's boyhood and manhood." Like most persons with strong creative instincts, the young Brontës had all a strong fancy for drawing; Branwell alone seems to have had any real call for the art. Charlotte took small engravings, and copied them line for line in all their intricacy and minutiæ; just so she draws in her novels. She drew on paper with exactness of detail, but out of proportion; just so she draws character. Her child's handwriting, so minute and compressed, yet never abbreviated; microscopic even, yet never fine or delicate; not bold or graceful, but firm and angular,—is, with its quaint distinctive characters, a sort of microcosmic emblem of her genius.

Mr. Lewes, it would seem from one of her letters, warned her to distrust her imagination and rely on her observation. He told her, "real experience is perennially interesting to all men." This is true of experience in its narrowest sense, the personal experience of the recorder; it is much less true of that mixed observation which we usually include within the term. Wiser advice (if, indeed, advice avails any thing in these cases) would have been to rely more on her imagination, and to avoid raw mingling of fact and fancy. The truest and the finest creation she ever made, the one which gives the most indisputable proof of the real greatness of her genius, —is the sensitive, deep-hearted child Paulina; we say the child, for the woman is much less ably and less subtly drawn. To make experience and observation valuable as such, they must be given in their naked simplicity. To eke out facts by the suggestions of imagination, or to conceal them by a varnish of fancy, is a very deceptive and unsatisfactory process. And this is what Currer Bell does with her characters. She selects either an actual living person she has seen, or collects traits of one she has not seen—generally the former, and *modifies* this person to make another. Of course, all imagined forms must have some basis of reality, and our words may seem to import a censure on such creations as Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, or Kings-

ley's *Elizabeth.* In both these, and such as these, there is a very large basis of fact; but the difference between them and Mr. Yorke, and Madame Beck, lies in the fact that in one case the imagination uses the facts as materials for a new creation, in the other it is employed to modify, disguise, and fill up a real figure. Miss Brontë herself was scarcely aware how faithfully she drew from the life; but her close adherence to the matter of her own limited experience is shown by the circumstance that her pictures were recognised as portraits. Hence arose not only defects in her workmanship, but a gross infraction of social rights, and an unpardonable infringement of private confidence; to the wrongfulness of which she seems to have been singularly blind, and unhappily her biographer is equally so. It is true Miss Brontë's portraits were not exact, but this only did the greater mischief. With one single exception, perhaps, that of the picture of her sister Emily, or Shirley, they certainly were not flattering; they were sufficient to identify those who were unfortunate enough to have become the subjects of her keen examination, and the variation did only the further injustice of conveying a false impression of them. One of her letters, which is a disclaimer of literal portrait-painting, contains at once a proof that she did copy pretty closely external indications of character, and that she did not seize the inner spirit. The lady to whom she writes recognises the heroes, but not the heroines; for one of whom there seems little doubt, from what we learn in another place, that she herself had stood:

"You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*. The heroines are abstractions, and the heroes also. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting. Since you say you could recognise the originals of all except the heroines, pray whom did you suppose the two Moores to represent?"

Currer Bell's novels did not do more, however, than hang up the individuals she chose as her subjects for the comment or ridicule of those who were their immediate neighbours, and penetrating enough to discover them; her biographer has gone a step further, and, where she has not given their names in full, has exposed them to identification by any individual whose curiosity has been excited. Is the lady, who has been so cruelly libelled under the pseudonym of Madame Beck, likely to lead a happier life for the publication of *Villette*, the *Professor*, and the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*? There may not be

the least real resemblance between the character in the picture and the person who occupies the corresponding place and is pointed out with so much accuracy; but Mrs. Gaskell should hear a little Brussels gossip, to learn how instant was the identification even before she described the place and printed the names, and when small traits of personal demeanour are found to correspond, it is impossible to prevent the world from believing the rest of the picture correct, and a grievous injustice is done which there is no possibility of remedying. Is the gossiping world to blame, that will misconstrue these things and give them an application they were never intended to have? It may be so; but the more certain it is that the world will act thus, the more carefully is an author bound to avoid the possibility of misconstruction. Can any explanations, any asseverations of those who knew him best, ever free the memory of Mr. Carus Wilson from the unjust stain cast upon it in *Jane Eyre?* What genius has stamped with her hand, false though it be, truth, with her commonplace asseverations, can never efface. We continue to read the novels, and not the vindicatory statements. And if such a charge be true, is there any right to make it? None, certainly. The Eumenides may be alive or dead with Great Pan, as Mrs. Gaskell suggests; but they certainly have not delegated their functions to modern novel-writers. These may, if they choose, satirise general abuses, or stigmatise general wrongs; but to punish individual ones is not within their sphere. Mr. Reade's *It is never too late to mend* affords one of the most glaring modern instances of the infringement of this principle. If he wished to hold up to public reprobation the conduct of the officials connected with the Birmingham gaol, he was bound to limit himself to a statement of the facts exactly as they were; and the law would have protected him in so doing, for it is clearly for the public benefit that derelictions of public duties should be made public. If he intended only to point out the defects and cruelties incidental to our prison management and magisterial supervision, he should have precluded any danger of his feigned instance being identified with any special case. The novelist, who is not bound to adhere to fact, is excluded by that very exemption from dealing with bodies of particular facts, more especially in cases where individual reputations are implicated; to use a mingled medium of truth and fiction as the instrument of censure is to deprive the accused of his legitimate opportunity of defence. The popular novel is a very dangerous weapon; its thrusts can neither be parried nor avoided, and to turn it against individuals is an abuse of power which cannot be too strictly censured.

As to the Cowan Bridge controversy, we have no disposition to enter on it. It seems to be admitted that the Casterton Schools are now well conducted; and if it be thought worth while to enable the public to arrive at a conclusion as to its efficiency or defects in its first stage, more responsible evidence must be furnished on both sides. The anonymous assertions of either pupils or superintendent cannot carry much weight. One thing is, however, pretty clear, that the picture contained in *Jane Eyre* of the establishment, and its manager and founder, is not to be accepted as an exact, still less as a complete one. Accurate observer as Miss Brontë seems to have been, she had also strong feelings and a vivid imagination; and these acting on the recollections of a child, of eight or nine years of age, are certainly not to be implicitly trusted. Of what strong, it is not too much to say rash and inconsiderate assertions, Miss Brontë was capable in this matter, may be judged from a letter which she wrote in 1848, giving an account of the school expressly for the use of a lady who proposed to send a pupil there. Speaking of it as it was at the time from which her experience dated, she says, "The establishment was at that time in its infancy, and a sad rickety infancy it was. Typhus fever decimated the school periodically; and consumption and scrofula, in every variety of form bad air and water, bad and insufficient diet, can generate, preyed on the ill-fated pupils." This is the description of a lazar-house. Mrs. Gaskell speaks of only one fever; and distinctly states that only one girl died from it, and that after her removal home.

Miss Brontë did not scruple to use her friends either to "point a moral or adorn a tale." "This occasionally led her into difficulties," is a very indulgent way of characterising the wholesale invasion of domestic confidence described in the following extract; which is but one of the passages in the Life by which almost all the prominent characters in Miss Brontë's different novels are identified with real persons. The thing to be regarded is, that this system must have occasionally led other people into difficulties:

"In *Shirley* she took the idea of most of her characters from life, although the incidents and situations were, of course, fictitious. She thought that if these last were purely imaginary, she might draw from the real without detection; but in this she was mistaken, her studies were too closely accurate. This occasionally led her into difficulties. People recognised themselves, or were recognised by others, in her graphic descriptions of their personal appearance and modes of action and turns of thought; though they were placed in new positions, and figured away in scenes far different to those in which their actual life had been passed. Miss Brontë was struck by the force or peculiarity

of the character of some one whom she knew; she studied it, and analysed it with subtle power; and having traced it to its germ, she took that germ as the nucleus of an imaginary character, and worked outwards; thus reversing the process of analysation and unconsciously reproducing the same external development. The "three curates" were real living men, haunting Haworth and the neighbouring district; and so obtuse in perception that, after the first burst of anger at having their ways and habits chronicled was over, they rather enjoyed the joke of calling each other by the names she had given them 'Mrs. Pryor' was well known to many who loved the original dearly. The whole family of the Yorkes were, I have been assured, almost daguerreotypes. Indeed, Miss Brontë told me that, before publication, she had sent those parts of the novel in which these remarkable persons are introduced, to one of the sons; and his reply after reading it was simply that 'she had not drawn them strong enough.' From those many-sided sons, I suspect she drew all that there was of truth in the characters of the heroes in her first two works. They, indeed, were almost the only young men she knew intimately besides her brother. There was much friendship, and still more confidence, between the Brontë family and them, although their intercourse was often broken and irregular. There was never any warmer feeling on either side."

They must be strange people who would not feel grievously injured by being pointed out as the originals of that hard, contentious, selfish set of people, the Yorke family. Miss Brontë represented in Rose and Jessy two dear friends; they may be like, but they are not portraits, they have over them exactly the dark, somewhat disproportioned and forbidding aspect of a daguerreotype. Miss Brontë's drawing always has this effect: she prided herself on not drawing flattering portraits of human nature; but she was unaware how hard and dark her lines were. Of this, and of the different light in which her characters showed to herself to that in which she displayed them to her readers, there is a curious proof in a fact stated by Mrs. Gaskell, viz. that she thought Jane Eyre so like the Francesca of Miss Bremer's *Neighbours*, that she was afraid every one must think she had taken her conception from it. Most of all, however, we confess we are moved for the three curates. They seem so defenceless and so good-humoured about the matter. Every one has a fling at them. The biographer tells us they were "so obtuse in perception." They must be happy men if they don't know how hard they have been hit; but even pachydermatous animals have rights which should be respected. Can we be so sure, too, that they did not feel it? perhaps they thought it the wiser course to laugh it off; perhaps they exercised a Christian forgiveness. *Prima facie* one could expect that even

"The poor curate that we tread upon,
In corporal anguish feels a pang as great
As when a rector dies."

Mere curates as they were, however, we cannot help thinking it a little too bad that Miss Brontë should not only wrong them, but scorn them because they submit to wrong:

"The very curates, poor fellows! show no resentment; each characteristically finds solace for his own wounds in crowing over his brethren. Mr. Donne was, at first, a little disturbed; for a week or two he was in disquietude, but he is now soothed down; only yesterday I had the pleasure of making him a comfortable cup of tea, and seeing him sip it with revived complacency. It is a curious fact, that since he read *Shirley*, he has come to the house oftener than ever, and been remarkably meek and assiduous to please. Some people's natures are veritable enigmas: I quite expected to have had one good scene at least with him; but as yet nothing of the sort has occurred."

"The very curates!" but surely we must all have a beginning. The curate is the undeveloped stage (by possibility, at least) of that perfect creature which, in expanded lawn sleeves, with venerable apron in front, and with venerable silk-encased legs, gracefully pendulous behind, soars benignantly into the House of Lords. That very Bishop of Ripon, whose visit spread a mild halo over the parsonage at Haworth, may once have been a curate. Miss Brontë should have thought of these things. She lacked the prophetic insight of the American authoress, who was so shocked to see some of our fine ladies' carriages rolling through the streets of London "with three possible inheritors of eternal glory hanging on behind."

The *Professor*, now published, throws no new light on the characteristics of Miss Brontë's genius; no new ground is broken; indeed, the greater part of it only retraces for us the Belgian experiences with which we are already familiar. Here is the first draft of Madame Beck, under the name of Mademoiselle Reuter; M. Pelet, the French master, is a new and excellent sketch; but we have our old friend, the teacher and intellectual subjugator of the female heart, in Mr. William Crimsworth, but mixed in his nature something of the sulky, secret-feeding affections of Lucy Snowe; in Mr. Hunsden, the educated and abnormal Yorkshire manufacturer, a crude, ill-drawn, and exaggerated, as well as badly-defined figure; and in Frances, the plain, piquant, strong-minded, fascinating little girl. But Frances, though like, is unlike. She gives a charm to the book; intellect is reconciled with a "sweet, attractive kind of grace," which Miss Brontë does not often indulge us by delineating. Frances is a refined and softened Jane Eyre, and decidedly the most attractive female character that ever came from the pen of this

author. She suffers the ordinary fate, however. Miss Brontë was a great upholder of the privileges of her sex, yet no writer in the world has ever so uniformly represented women at so great a disadvantage. They invariably fall victims to the man of strong intellect, and generally muscular frame, who lures them on with affected indifference and simulated harshness; by various ingenious trials assures himself they are worthy of him, and, when his own time has fully come, raises them with a bashaw-like air from their prostrate condition, presses them triumphantly to his heart, or seats them on his knee, as the case may be, and indulges in a condescending burst of passionate emotion. All these men are in their attachments utterly and undisguisedly selfish, and we must say we grudge them their easily won victories over the inexperienced placid little girls they lay siege to. It is not thus that generous men make their advances, or that women, worthy of the name, are won. One such case might pass; but it is Miss Brontë's standing idea of a romantic courtship. The *Professor* contains some very unsparing and outspoken expressions, especially in the sketches of two or three young ladies who occupied prominent places in the Brussels school described. Miss Brontë had had no opportunity of learning what in England is considered proper to be said, and naturally, from her foreign experience, adopted some touch of continental freedom of speech. While we are on this subject, we cannot pass without notice a passage in the Life in strange contrast with the general tone of universal admiration. A passage which few, we think, can have read without just indignation; and after penning which, we cannot help saying, we wonder the writer had the heart to accuse the *Quarterly* reviewer of injustice or pharisaism:

"I do not deny for myself," says Mrs. Gaskell, with an air worthy of Mrs. Candour, "the existence of coarseness here and there in her works, otherwise so entirely noble. I only ask those who read them to consider her life, which has been openly laid bare before them, and to say how it could be otherwise. She saw few men; and among these few were one or two with whom she had been acquainted since early girlhood, who had shown her much friendliness and kindness—through whose family she had received many pleasures—for whose intellect she had a great respect—but who talked before her, if not to her, with as little reticence as Rochester talked to Jane Eyre. Take this in connection with her poor brother's sad life, and the outspoken people among whom she lived; remember her strong feeling of the duty of representing life as it really is, not as it ought to be; and then do her justice for all that she was, and all that she would have been had God spared her, rather than censure her because circumstances forced her to touch pitch, as it were, and by it her hand was

for a moment defiled. It was but skin-deep. Every change in her life was purifying her; it hardly could raise her. Again I cry, 'If she had but lived!'"

Charlotte Brontë's works are far from being "otherwise so entirely noble;" they have defects in abundance; but there never were books more free from the stain here so quietly assumed, and so feelingly lamented as unavoidable. Rochester does *not* talk without reticence to Jane Eyre. The writer never *did* touch pitch: she might paint it; but it was in the safety of her own innocency, and we lose patience at being told, with all this array of exculpation, that she needed "purifying." Coarse materials, indeed, she too much deals with; and her own style has something rude and uncompromising in it, not always in accordance with customary ideas of what is becoming in a female writer; but it would be scarcely possible to name a writer who, in handling such difficult subject-matter, carried the reader so safely through by the unseen guardianship and unconsciously exercised influence of her stainless purity and unblemished rectitude. The conventional proprieties of speech and subject-matter she disregards, indeed; her delicacy lost some of its bloom abroad, and she may be said with justice to want refinement; but even that is the conventional refinement rather than the real one. It has been well said, and every reader perceives it, or ought to do so, that her plain speaking is itself the result of her purity. What she has that jars on us often in her writings is not so much these things as a certain harshness, a love of the naked fact too unsparing, and a tendency to believe that what is attractive scarcely can be true. In the school of ladylike refined writing, true in its own sphere, enlivening, softening, and elevating, which deals gently with weak mortality, and reversing the saying which dissuades us from breaking a butterfly on a wheel, punishes vice with a knitting-needle—which compels into courtly phrases the swelling form and native hideousness of crime, and throws over the stern precipices and gloom-shrouded abysses of life—remorse and terror and madness—frail bridges of happy fancies and spirit-consoling hopes,—in this school we have many proficients. High in the list stands Mrs. Gaskell's own name. Her graceful fictions have power to beguile us, to cheer us, to instruct us; and if with too silver a voice she echoes the dread undertones of the mystery of sin and suffering and death, we remember that reality has more sides than one, that each side has its truth, and welcome the genius which instinctively turns to that aspect where beauty predominates, and whose darkest shades are error and frailties and penitence. But Miss Brontë had a different call: her feet were rougher shod to walk through both

life and art; and if she does not lead us through the dark caverns of life, at least she does not attempt to measure their depths with a silken thread, or hang pale lights of fancy in their mouths. As she passes over the lesser evils of life, she describes them in their native ruggedness; through the depths she steals, in general, in the silence of fortitude; and only now and then some brief cry of personal anguish rings sharp and sudden through the darkness.

It is impossible to pass from the subject of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Miss Brontë*, without some allusion to that particular feature which has of late been pressed upon the attention of the public.

It is our function to be critics, not flatterers. We have not scrupled to state freely our conviction, that this biography is too detailed a record of domestic life; that it infringes somewhat on that personal reserve and dignity of privacy, which should limit the gratification of public curiosity or public interest. We felt long ago that these and yet more powerful considerations should have checked that outspoken burst of feeling, and that direct personal indictment, which accompanied the account of Branwell Brontë's wretched fate, itself recorded with unnecessary detail. Having had no opportunity to record this impression before the late correspondence was advertised, we have no inclination to dwell on it now, or to follow the example of reading an insulting lesson to one who must already be painfully sensible of her error. If, on the other hand, we have in this paper not swelled the number of those little paragraphs which publishers delight to cull, and which have pretty well exhausted the "combinations and permutations" of the language of eulogy, it is not because we have not a deep sense of the value of a record which raises the life of the woman so high above the triumphs of the artist, or of the beauty and the skill with which that record has been framed; but because we love to believe that authors of sense and delicacy estimate indiscriminate laudation at its true worth.

Art. VII.—LORD BROUGHAM.

Works of Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France and the Royal Academy of Naples. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

It was a bold, perhaps a rash idea, to collect the writings of Henry Brougham. They were written at such distant dates;

their subjects are so various; they are often so wedged into the circumstances of an age,—that they scarcely look natural in a series of volumes. Some men, doubtless, by a strong grasp of intellect, have compacted together subjects as various; the finger-marks of a few are on all human knowledge; others, by a rare illuminative power, have lit up as many with a light that seems peculiar to themselves: *Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit* may well illustrate an *opera omnia*. But Lord Brougham has neither power; his restless genius has no claim to the still illuminating imagination; his many-handed, apprehensive intelligence is scarcely able to fuse and concentrate. Variety is his taste, and versatility his power. His career has not been quiet. For many years rushing among the details of an age, he has written as he ran. There are not many undertakings bolder than to collect the works of such a life and such a man.

The edition itself seems a good one. The volumes are convenient in size, well printed, and fairly arranged. The various writings it contains have been revised, but not over-revised, by their author. It is not, however, of the collection that we wish to speak. We would endeavour, so far as a few hasty pages may serve, to delineate the career and character of the writer. The attempt is among the most difficult. He is still among us; we have not the materials, possibly not the impartiality, of posterity. Nor have we the familiar knowledge of contemporaries; the time when Lord Brougham exerted his greatest faculties is beyond the political memory of younger men. There are no sufficient books on the events of a quarter of a century ago, we have only traditions; and this must be our excuse if we fall, or may seem to fall, into error and confusion.

The years immediately succeeding the great peace were years of sullenness and difficulty. The idea of the war had passed away; the thrill and excitement of the great struggle were no longer felt. We had maintained, with the greatest potentate of modern times, a successful contest for existence; we had our existence, but we had no more; our victory had been great, but it had no fruits. By the aid of pertinacity and capital, we had vanquished genius and valour; but no visible increase of European influence followed. Napoleon said, that Wellington had made peace as if he had been defeated. We had delivered the Continent; such was our natural idea: but the Continent went its own way. There was nothing in its state to please the every-day Englishman. There were kings and emperors; "which was very well for foreigners, they had always been like that; but it was not many kings could pay ten per cent income-tax." Absolutism, as such, cannot be popular in a free country. The Holy Alliance, which made a religion of despotism, was scarcely

to be reconciled with the British constitution. Altogether we had vanquished Napoleon, but we had no pleasure in what came after him. The cause which agitated our hearts was gone; there was no longer a noise of victories in the air; continental affairs were dead, despotic, dull; we scarcely liked to think that we had made them so; with weary dissatisfaction we turned to our own condition.

This was profoundly unsatisfactory. Trade was depressed; agriculture ruinous; the working classes disaffected. During the war, our manufacturing industry had grown most rapidly; there was a not unnatural expectation that, after a general peace, the rate of increase would be accelerated. The whole continent, it was considered, would be opened to us; Milan and Berlin decrees no longer excluded us; Napoleon did not now interpose between "the nation of shopkeepers" and its customers; now he was at St. Helena, surely those customers would buy? It was half-forgotten that they could not. The drain of capital for the war had been, at times, heavily felt in England; there had been years of poverty and discredit; still our industry had gone on, our workshops had not stopped. We had never known what it was to be the seat of war, as well as a power at war. We had never known our burdens enormously increased, just when our industry was utterly stopped; disarranged as trading credit sometimes was, it had not been destroyed. No conscription had drained us of our most efficient consumers. The Continent, south and north, had, though not every where alike, suffered all these evils; its population were poor, harassed, depressed. They could not buy our manufactures, for they had no money. The large preparations for a continental export lay on hand; our traders were angry and displeased. Nor was content to be found in the agricultural districts. During the war, the British farmer had inevitably a monopoly of this market; at the approach of peace, his natural antipathy to foreign corn influenced the legislature. The Home Secretary of the time had taken into consideration, whether 76*s.* or 80*s.* was such a remunerating price as the agriculturist should obtain, and a corn-law had passed accordingly. But no law could give the farmer famine-prices, when there was scarcity here and plenty abroad. There were riots at the passing of the "Bread-tax," as it was; in 1813, the price of corn was 120*s.*; the rural mind was sullen in 1816, when it sunk to 57*s.* The protection given, though unpopular with the poor, did not satisfy the farmer.

The lower orders in the manufacturing districts were, of necessity, in great distress. The depression of trade produced its inevitable results of closed mills and scanty employment. Wages, when they could be obtained, were very low. The artisan popu-

lation was then new to the vicissitudes of industry: how far they are, even now, instructed in the laws of trade, recent prosperity will hardly let us judge; but, at that time, they had no doubt that it was the fault of the State, and if not of particular statesmen, then of the essential institutions, that they were in want. They believed the Government ought to regulate their remuneration, and make it sufficient. During some straitened years of the war, the name of "Luddites" became known. They had principally shown their discontent by breaking certain machines, which they fancied deprived them of work. After the peace, the records of the time are full of "Spencean Philanthropists," "Hampden Clubs," and similar associations, all desiring a great reform—some of mere politics, others of the law of property and all social economy. Large meetings were every where held, something like those of the year 1839: a general insurrection, doubtless a wild dream of a few hot-brained dreamers, was fancied to have been really planned. The name "Radical" came to be associated with this discontent. The spirit which, in after-years, clamoured distinctly for the five points of the Charter, made itself heard in mutterings and threatenings.

Nor were the capitalists, who had created the new wealth, socially more at ease. Many of them, as large employers of labour, had a taste for Toryism; the rule of the people to them meant the rule of their work-people. Some of the wealthiest and most skilful became associated with the aristocracy; but it was in vain with the majority to attempt it. Between them and the possessors of hereditary wealth, there was fixed a great gulf; the contrast of habits, speech, manners, was too wide. The two might coincide in particular opinions; they might agree to support the same institutions; they might set forth, in a Conservative creed, the same form of sound words: but, though the abstract conclusions were identical, the mode of holding them—to borrow a subtlety of Father Newman's—was exceedingly different. The refined, discriminating, timorous immobility of the aristocracy was distinct from the coarse, dogmatic, keep-down-ishness of the manufacturer. Yet more marked was the contrast, when the opposite tendencies of temperament had produced, as they soon could not but do, a diversity of opinion. The case was not quite new in England. Mr. Burke spoke of the tendency of the first East Indians to Jacobinism. They could not, he said, bear that their present importance should have no proportion to their recently-acquired riches. No extravagant fortunes have, in this century, been made by Englishmen in India; but Lancashire has been a California. Families have been created there, whose names we all know, which we think of when we mention wealth; some of which are now, by lapse of time, passing into the here-

ditary caste of recognised opulence. This, however, has been a work of time; and, before it occurred, there was no such intermediate class between the new wealth and the old. "It takes," it is said that Sir Robert Peel observed, "three generations to make a gentleman." In the mean time, there was an inevitable misunderstanding; the new cloth was too coarse for the old. Besides this, many actual institutions offended the eyes of the middle class. The state of the law was opposed both to their prejudices and interests: that you could only recover your debts by spending more than the debt, was hard; and the injury was aggravated, the money was spent in "special pleading"—"in putting a plain thing so as to perplex and mislead a plain man." "Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery," as Sydney Smith expressed it, "sat heavy on mankind." The existence of slavery in our colonies, strongly supported by a strong aristocratic and parliamentary influence, offended the principles of middle-class Christianity, and the natural sentiments of simple men. The cruelty of the penal law—the punishing with death sheep-stealing and shop-lifting—jarred the humanity of that second order of English society, which, from their habits of reading and non-reading, may be called, *par excellence*, the scriptural classes. The routine harshness of a not very wise executive did not mitigate the feeling. The *modus operandi* of Government appeared coarse and oppressive.

We seemed to pay, too, a good deal for what we did not like. At the close of the war, the ten per cent income-tax was of course heavily oppressive. The public expenditure was beyond argument lavish; and it was spent in pensions, sinecures ("them idlers" in the speech of Lancashire), and a mass of sundries, that an economical man of business will scarcely admit to be necessary, and that even now, after countless prunings, produce periodically "financial reform associations," "administrative leagues," and other combinations which amply testify the enmity of thrifty efficiency to large figures and muddling management. There had remained from the eighteenth century a tradition of corruption, an impression that direct pecuniary malversation pervaded the public offices; an idea true in the days of Rigby or Bubb Dodington, but which, like many other impressions, continued to exist many years after the facts in which it originated had passed away. Government, in the hands of such a man as Lord Liverpool, was very different from Government in the hands of Sir Robert Walpole: respectability was exacted: of actual money-taking there was hardly any. Still, especially among inferior officials, there was something to shock modern purity. The size of jobs was large: if the Treasury of that time could be revived, it would be depressed at the little-

ness of whatever is perpetrated in modern administration. There were petty abuses too in the country—in municipalities—in charitable trusts—in all outlying public moneys, which seemed to the offended man of business, who saw them with his own eyes, evident instances confirming his notion of the malpractices of Downing Street. "There are only five little boys in the school of Richester; they may cost 200*l.*, and the income is 2000*l.*, and the trustees don't account for the balance; which is the way things are done in England: we keeps an aristocracy," &c. The whole of this feeling concentrated into a detestation of rotten boroughs. The very name was enough: that Lord Dovour, with two patent sinecures in the Exchequer and a good total for assisting in nothing at the Audit Office, should return two members for one house, while Birmingham, where they made buttons,—"as good buttons as there are in the world, Sir,"—returned no members at all, was an evident indication that Reform was necessary. Mr. Canning was an eloquent man; but "even *he* could not say that a decaying stump was the *people*." Gatton and Old Sarum became unpopular. The source of power seemed absurd, and the use of power was tainted. Side by side with the incipient Chartism of the Northern operative, there was growing daily more distinct and clear the Manchester philosophy, which has since expressed itself in the Anti-corn-law League, and which, for good and evil, is now an element so potent in our national life. Both creeds were forms of discontent. And the counterpoise was wanting. The English constitution has provided that there shall always be one estate raised above the storms of passion and controversy, which all parties may respect and honour. The King is to be loved. But this theory requires, for a real efficiency, that the throne be filled by such a person as can be loved. In those times it was otherwise. The nominal possessor of the crown was a very old man, whom an incurable malady had long sequestered from earthly things. The actual possessor of the royal authority was a voluptuary of overgrown person, now too old for healthy pleasure, and half-sickened himself at the corrupt pursuits in which, nevertheless, he indulged perpetually. His domestic vices had become disgracefully public. Whatever might be the truth about Queen Caroline, no one could say she had been well treated. There was no loyalty on which suffering workers, or an angry middle class, could repose: all through the realm there was a miscellaneous agitation, a vague and wandering discontent.

The official mind of the time was troubled. We have a record of its speculations in the life of Lord Sidmouth, who more than any one perhaps embodied it. He had been Speaker, and was much inclined to remedy the discontent of the middle classes by

"naming them to the House." A more conscientious man perhaps has never filled a public position. If the forms of the House of Commons had been intuitively binding, no one could have obeyed them better: the "mace" was a "counsel of perfection" to him; all disorder hateful. In the Home Office it was the same. The Luddites were people who would not obey the Speaker. Constituted authority must be enforced. The claims of a suffering multitude were not so much neglected as unappreciated. A certain illiberality, as we should now speak, pervades the whole kind of thought. The most striking feature is an indisposition, which by long indulgence has become an inability, to comprehend another person's view, to put oneself in another's mental place, to think what he thinks, to conceive what he inevitably is. Lord Sidmouth referred to the file. He found that Mr. Pitt had put down disaffection by severe measures. Accordingly, he suspended the Habeas-Corpus Act, passed six Acts, commended a Peterloo massacre, not with conscious unfeelingness, but from an absorbed officiality, from a knowledge that this was what 'the department' had done before, and an inference that this must be done again. As for the reforming ideas of the middle classes, red tape had never tied up such notions: perhaps it was the French Revolution over again: you could not tolerate *them.*

Between such a dominant mind as this, and such a subject mind as has been described, there was a daily friction. The situation afforded obvious advantages to enterprising men. Its peculiarity did not escape the shrewd eyes of John Lord Eldon. "If," said the Conservative Chancellor, "I were to begin life again, d——n my eyes, but I would begin as an agitator." Henry Brougham did so begin. During the war he had distinguished himself in the exposition of the grievances of the trading interest. Our Government had chosen a mode of carrying it on specially fitted to injure our commerce. "Napoleon had said, that no vessel should touch a British port, and then enter a French one, or one under French control. The Orders in Council said, that no vessel whatever should enter any such port without having first touched at some port of Great Britain." The natural results were the annihilation of our trade with the Continent, and a quarrel with the United States. The merchants of the country were alarmed at both consequences. Perhaps until then men hardly knew how powerful our trading classes had become. Meetings were held in populous places; petitions in great numbers—an impressive and important thing in those times—were presented. Wherever foreign commerce existed, the discontent expressed itself in murmurs. The forms of the House of Commons were far more favourable than they now are to an action from without;

and this is not unnatural, since there had been as yet but few actions from without, and it had not been necessary to have a guard against them. The petitions, as has been said, were numerous; and on the presentation of each there was a speech from the member presenting it, trying to bring on a debate, and suggesting topics which might irritate the ministry and convince the country. Mr. Brougham was always in his place.* "Hardly an hour passed without detecting some false statement or illogical argument; hardly a night passed without gaining some convert to the cause of truth." The result was decisive. "Although opposed by the whole weight of the Government both in public and out of doors; although at first vigorously resisted by the energy, the acuteness, the activity, and the expertness, which made Mr. Perceval one of the first debaters of his day; although, after his death, the father of the system, with all his fire and with his full knowledge of the subject,—nay, although" the Ministry risked their existence on the question, the victory remained with the petitioners. The Orders in Council were abolished, and the efficacy of agitation proved. "The session of 1816 offered an example yet more remarkable of the same tactics being attended with signal success. On the termination of the war, the Government were determined, instead of repealing the whole income-tax, which the law declared to be "for and during the continuance of the war, and no longer," to "retain one-half of it." "As soon as this intention was announced, several meetings were held." Some petitions were presented. Mr. Brougham declared that, if the motion "were pressed on Thursday, he should avail himself of the forms of the House." Of course the unpopularity of paying money was decisive: the income-tax fell. The same faculty of aggression, which had been so successful in these instances, was immediately so applied as to give voice to the sullenness of the country; to express forms of discontent as real, though not with an object as determinate. Mr. Brougham did not understate his case: "There is one branch of the subject which I shall pass over altogether,—I mean the *amount* of the distresses which are now universally admitted to prevail over almost every part of the empire. Upon this topic all men are agreed; the statements connected with it are as unquestionable as they are afflicting." Nor did he shrink from detail. "I shall suppose," he observed to the House, "a farm of 400 acres of fair good land, yielding a rent of from 500*l.* to 600*l.* a-year." "It will require a four years' course,—200 acres being in corn, 100 in fallow, and 100 in hay and grass;" and he seems to prove that

* This and the following quotations are from the Speeches of Lord Brougham and the Introduction to them, published in 1838; the latter were written by himself.

at least it *ought* not to answer, "independently of the great rise in lime and all sorts of manure." The commercial mania of the time takes its turn in the description. "After the cramped state in which the enemy's measures and our own retaliation (as we termed it) had kept our trade for some years, when the events of spring 1814 suddenly opened the Continent, a rage for exporting goods of every kind burst forth, only to be explained by reflecting on the previous restrictions we had been labouring under, and only to be equalled (though not in extent) by some of the mercantile delusions connected with South American speculations. Every thing that could be shipped was sent off; all the capital that could be laid hold of was embarked. The frenzy, I can call it nothing less, after the experience of 1806 and 1810, descended to persons in the humblest circumstances, and the farthest removed, by their pursuits, from commercial cares. It may give the committee some idea of this disease, if I state what I know to have happened in one or two places. Not only clerks and labourers, but menial servants, engaged the little sums which they had been laying up for a provision against old age and sickness; persons went round tempting them to adventure in the trade to Holland, and Germany, and the Baltic; they risked their mite in the hopes of boundless profits; it went with the millions of the more regular traders: the bubble soon burst, like its predecessors of the South Sea, the Mississippi, and Buenos Ayres; English goods were selling for much less in Holland and the north of Europe, than in London and Manchester; in most places they were lying a dead weight without any sale at all; and either no returns whatever were received, or pounds came back for thousands that had gone forth. The great speculators broke; the middling ones lingered out a precarious existence, deprived of all means of continuing their dealings either at home or abroad; the poorer dupes of the delusion had lost their little hoards, and went upon the parish the next mishap that befel them; but the result of the whole has been much commercial distress—a caution now absolutely necessary in trying new adventures—a prodigious diminution in the demand for manufactures, and indirectly a serious defalcation in the effectual demand for the produce of land." Next year he described as the worst season ever known. The year 1812, a year before esteemed one of much suffering, rose in comparison to one of actual prosperity. He began with the "clothing, a branch of trade which, from accidental circumstances, is not as depressed as our other great staples;" he passed to the iron trade, &c. &c. He dilated on the distress, the discontent, and suffering of the people. Of course the Government were to blame. He moved that the "unexampled" difficulties of trade and manufactures were "materially increased by the po-

licy pursued with respect to our foreign commerce,—that the continuance of these difficulties is in a great degree owing to the severe pressure of taxation under which the country labours, and which ought by every practicable means to be lightened,—that the system of foreign policy pursued by his Majesty's ministers has not been such as to obtain for the people of this country those commercial advantages which the influence of Great Britain in foreign countries fairly entitled them to expect." As became a pupil of the Edinburgh University, Mr. Brougham was not averse to political economy. He was ready to discuss the theory of rent or the corn-laws. He made a speech, which he relates as having had a greater success than any other which he made in Parliament, in support of Mr. Calcraft's amendment, to "substitute 192,638*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* for 385,276*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, the estimate for the household troops." Foreign policy was a favourite topic. Almost unsupported, as he said some years after, he attacked the Holy Alliance. Looking back through the softening atmosphere of reminiscence, he almost seems to have a kindness for Lord Castlereagh. He remembers with pleasure the utter "courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering any thing but the meanest matter, expressed in the most wretched language;" nor has he "forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the fire of the Whig Opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries had been bold and rash enough to advance." But the "Mr. Brougham" of that time showed no admiration; no denunciations were stronger than his; no sarcasm impinged more deeply; if the "noble lord in the blue ribbon" wished any one out of the House, the "man from the Northern Circuit" was probably that one. Kings and emperors met with little mercy: and later years have shown how little was merited by the petty absolutism and unthinking narrowness of that time. That Mr. Brougham indissolubly connected the education movement with his name every body knows; but scarcely any one remembers how unpopular that movement was. Mr. Windham had said, some years before, "That the diffusion of knowledge was proper might be supported by many good arguments; but he confessed he was a sceptic on that point. It was said, Look at the state of the savages as com-

pared with ours. A savage among savages was *very well*, and the difference was only perceived when he came to be introduced into civilised society." "His friend, Dr. Johnson, was of opinion, that it was not right to teach reading beyond a certain extent in society." The same feeling continued. Mr. Peel, in his blandest tones, attacked the education committee. Lord Stowell, not without sagacity, observed, "If you provide a larger amount of highly-cultivated talent than there is a demand for, the surplus is very likely to turn sour." Such were the sentiments of some of the best scholars of that era; and so went all orthodox sentiment. That education was the same as republicanism, and republicanism as infidelity, half the curates believed. But in spite of all this opposition, perhaps with more relish on account of it, Mr. Brougham was ever ready. He was a kind of prophet of knowledge. His voice was heard in the streets. He preached the gospel of the alphabet; he sang the praises of the primer all the day long. "Practical observations," "discourses," "speeches," exist, terrible to all men now. To the kind of education then advocated there may be objections. We may object to the kind of "knowledge" then most sought after; but there can be no doubt that those who then laboured in its behalf must be praised for having inculcated, in the horrid heat of the day, as a boring paradox what is now a boring commonplace. Our space would fail us if we were to attempt to recount his labours on the slavery question, on George IV. and Queen Caroline, or his hundred encounters with the routine statesmen. The series commenced at the Peace; but it continued for many years. Is not its history written in the chronicles of Parliament? You must turn the leaves—no unpleasant reading—of those old debates, and observe how often Mr. Brougham's name occurs, and on what cumbrous subjects, before you can estimate the frequency of his attacks and the harassing harshness of his labour. One especial subject was his more than any other man's—Law reform. He had Romilly and Mackintosh as fellow-labourers in the amelioration of the penal code; he had their support, and that of some others, in his incessant narrations of the grievances of individuals, and denunciations of the unfeeling unthinkingness of our Home administration; but no man grappled so boldly—we had almost said so coarsely—with the crude complexities of our civil jurisprudence: a rougher nature, a more varied knowledge of action than we must expect of philanthropists were needed for that task. The subject was most difficult to deal with. The English commerce and civilisation had grown up in the meshes of a half-feudal code, further complicated with the curious narrowness and spirit of chicane which haunt every where the law-courts of early times. The technicality which

produced the evil made the remedy more difficult. There was no general public opinion on the manner of reform; the public felt the evil, but no one could judge of the efficacy of a remedy, save persons studious in complicated learning, who would hardly be expected to show how that learning could be rendered useless, —hardly, indeed, to imagine a world in which it did not exist. The old creed, that these ingenious abuses were the last "perfection of reason," still lingered. It must give Lord Brougham some pride to reflect how many of the improvements which he was the first to popularise, if not to suggest, have been adopted, —how many old abuses of detail, which he first indicated to Parliament, exist no longer,—how many more are now admitted by every body to be abuses, though the mode of abolition is contested. The speech on Law reform, which he published in the collected edition of his speeches, is nearly a summary of all that has been done or suggested in common or civil law reform for the last thirty years. The effect which so bold an attack on so many things by a single person produced in that conservative time was prodigious. "There never was such a nuisance as the man is," said an old lawyer whom we knew; and he expressed the feeling of his profession. If we add, that beside all these minor reforms and secondary agitations, Mr. Brougham was a bold advocate of Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform—the largest heresies of that epoch—we may begin to understand the sarcasm of Mr. Canning: "The honourable and learned gentleman having, in the course of his parliamentary life, supported or proposed *almost every species of innovation* which could be practised on the constitution, it was not very easy for Ministers to do any thing without seeming to borrow from him. Break away in what direction they would, whether to the right or to the left, it was all alike. 'Oh,' said the honourable gentleman, 'I was there before you; you would not have thought of that if I had not given you a hint.' In the reign of Queen Anne, there was a sage and grave critic of the name of Dennis, who in his old age got it into his head that he had written all the good plays which were acted at that time. At last a tragedy came forth with a most imposing display of hail and thunder. At the first peal, Dennis exclaimed: 'That is my thunder!' So with the honourable and learned gentleman; there was no noise astir for the good of mankind in any part of the world, but he instantly claimed it for his thunder." We may have wearied our readers with these long references to old conflicts, but it was necessary. We are familiar with the aberrations of the ex-Chancellor; we forget how bold, how efficacious, how varied was the activity of Henry Brougham.

There are several qualities in his genius which make such a

life peculiarly suited to him. The first of these is an aggressive impulsive disposition. Most people may admit that the world goes ill; old abuses seem to exist, questionable details to abound. Hardly any one thinks that any thing may not be made better. But how to improve the world, to repair the defects, is a difficulty. Immobility is a part of man. A sluggish conservatism is the basis of our English nature. "*Learn*, my son," said the satirist, "to bear tranquilly the calamities of others." We easily learn it. Most men have a line of life, and it imposes certain duties which they fulfil; but they cannot be induced to start out of that line. We dwell in "a firm basis of content." "Let the mad world go its own way, for it will go its own way." There is no doctrine of the English Church more agreeable to our instinctive taste than that which forbids all works of supererogation. "You did a thing without being obliged," said an eminent Statesman; "then that must be wrong." We travel in the track. Lord Brougham is the opposite of this. It is not difficult to him to attack abuses. The more difficult thing for him would be to live in a world without abuses. An intense excitability is in his nature. He must "go off." He is eager to reform corruption, and rushes out to refute error. A tolerant placidity is altogether denied to him.

And not only is this excitability eager, it is many-sided. The men who have in general exerted themselves in labours for others, have generally been rather of a brooding nature; certain ideas, views, and feelings have impressed themselves on them in solitude; they come forth with them among the crowd: but they have no part in its diversified life. They are almost irritated by it. They have no conception except of their cause; they are abstracted in one thought, pained with the dizziness of a heated idea. There is nothing of this in Brougham. He is excited by what he sees. The stimulus is from without. He saw the technicalities of the Law-courts; observed a charitable trustee misusing the charity moneys; perceived that George IV. oppressed Queen Caroline; went to Old Sarum. He is not absorbed in a creed: he is pricked by facts. Accordingly his activity is miscellaneous. The votary of a doctrine is concentrated, for the logical consequences of a doctrine are limited. But an open-minded man, who is aroused by what he sees, quick at discerning abuses, ready to reform any thing which he thinks goes wrong,—will never have done acting. The details of life are endless, and each of them may go wrong in a hundred ways.

Another faculty of Brougham (in metaphysics it is perhaps but a phase of the same) is the faculty of easy anger. The supine placidity of civilisation is not favourable to animosity. A

placid Conservative is perhaps a little pleased that the world is going a *little* ill. Lord Brougham does not feel this. Like an Englishman on the Continent, he is ready to blow up any one. He is a Jonah of detail; he is angry at the dust of life, and wroth with the misfeasances of *employés*. The most reverberating of bastinadoes is the official mind basted by Brougham. You did *this* wrong; why did you omit *that?* document C ought to be on the third file; paper D is wrongly docketed in the ninth file. Red tape will scarcely succeed when it is questioned; you should take it as Don Quixote did his helmet, without examination, for a most excellent helmet. A vehement industrious man proposing to untie papers and not proposing to spare errors is the terror of a respectable administrator. "Such an unpracticable man, Sir, interfering with the *office*, attacking private character, messing in what cannot concern him." These are the jibes which attend an irritable anxiety for the good of others. They have attended Lord Brougham through life. He has enough of misanthropy to be a philanthropist.

How much of this is temper, and how much public spirit, it is not for any one to attempt to say. That a natural pleasure in wrath is part of his character, no one who has studied the career of Brougham can doubt. But no fair person can doubt either that he has shown on many great occasions—and, what is more, on many petty occasions—a rare zeal for the public welfare. He may not be capable of the settled calm by which the world is best administered. There is a want of consistency in his goodness, of concentration in his action. The gusts of passion pass over him, and he is gone for a time you can scarcely say where. But though he is the creature of impulse, his impulses are often generous and noble ones. No one would do what he has done, no one could have the intense motive power to do what he has done, without a large share of diffused unselfishness. The irritation of the most acute excitability would not suffice. It is almost an axiom in estimates of human nature, that in its larger operations all that nature must concur. Doubtless there is a thread of calculation in the midst of his impulses; no man rises to be lord-chancellor without, at least in lulls and intervals of impulse, a most discriminating and careful judgment of men and things and chances. But after every set-off and abatement, and without any softening of unamiable indications, there will yet remain—and a long series of years will continue to admire it—an eager principle of disinterested action.

Lord Brougham's intellectual powers were as fitted for the functions of a miscellaneous agitator as his moral character. The first of these, perhaps, is a singular faculty of conspicuous labour. In general, the work of agitation proceeds in this way:

a conspicuous, fascinating popular orator is ever on the surface, ever ready with appropriate argument, making motions, attracting public attention; beneath and out of sight are innumerable workers and students, unfit for the public eye, getting up the facts, elaborating conclusions, supplying the conspicuous orator with the *data* on which he lives. There is a perpetual controversy, when the narrative of the agitation comes to be written, whether the merit of what is achieved belongs to the skilful advocate who makes a subtle use of what is provided for him, or the laborious inferiors and juniors who compose the brief and set in order the evidence. For all that comes before the public, Lord Brougham has a wonderful power; he can make motions, addresses, orations, when you wish and on what you wish. He is like a machine for moving amendments. He can keep at work any number of persons under him. Every agitation has a tendency to have an office; some league, some society, some body of labourers must work regularly at its details. Mr. Brougham was able to rush hither and thither through a hundred such kinds of men, and gather up the whole stock of the most recent information, the extreme decimals of the statistics, and diffuse them immediately with eager comment to a listening world. This may not, indeed is not, the strictest and most straining kind of labour; the anxious, wearing, verifying, self-imposed scrutiny of scattered and complicated details is a far more exhausting task; it is this which makes the eye dim and the face pale and the mind heavy. The excitement of a multifarious agitation will carry the energies through much; the last touches, and it is these which exhaust, need not be put on any one subject. Yet, after all deductions, such a career requires a quantity far surpassing all that most men have of life and *verve* and mind.

Another advantage of Lord Brougham, is his extreme readiness; what he can do, he can do at a moment's notice. He has always had this power. Lord Holland, in his Memoirs referring to transactions which took place many years ago, gives an illustration of it. "The management of our press," he is speaking of the question of the general election of 1807, "fell into the hands of Mr. Brougham. With that active and able individual I had become acquainted through Mr. Allen in 1805. At the formation of Lord Grenville's ministry, he had written, at my suggestion, a pamphlet called the *State of the Nation*. He subsequently accompanied Lord Rosslyn to Lisbon. His early connection with the Abolitionists had familiarised him with the means of circulating political papers, and given him some weight with those best qualified to co-operate in such an undertaking. His extensive knowledge, his extraordinary readiness, his assi-

duity and habits of composition, enabled him to correct some articles, and to furnish a prodigious number himself. With partial and scanty assistance from Mr. Allen, myself, and one or two more, he in the course of a few days filled every bookseller's shop with pamphlets,—most London newspapers, and all country ones without exception, with paragraphs,—and supplied a large portion of the boroughs throughout the kingdom with handbills adapted to the local interests of the candidates, and all tending to enforce the conduct, elucidate the measures, or expose the adversaries of the Whigs."

Another power which was early remarked of Brougham, and which is as necessary as any to an important leader in great movements, is a skilful manipulation of men. Sir James Mackintosh noted in his Journal on the 30th of January 1818: "The address and insinuation of Brougham are so great, that nothing but the bad temper which he cannot always hide could hinder him from mastering every body as he does Romilly. He *leads* others to his opinion; he generally appears at first to concur with theirs, and never more than half opposes it at once. This management is helped by an air of easy frankness that would lay suspicion itself asleep. He will place himself at the head of an opposition among whom he is unpopular; he will conquer the House of Commons, who hate, but now begin to fear him." An observer of faces would fancy he noted in Lord Brougham this pliant astuteness marred by ill-temper. It has marked his career.

Another essential quality in multifarious agitation is an extreme versatility. No one can deny Lord Brougham this. An apparently close observer has described him: "Take the routine of a day, for instance. In his early life he has been known to attend, in his place in Court, on circuit, at an early hour in the morning. After having successfully pleaded the cause of his client, he drives off to the hustings, and delivers, at different places, eloquent and spirited speeches to the electors. He then sits down in the retirement of his closet to pen an address to the Glasgow students, perhaps, or an elaborate article in the *Edinburgh Review*. The active labours of the day are closed with preparation for the Court business of the following morning; and then, in place of retiring to rest, as ordinary men would after such exertions, he spends the night in abstruse study, or in social intercourse with some friend from whom he has been long separated. Yet he would be seen, as early as eight on the following morning, actively engaged in the Court, in defence of some unfortunate object of government persecution; astonishing the auditory, and his fellow-lawyers no less, with the freshness and power of his eloquence. A fair contrast with this history of

a day, in early life, would be that of one at a more advanced period; say, in the year 1832. A watchful observer might see the new Lord Chancellor seated in the Court over which he presided, from an early hour in the morning until the afternoon, listening to the arguments of counsel, and mastering the points of cases with a grasp of mind that enabled him to give those speedy and unembarrassed judgments that have so injured him with the profession. If he followed his course, he would see him, soon after the opening of the House of Lords, addressing their lordships on some intricate question of law, with an acuteness that drew down approbation even from his opponents; or, on some all-engrossing political topic, casting firebrands into the camp of the enemy, and awakening them from the complacent repose of conviction to the hot contests with more active and inquiring intellects. Then, in an hour or so, he might follow him to the Mechanics' Institution, and hear an able and stimulating discourse on education, admirably adapted to the peculiar capacity of his auditors; and towards ten, perhaps, at a Literary and Scientific Institution in Marylebone, the same Proteus-like intellect might be found expounding the intricacies of physical science with a never-tiring and elastic power. Yet, during all those multitudinous exertions, time would be found for the composition of a discourse on Natural Theology, that bears no marks of haste or excitement of mind, but presents as calm a face as though it had been the laborious production of a contemplative philosopher." We may differ in our estimate of the *quality* of these various efforts; but no one can deny to him who was capable of them a great share in what Adam Smith mentioned as one of the most important facilities to the intellectual labourer, —a quickness in "changing his hand."

Nor would any of these powers be sufficient, without that which is, in some sense, the principle of them all—an enterprising intellect. In the present day this is among the rarest gifts. The speciality of pursuits is attended with a timidity of mind. Each subject is given up to men who cultivate it, and it only; who are familiar with its niceties, and absorbed in its details. There is no one who dares to look at the whole. "I have taken *all* knowledge to be my province," said Lord Bacon. The notion, and still more the expression, of it seems ridiculous now. The survey of each plot in the world of knowledge is becoming more complete. We shall have a plan of each soon, on a seven-inch scale; but we are losing the picturesque pictures of the outside and surface of knowledge in the survey of its whole. We have the petty survey, as we say, but no chart, no globe of the entire world; no bold sketch of its obvious phenomena, as they strike the wayfarer and impress themselves on the imagination. The

man of the speciality cannot describe the large outlines; he is too close upon the minutiæ; he does not know the relations of other knowledge, and no one else dares to infringe on his province —on the "study of his life"—for fear of committing errors in detail which he alone knows, and which he may expose. Lord Brougham has nothing of this cowardice. He is ready to give, in their boldest and most general form, the rough outlines of knowledge as they strike the man of the world, occupied in its affairs and familiar with its wishes. He is not cooped up in a single topic, and he has no dread of those who are. He may fall into error, but he exhibits a subject as it is seen by those who know other subjects, by a man who knows the world; he at least attempts an embracing conception of his topic, he makes you feel its connection with reality and affairs. He has exhibited this virtue at all stages of his career, but it was most valuable in his earlier time. There is no requisite so important as intellectual courage in one who seeks to improve all things in all ways.

His oratory also suits the character of the hundred-subject agitator well. It is rough-and-ready. It abounds in sarcasm, in vituperation, in aggression. It does not shrink from detail. It would batter any thing at any moment. We may think as we will on its merits as a work of art, but no one can deny its exact adaptation to a versatile and rushing agitator—to a Tribune of detail.

The deficiencies of Brougham's character—in some cases they seem but the unfavourable aspect of its excellencies—were also fitted for his first career. The first of these, to say it in a sentence, is the want of a thinking intellect. A miscellaneous agitator must be ready to catch at any thing, to attack every thing, to blame any one. This is not the life for a mind of anxious deliberation. The patient philosopher, who is cautious in his positions, dubious of his data, slow in his conclusions, must fail at once. He would be investigating while he should attack, inquiring while he should speak. He could not state upon a chance; the moment of action would be gone. A sanguine and speedy intellect, ready to acquire by its very idea, all but excludes the examining, scrupulous, hesitating intellect which reflects.

Nor would a man of very sensitive judgment endure such a career. An agitator must err by excess; a delicate nature errs by defects. There is a certain coarseness in the abusive breed. A Cleon should not feel failure. No man has ever praised very highly Lord Brougham's judgment; but to have exceedingly improved it would perhaps have impaired his earlier utility. You might as fitly employ some delicate lady as a rough-rider, as a man of a poising refining judgment in the task of a grievance-stater.

Harsh nerves, too, are no disadvantage. Perhaps they are essential. Very nice nerves would shrink from a scattered and jangled life. Three days out of six the sensitive frame would be jarred, the agitator would be useless. It is possible, indeed, to imagine that in a single noble cause something that would light up the imagination, that would move the inner soul, a temperament the most delicate, a frame that is most poetic, might well be interested absorbingly. A little of such qualities may be essential. The apostle of a creed must have the nature to comprehend that creed; his fancy must take it in, his feelings realise it, his nature absorb it. To move the finer nature, you need the deeper nature. Perhaps even in a meaner cause, in something which should take a hold on the moving mob, sway the masses, rule the popular fancy, rough as the task of the mob-orator is, you require the delicate imagination. One finds some trace of it—still more of what is its natural accompaniment, a sweet nature—buried in the huge frame and coarse exterior of O'Connell. No unpoetic heart could touch the Irish people. Lord Brougham is prose itself. He was described, many years ago, as excelling all men in a knowledge of the course of exchange. "He is," continued the satirist, "apprised of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull but he has the notice of the bill of lading." To explain the grievances of men of business needs no poetic nature. It scarcely needs the highest powers of invective. There is something nearly ridiculous in being the "Mirabeau of sums."

There is a last quality, which is difficult to describe in the language of books, but which Lord Brougham excels in, and which has perhaps been of more value to him than all his other qualities put together. In the speech of ordinary men it is called "devil;" persons instructed in the German language call it "the dæmonic element." What it is one can hardly express in a single sentence. It is most easily explained by physiognomy. There is a glare in some men's eyes which seems to say, "Beware, I am dangerous; *noli me tangere.*" Lord Brougham's face has this. A mischievous excitability is the most obvious expression of it. If he were a horse, nobody would buy him; with that eye, no one could answer for his temper. Such men are often not really resolute; but they are not pleasant to be near in a difficulty. They have an aggressive eagerness which is formidable. They would kick against the pricks sooner than not kick at all. A little of the demon is excellent for an agitator.

His peculiar adaptation to his peculiar career raised Mr. Brougham, in a few years, to a position such as few men have ever obtained in England—such as no other man perhaps has attained by popular agitation. When he became member for

Yorkshire, in 1830, he was a power in the country. The cause which he was advocating had grown of itself. The power of the middle classes, especially of the commercial classes, had increased. Lord Eldon was retiring. Lord Sidmouth had retired. What we now call liberality was coming into fashion. Men no longer regarded the half-feudal constitution as a "form of thought." Argument was at least thought fair. And this seems likely and natural. No one can wonder that the influence of men of business grew with the development of business, and that they adopted the plain, straightforward, cautious creed, which we now know to be congenial to them. It is much more difficult to explain how reform became a passion. The state of the public mind during the crisis of the Reform Bill is one which those who cannot remember it cannot understand. The popular enthusiasm, the intense excitement, the rush of converts, the union of rectors and squires with those against whom they had respectively so long preached and sworn, the acclamation for the "whole bill and nothing but the bill," are become utterly strange. As the first French Assembly in a single night abolished with public outcry the essential abuses of the old *régime*, so our fathers at once, and with enthusiasm, abolished the close boroughs and the old representation, the lingering abuses of half-feudal England. The present Frenchmen are said not to comprehend the 4th of August: we can hardly understand the year '32. An apathy has fallen upon us. But we can nevertheless, and without theorising, comprehend what an advantage such an enthusiasm was to the Liberals of that time. Most Whig ministries have been like Low-Church bishops. There is a feeling that the advocates of liberty ought scarcely to coerce; they have ruled, but they seem to deny the succession by which they ruled; they have been distrusted by a vague and half-conservative sentiment. In the tumult of 1832 all such feelings were carried away. Toryism was abolished with delight.

Mr. Brougham was among the first to share the advantage. There is a legend, that in the first Whig ministry Lord Brougham was offered the post of Attorney-general, and that he only replied by disdainfully tearing up the letter containing the offer. Whether the anecdote be literally true or not, we cannot say. The first of the modern Whig Ministries is in the post-historical period. We have not yet enough of contemporary evidence to be sure of its details: years must pass before the memoir-writers can accumulate. But in spirit the tale is doubtless accurate. Lord Grey did not wish to make Mr. Brougham Lord-Chancellor, and Mr. Brougham refused any inferior place as beneath his merits and his influence. The first Whig ministry were, indeed, in a position of some difficulty. The notion that a successful Opposition, as such, should take the reins of administration, has

been much derided: "Sir," said a sceptic on this part of constitutional government, "I would as soon choose for a new coachman the man who shied stones best at my old one!" And, without going the length of such critics, it must be allowed that the theory may produce odd results, when the persons summoned by their victory to assume office have been for many years in opposition. The party cannot have acquired official habits; the traditions of business cannot be known to them; their long course of opposition will have forced into leadership men hardly fitted for placid government. There is said to have been much of this feeling when Lord Grey's Ministry were installed; it seemed as if that "old favourite of the public," Mr. Buckstone, were called to license plays. Grave Englishmen doubted the gravity of the administration. To make Lord Brougham Chancellor was, therefore, particularly inconvenient. He was too mobile: you could not fancy him droning. He had attacked Lord Eldon during many years, of course; but did he know law? He was a most active person; but would he sit *still* upon the woolsack? Of his inattention to his profession men circulated idle tales. "Pity he hadn't known a little law, and then he would have known a little of every thing," was the remark of one who certainly only knows one thing. A more circumstantial person recounted that, when Brougham had been a pupil of Sir Nicholas Tindal, in the Temple, an uncle of his, having high hopes of his ability, asked the latter: "I hope my nephew is giving himself up, soul and body, to his profession?" "I do not know any thing," replied the distinct special-pleader, "as to his *soul*, but his body is very seldom in my chambers." Putting aside with contempt this surface of tales, it could not be denied that Mr. Brougham's practice at the bar,—large and lucrative as it was—immense as was the energy required to maintain it at the same time with his other labours,—had yet not shown him to possess the finest discretion, the most delicate tact of the advocate. Mr. Scarlett stole verdicts away from him. "He strikes hard, Sir," said an attorney; "but he strikes wrong." The appointment scarcely strengthened the Ministry of the time. Mr. Brougham was a hero; Lord Brougham was "a necessity." It was like Mr. Disraeli being Chancellor of the Exchequer.

After the lapse of years, and with the actual facts before us, it is not difficult to see how far these anticipations have been falsified, and how far they have been justified by the result. All the notions as to Lord Brougham's ignorance of law may at once be discarded. A man of his general culture and vigorous faculties, with a great memory and much experience in forensic business, is no more likely to be ignorant of the essential bookwork of law than a tailor to be ignorant of scissors and seams. A man

in business must be brought in contact with it; a man of mind cannot help grasping it. No one now questions that Lord Brougham was and is a lawyer of adequate attainments. But, at the same time, the judgments which supply the conclusive proof of this—the complete refutation of earlier cavillers—also would lead us to deny him the praise of an absolutely judicial intellect. Great judges may be divided into two classes,—judges for the parties, and judges for the lawyers. The first class of these are men who always decide the particular case before them rightly; who have a nice insight into all that concerns it, are acute discerners of fact, accurate weighers of testimony, just discriminators of argument. Lord Lyndhurst is perhaps as great a judge in this kind as it is easy to fancy. If a wise man had a good cause, he would prefer its being tried before Lyndhurst to its being tried before any one else. For the "parties," if they were to be considered in litigation, no more would be needed. By law-students, however, and for the profession, something more is desired. They like to find, in a judicial decision, not only a correct adjustment of the particular dispute in Court, but also an ample exposition of principles applicable to other disputes. The judge who is peculiarly exact in detecting the precise peculiarities of the case before him, will be very apt to decide only what is essential to, absolutely needed by, that case. His delicate discrimination will see that nothing else is necessary; he will not bestow conclusions on after-generations; he will let posterity decide its own controversies. A judge of different kind has a professional interest in what comes before him: it is in his eyes not a pitiful dispute whether A or B is entitled to a miserable field, but a glorious opportunity of deciding some legal controversy on which he has brooded for years, and on which he has a ready-made conclusion. Accordingly, his judgments are in the nature of essays. They are, in one sense, applicable to the matter in hand—they decide it correctly; but they go so much into the antecedents of the controversy—give so much of principle—that the particular facts seem a little lost: the general doctrine fills the attention. No one can read a judgment of the late Lord Cottenham without feeling that it fixed the law on the matter in hand upon a defined basis for future years; very likely he finds an authority for the case which has occurred in his practice: he does not stay to inquire whether the litigants appreciated the learning; perhaps they did not—possibly they would have preferred that a more exclusive prominence should be given to themselves. Now Lord Brougham has neither of these qualities; his intellect wants the piercing precision which distinguishes the judge—the unerring judge—of the case then present; and, though competently learned,

he has never been absorbed in his profession as a judge of "principle" almost always must be. A man cannot provide a dogma suiting all the cases of the past, and deciding all the cases for the future, without years of patient reflection. His mind must be stored with doctrines. No one can fancy this of Lord Brougham. He is not to be thought of as giving still attention to technical tenets, years of brooding consideration to an abstract jurisprudence. Accordingly, though an adequate, and, in his time—for his speed cleared off arrears—a most useful judge, he cannot be said to attain the first rank in the judicial scale; and such we believe is the estimation of the world.

Of the political duties of the Chancellor, and Lord Brougham's performance of them, it is not easy to speak. Many of them are necessarily secret; and the history of those times cannot yet be written. That he showed wonderful energy, zeal, and power, no one can doubt; nor that the essential defects of his character soon showed him but little qualified for an administrator. In the year 1802, Francis Horner anticipated, that if "an active career were opened to Brougham, he would show a want of prudence and moderation;" and it is curious to read, as a commentary on it, what the Duke of Wellington wrote to Sir R. Peel, on the 15th November 1835: "His Majesty mentioned that Lord Brougham* had threatened he would not put the great seal to a Commission to prorogue the Parliament;" and afterwards correcting himself: "It appears that Lord Brougham did not make the threat that he would not prorogue the Parliament, but that Lord Melbourne said he was in such a state of excitement that he might take that course." We must wait for Lord Brougham's memoirs before we know the exact history of that time; but all the glimpses we get of it show the same picture of wildness and eccentricity.

The times—the most nearly revolutionary times which England has long seen—were indeed likely to try an excitable temperament to the utmost; but at the same time they afforded scope to a brilliant manager of men, which only such critical momentary conjunctions can do. Mr. Roebuck gives a curious instance of this:

"The necessity of a dissolution had long been foreseen, and decided on by the ministers; but the king had not yet been persuaded to consent to so bold a measure; and now the two chiefs of the administration were about to intrude themselves into the royal closet, not only to advise and ask for a dissolution, but to request the king on the sudden—on this very day, and within a few hours—to go down and put an end to his parliament in the midst of the session, and with all the ordinary

* The editors of Sir R. Peel's Memoirs have left this name in blank; but if they had wished it not to be known, they should have suppressed the passage. Every body knows who held the great seal at that time.

business of the session yet unfinished. The bolder mind of the chancellor took the lead, and Lord Grey anxiously solicited him to *manage* the king on the occasion. So soon as they were admitted, the chancellor, with some care and circumlocution, propounded to the king the object of the interview they had sought. The startled monarch no sooner understood the drift of the chancellor's somewhat periphrastic statement, than he exclaimed in wonder and amazement against the very idea of such a proceeding. 'How is it possible, my lords, that I can after this fashion repay the kindness of parliament to the queen and myself? They have just granted me a most liberal civil-list, and to the queen a splendid annuity in case she survives me.' The chancellor confessed that they had, as regarded his Majesty, been a liberal and wise parliament, but said that nevertheless their further existence was incompatible with the peace and safety of the kingdom. Both he and Lord Grey then strenuously insisted upon the absolute necessity of their request, and gave his majesty to understand, that this advice was by his ministers unanimously resolved on; and that they felt themselves unable to conduct the affairs of the country in the present condition of the parliament. This last statement made the king feel that a general resignation would be the consequence of a further refusal; of this, in spite of his secret wishes, he was at the moment really afraid, and therefore he, by employing petty excuses, and suggesting small and temporary difficulties, soon began to show that he was about to yield. 'But, my lords, nothing is prepared; the great officers of state are not summoned.' 'Pardon me, sir,' said the chancellor, bowing with profound apparent humility, 'we have taken the great liberty of giving them to understand that your Majesty commanded their attendance at the proper hour.' 'But, my lords, the crown, and the robes, and other things needed, are not prepared.' 'Again I most humbly entreat your majesty's pardon for my boldness,' said the chancellor; 'they are all prepared and ready,—the proper officers being desired to attend in proper form and time.' 'But, my lords,' said the king, reiterating the form in which he put his objection, 'you know the thing is wholly impossible; the guards, the troops, have had no orders, and cannot be ready in time.' This objection was in reality the most formidable one. The orders to the troops on such occasions emanate always directly from the king, and no person but the king can in truth command them for such service; and as the prime minister and daring chancellor well knew the nature of royal susceptibility on such matters, they were in no slight degree doubtful and anxious as to the result. The chancellor therefore, with some real hesitation, began again as before, 'Pardon me, sir, we know how bold the step is that, presuming on your great goodness, and your anxious desire for the safety of your kingdom, and happiness of your people, we have presumed to take. I have given orders, and the troops are ready.' The king started in serious anger, flamed red in the face, and burst forth with, 'What, my lords, have you dared to act thus? Such a thing was never heard of. You, my lord chancellor, ought to know that such an act is treason, high treason, my lord.' 'Yes, sir,' said the chancellor, 'I do

know it; and nothing but my thorough knowledge of your Majesty's goodness, of your paternal anxiety for the good of your people, and my own solemn belief that the safety of the state depends upon this day's proceedings, could have emboldened me to the performance of so unusual, and, in ordinary circumstances, so improper a proceeding. In all humility I submit myself to your Majesty, and am ready in my own person to bear all the blame, and receive all the punishment which your Majesty may deem needful; but I again entreat your Majesty to listen to us and to follow our counsel, and as you value the security of your crown and the peace of your realms, to yield to our most earnest solicitations.' After some further expostulations by both his ministers, the king cooled down and consented. Having consented, he became anxious that every thing should be done in the proper manner, and gave minute directions respecting the ceremonial. The speech to be spoken by him at the prorogation was ready prepared and in the chancellor's pocket. To this he agreed, desired that every body might punctually attend, and dismissed his ministers for the moment with something between a menace and a joke upon the audacity of their proceeding."

With the fall of Lord Melbourne's first administration terminated Lord Brougham's administrative career. As every one knows, on the defeat of Sir Robert Peel and the subsequent return of the Whigs to power, he was not invited to resume office. Since that time,—for now more than twenty years,—he has had to lead the life, in general the most trying to political reputation, perhaps to real character, and more than any other alien to the character of his mind and the tendencies of his nature. We have had many recent instances how difficult it is to give what is variously termed an "independent support," and a "friendly opposition," to a government of which you approve the general tendencies, but are inclined to criticise the particular measures. The Peelites and Lord John Russell have for several years been in general in this position, and generally with a want of popular sympathy. As they agree with the Government in principle, they cannot take, by way of objection, what the country considers broad points; their suggestions of detail seem petty and trivial to others,—the public hardly think of such things; but men who have long considered a subject, who have definite ideas and organised plans, can scarcely help feeling an eager interest in the smallest minutiæ of the mode of dealing with it: sometimes they discern a real importance undiscerned by those less attentive; more commonly, perhaps, they fancy there is something peculiarly felicitous in contrivances settled by themselves and congenial to their habits or their notions. Lord Brougham was in a position to feel this peculiarly. The various ideas which he had struggled for in earlier life were successful one by one; the hundred reforms he suggested were carried; the hundred abuses he had denounced were abolished. The world which *was*, was changed

to the world which *is;* but it was not changed by him. That he should have been favourably disposed to the existing liberal administrations was not likely; the separation was too recent, perhaps too abrupt. An eager and excitable disposition is little likely to excel in the measured sentences, the chosen moments, the polished calm of the *frondeur*. Accordingly, the life of Brougham for many years has not been favourable to his fame. On particular occasions, as on the abolition of Negro apprenticeship, he might attain something of his former power. But, in general, his position has been that of the agitator whose measure is being substantially carried, yet with differences of detail aggravating to his temper and annoying to his imagination. Mr. Cobden described Sir Robert Peel's mode of repealing the corn-laws with the microscopic sliding-scale for three years, as seventeen-and-sixpence on the demand of the Anti-corn-law League, and good security for the other half-crown. Yet excitable men at that very moment clamoured for the last half-crown; they could not bear the modification, the minute difference from that on which they had set their hearts. We must remember this in relation to what is now most familiar to us in the life of Lord Brougham. To a man so active, to be out of action is a pain which few can appreciate; that other men should enter into your labours is not pleasant; that they should be Canningites does not make it any better. We have witnessed many escapades of Lord Brougham; we perhaps hardly know his temptations and his vexations.

Such is the bare outline of the career of Lord Brougham. A life of early, broken, various agitation; a short interval of ordinary administration,—occurring, however, at a time singularly extraordinary; a long old age secluded from the actual conduct of affairs, and driven to distinguish itself by miscellaneous objection and diversified sarcasm. Singular stories of eccentricity and excitement, even of something more than either of these, darken these latter years. On these we must not dwell. There are many aspects of his varied character, a few of which we should notice by themselves.

The most connected with his political life is his career as a Law reformer. We have spoken of his early labours on this subject; we have said, that few men who have devoted themselves to nothing else have exposed so many abuses, propounded so many remedies; that one of his early notions is a schedule of half, and much more than half, that has been, or will be, done upon a large portion of the subject. But here praise must end. The completed, elaborated reforms by which Lord Brougham will be known to posterity are few, are nothing in comparison with his power, his industry, and his opportunities. There is nothing,

perhaps, for which he is so ill qualified. The bold vehement man who exposes an abuse has rarely the skilful, painful, dissecting power which expunges it. Lord Brougham once made a speech on conveyancing. "I should not," said, on the next day, an eminent professor of that art, "like him to draw a deed relating to my property." A Law reformer, in order that his work may be perfect, requires the conveyancing abilities. He must be able to bear in mind the whole topic,—to draw out what is necessary of it on paper,—to see what is necessary,—to discriminate the rights of individuals,—to distinguish, with even metaphysical nicety, the advantage he would keep from the abuse he would destroy. He must elaborate enacting clauses which will work in the complicated future, repealing clauses which will not interfere with the complicated machinery of the past. His mind must be the mind of a codifier. A rushing man, like Lord Brougham, must not hope to have this. A still and patient man, in quiet chambers, apt in niceties, anxious by temperament, precise in habit, putting the last extreme of perfection on whatever he may attempt, is the man for the employment. You must not expect this quiet precision from an agitator. There is the same difference as that between the striking pugilist and the delicate amputating operator.

The same want of repose has impaired his excellence in a pursuit to which, at first sight, it seems much less needful—the art of oratory. We are apt to forget that oratory is an imaginative art. From our habits of business, he name of rhetoric has fallen into disrepute: our greatest artists strive anxiously to conceal their perfection in it; they wish their address in statement to be such that the effect seems to be produced by that which is stated, and not by the manner in which it is stated. But not the less on that account is there a real exercise of the imagination in conceiving of the events of a long history, in putting them forward in skilful narration, each fact seeming by nature to fall into its place, all the details appearing exactly where they should,—a group, to borrow a metaphor from another art, collecting itself from straggling and desultory materials. Still more evidently is the imagination requisite in expressing deep emotions, even common emotions, or in describing noble objects. Now, it seems to be a law of the imagination that it only works in a mind of stillness. The noise and crush of life jar it. "No man," it has been said, "can say, I *will* compose poetry;" he must wait until—from a brooding, half-desultory inaction—poetry may arise, like a gentle mist, delicately and of itself.

> "I waited for the train at Coventry;
> I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge

> To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
> The city's legend into this."

Lord Brougham would not have waited so. He would have rushed up into the town; he would have suggested an improvement, talked the science of the bridge, explained its history to the natives. The quiet race would think twenty people had been there. And of course, in some ways this is admirable; such life and force are rare; even the "grooms and porters" would not be insensible to such an aggressive intelligence,—so much knocking mind. But in the mean time no lightly-touched picture of old story would have arisen on his imagination. The city's legend would have been thrust out: the "fairy frostwork" of the fancy would have been struck away: there would be talk on the schooling of the porter's eldest boy. The rarity of great political oratory arises in a great measure from this circumstance. Only those engaged in the jar of life have the material for it; only those withdrawn into a brooding imagination have the faculty for it. M. Lamartine has drawn a striking picture of one who had the opportunity of action and the dangerous faculty of leisure: "Vergniaud s'enivrait dans cette vie d'artiste, de musique, de déclamation et de plaisirs; il se pressait de jouir de sa jeunesse, comme s'il eût le pressentiment qu'elle serait sitôt cueillie. Ses habitudes étaient méditatives et paresseuses. Il se levait au milieu du jour; il écrivait peu et sur des feuilles éparses; il appuyait le papier sur ses genoux comme un homme pressé qui se dispute le temps; il composait ses discours lentement dans ses rêveries et les retenait à l'aide de notes dans sa mémoire; il polissait son éloquence à loisir, comme le soldat polit son arme au repos." This is not the picture of one who is to attain eminence in stirring and combative times: harsher men prevailed; a mournful fate swallowed up his delicate fancies. He died, because he was idle; but he was great, because he was idle. Idleness with such minds is only the name for the passive enjoyment of a just-moving imagination.

We should only weary our readers with a repetition of what has been said a hundred times already, if we tried to explain that Lord Brougham has nothing of this. His merit is, that he was never idle in his life. He must not complain if he has the disadvantage of it also. That he was a most effective speaker in his great time, is of course undoubted. His power of sarcasm, his amazing readiness, his energetic vigour of language, made him, if not a very persuasive, at least a most formidable orator. His endless animation must tell even to excess upon his audience. But he has not acted wisely for his fame in publishing his speeches. They have the most unpardonable of all faults,—the fault of dullness. It is scarcely possible to read them. Doubtless, at the time their influence was considerable; they may even

have been pleasant, as you like to watch the play of a vicious horse; but now, removed from the hearing of the speaker's voice,—out of the way of the motions of his face and the glare of his eye,—even their evil-speaking loses its attractiveness. The sarcasm seems blunt,—the denunciation heavy. They are crowded with a detail which may have been, though acute observers say it was not, attractive at the time, but which no one can endure now. Not only do you feel that you are bored, but you are not sure that you are instructed. An agitator's detail is scarcely to be trusted. His facts may be right, but you must turn historian in order to test them; you must lead a life of state-papers and old letters to know if they are true. It is perhaps possible for the imagination of man to give an interest to any considerable action of human life. A firmly-drawing hand may conduct us through the narration,—an enhancing touch enliven the details; but to achieve this with contested facts in a combative life is among the rarest operations of a rare power. The imagination has few tasks so difficult. To Lord Brougham, least of all, has it been possible to attract men by the business detail and cumbrous aggressions of the last age. His tone is too harsh. He has shattered his contemporaries, but he will not charm posterity.

Lord Brougham has wished to be known not only as an orator but as a writer on oratory. He has written a "Discourse" on Ancient Oratory, recommending, and very deservedly, its study to those who would now excel in the art; and there is no denying that he has rivalled the great Greek orator; at least in one of his characteristic excellencies. There is no more manly book in the world than Brougham's Speeches; he always "calls a spade a spade," the rough energy strikes; we have none of the tawdry metaphor, or half-real finery of the inferior orators, there is not a simile which a man of sense should not own. Nevertheless, we are inclined to question whether his studies on the ancient oratory, especially on the great public oration of Demosthenes, have been entirely beneficial to him. These masterly productions were, as every one knows, the eager expression of an intense mind on questions of the best interest; they have accordingly the character of vehemence. Speaking on subjects which he thought involved the very existence of his country, he could not be expected to speak very temperately; he did not, and could not admit, that there was fair ground for difference of opinion; that an equally patriotic person, after proper consideration, could by possibility arrive at an opposite conclusion. The circumstances of the parliamentary orator in this country are quite different; a man cannot discuss the dowry of the Princess Royal, the conditions of the Bank Charter, as if they were questions of existence—all questions arising now present masses of fact, an-

tecedents in blue-books, tabulated statistics, on which it is impossible that there should not be a necessity for an elaborate inquiry—that there should not be discrepancy of judgment after that inquiry. The Demosthenic vehemence is out of place. The calm didactic exposition, almost approaching to that of the lecturer, is more efficacious than the intense appeal of an eager orator. That "Counsellor Broom was all in a fume," is a line in one of the best ludicrous poems of a time rather fertile in such things; on points of detail it is ridiculous to be in a passion; on matters of business it is unpersuasive to be enthusiastic; even on topics less technical, the Greek oratory is scarcely a model to be imitated precisely. A certain nonchalant ease pervades our modern world—we affect an indifference we scarcely feel; our talk is light, almost to affectation; our best writing is the same; we suggest rather than elaborate, hint rather than declaim. The spirit of the ancient world was very different—the tendency of its conversation probably was, to a rhetorical formality, an haranguing energy; certainly it is the tendency of its written style. "With every allowance," says Colonel Mure, "for the peculiar genius of the age in which the masterpieces of Attic prose were produced,—a consideration which must always have a certain weight in literary judgments,—still, the impartial modern critic cannot but discern in this pervading rhetorical tone a defect, perhaps the only serious defect, in the classical Greek style. ..... It certainly is not natural for the historian or the popular essayist to address his readers in the same tone in which the defender of a client, or the denouncer of a political opponent, addresses a public assembly." So great a change in the general world, in the audience to be spoken to, requires a change in the speaker. The light touch of Lord Palmerston is more effective than the most elaborated sentences of a formal rhetorician. Of old, when conversation and writing were half oratorical, oratory might be very oratorical; now that conversation is very conversational, oratory must be a little conversational. In real life, Lord Brougham has too much of the orator's tact not to be half aware of this; but his teaching forgets it.

That Lord Brougham should have adopted a theory enjoining vehemence in oratory, is an instance to be cited by those who hold that a man's creed is a justification for his inclinations. He is by nature over-vehement, and what is worse, it is not vehemence of the best kind; there is something of a scream about it. People rather laughed at his kneeling to beseech the peers. No one quite feels there is real feeling in what he reads and hears, it seems like a machine going. Lord Cockburn has an odd anecdote. An old judge, who loved dawdling, disliked the "discomposing qualities" of Brougham. His revenge consisted in

sneering at Brougham's eloquence, by calling it or him *the Harangue*. "Well, gentlemen, what did *the Harangue* say next? Why it said this (misstating it); but here, gentlemen, *the Harangue* was wrong and not intelligible." We have some feeling for the old judge. If you take a speech of Brougham, and read it apart from his voice, you have half a notion that it is a gong going, eloquence by machinery, an incessant talking *thing*.

It is needless to point out how completely an excitable ungenial nature, such as we have so much spoken of, incapacitates Lord Brougham for abstract philosophy. His works on that subject are sufficiently numerous, but we are not aware that even his most ardent admirers have considered them as works of really the first class; it would not be difficult to extract from the *Political Philosophy*, which is probably the best of them, singular instances of inconsistency and of confusion. The error was in his writing them: he who runs may *read*, but it does not seem likely he will think. The brooding disposition, and the still investigating intellect, are necessary for consecutive reasonings on delicate philosophy.

The same qualities, however, fit a man for the acquisition of general information. A man who is always rushing into the street will become familiar with the street. One who is for ever changing from subject to subject will not become painfully acquainted with any one, but he will know the outsides of them all, and the road from each to the other. Accordingly, all the descriptions of Lord Brougham, even in his earliest career, speak of his immense information. Mr. Wilberforce, in perhaps the earliest printed notice of him, recommended Mr. Pitt to employ him in a diplomatic capacity, on account of his familiarity with languages, and the other kinds of necessary knowledge. He began by writing on Porisms; only the other day he read a paper on some absurdities imputed to the Integral Calculus, in French, at Paris. It would be in the highest degree tedious to enumerate all the subjects he knows something of. Of course, an extreme correctness cannot be expected. "The most *mis*informed man in Europe," is a phrase of satire; yet, even in its satire, it conveys a compliment to his information.

An especial interest in physical science may be remarked in Brougham, as in most men of impressible minds in his generation. He came into life when the great discoveries in our knowledge of the material world were either just made, or on the eve of being made. These enormous advances, which have been actually made in material civilisation, were half anticipated. There was a vague hope in science. The boundaries of the universe, it was hoped, would move. Active, ardent minds were drawn with extreme action to the study of new moving power;

a smattering of science was immeasurably less common then than now, but it exercised a stronger dominion, and influenced a higher class of genius. It was new, and men were sanguine. In the present day, younger men are perhaps repelled into the opposite extreme. We live among the marvels of science, but we know how little they change us. The essentials of life are what they were. We go by the train, but we are not improved at our journey's end. We have railways, and canals, and manufactures, —excellent things, no doubt, but they do not touch the soul. Somehow, they seem to make life more superficial. With a half-wayward dislike, some in the present generation have turned from physical science and material things. "We have tried these, and they fail," is the feeling. "What is the heart of man the better for galvanic engines and hydraulic presses? Leave us to the old poetry and the old philosophy; there is at least a life and a mind." It is the day after the feast. We do not care for its delicacies; we are rather angry at its profusion: we are cross to hear it praised. Men who came into active life half a century ago were the guests invited to the banquet; they did not know what was coming, but they heard it was something gorgeous and great; they expected it with hope and longing. The influence of this feeling was curiously seen in the Useful Knowledge Society, the first great product of the educational movement in which Lord Brougham was the most ardent leader. No one can deny that their labours were important, their intentions excellent, the collision of mind which they created most beneficial. Still, looking to their well-known publications, beyond question the knowledge they particularly wished to diffuse is, according to the German phrase, "factish." Hazlitt said, "they confounded a knowledge of useful things with useful knowledge." An idea, half unconscious, pervades them, that a knowledge of the detail of material knowledge, even too of the dates and shell of outside history, are extremely important to the mass of men; that all will be well when we have a cosmical ploughboy, and a mob that knows hydrostatics. We shall never have it; but even if we could, we should not be much the better. The heart and passions of men are moved by things more within their attainment; the essential nature is stirred by the essential life; by the real actual existence of love, and hope, and character, and by the real literature which takes in its spirit, and which is in some sort its undefecated essence. Thirty years ago the preachers of this now familiar doctrine were unknown; nor was their gospel for a moment the one perhaps most in season. It was good that there should be a more diffused knowledge of the material world; and it was good, therefore, that there should be partisans of matter, believers in particles, zealots for tissue, who were ready to incur any odium and

any labour that a few more men might learn a few more things. How a man of incessant activity should pass easily to such a creed is evident. He would see the obvious ignorance. The less obvious argument, which shows that this ignorance, in great measure inevitable, was of far less importance than would be thought at first sight, would never be found by one who moved so rapidly.

We have gone through now, in some hasty way, most of the lights in which Lord Brougham has been regarded by his contemporaries. There is still another character in which posterity will especially think of him. He is a great memoirist. His *Statesmen of George III.* contains the best sketches of the political men of his generation, one with another, which the world has, or is likely to have. He is a fine painter of the exterior of human nature. Some portion of its essence requires a deeper character; another portion, more delicate sensations; but of the rough appearance of men as they struck him in the law-court and in parliament,—of the great debater struggling with his words,—the stealthy advocate gliding into the confidence of the audience,—the great judge unravelling all controversies, and deciding by a well-weighed word all complicated doubts,—of such men as these, and of men engaged in such tasks as these, there is no greater painter perhaps than Brougham. His eager aggressive disposition brought him into collision with conspicuous men; his skill in the obvious parts of human nature has made him understand them. A man who has knocked his head against a wall,—if such an illustration is to be hazarded,—will learn the nature of the wall. Those who have passed fifty years in managing men of the world, will know their external nature, and, if they have literary power enough, will describe it. In general, Lord Brougham's excellence as a describer of character is confined to men whom he had thus personally and keenly encountered. The sketches of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, of French statesmen, are poor and meagre. He requires evidently the rough necessities of action to make him observe. There is, however, a remarkable exception. He preserves a singularly vivid recollection of the instructors of his youth; he nowhere appears so amiable as in describing them. He is over-partial, no doubt; but an old man may be permitted to reverence, if he can reverence, his schoolmaster.

This is all that our limits will permit us to say of Lord Brougham: on so varied a life, at least on a life with such varied pursuits, one might write to any extent. The regular biographer will come in after years. It is enough for a mere essayist to sketch, or strive to sketch, in some rude outline, the nature of the man.

Art. VIII.—THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

Catalogue of the Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom collected at Manchester in 1857. (1st, 2d, and 3d Editions.)

Waagen's Treasures of Art in Great Britain. 3 vols. Murray, 1854.

Handbooks of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, French, and Spanish Schools of Painting. 4 vols. Murray, 1854, 1855.

The Early Flemish Painters. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Murray, 1857.

Eighth Annual Prospectus of the Arundel Society, at their Rooms, 24 Old Bond Street.

For all the reasons that affect Manchester reputation, Manchester interests, and Manchester wants, it was well that the Exhibition of the Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom should have been housed at Old Trafford.

The centre of our manufacturing industry is honoured by this association of her name with the master-pieces of those whose lives have been dedicated to the beautiful. Her innkeepers and her tradesmen will be benefited by the influx of visitors. The monotony of her life, the grimness of her habitual occupations, and the absoluteness of her devotion to the spinning of cotton and the gathering of gold, loudly demand, and give the utmost value to, the relief and fillip which the Exhibition of Art-Treasures will afford.

We say nothing, it may be observed, of the educational influence of the Exhibition upon Manchester. Without going so far as to avow that we doubt whether any such influence will be exerted by it, we may express our doubt as to the classes on which the influence will work, and as to the nature of the influence. To see the Exhibition interesting and impressing the masses would have been a source of satisfaction, not merely to the employers of labour at Manchester and round about, but to the numbers who, standing on the outside of that smoke-smothered region of ceaseless toil, watch with profound interest the working-out of social and economical problems in those monotonous brick Babels, and around those Brobdignagian chimney-stalks. But up to the time at which we write, we are sorry to say that the number of working people who have visited, still more of those who have frequented, the Exhibition is very small indeed.

Whitsuntide, the Lancashire operatives' great annual holiday, has passed without making any material increase in the sale of shilling tickets. The mill-hands have flocked into the country, as usual, to wander about the woods, to refresh their

dull and weary eyes with the green grass and the dancing leaves, to drink milk from real cows,—in a word, to get their one year's good look in the bright innocent face of God's world as it is, without bricks and mortar. Who dare regret that they should have preferred the open air, and the blue sky, and the green leaves, even to the expression of the Panshanger Rafaelles, the colour of the Darnley Titian, the bilious beauty of Bernal or Soulages-Majolica, or the elaborate undercutting of the Douce and Meyer ivories? There is a fine-arts exhibition in the green fields which may well be allowed to hold its own against that at Old Trafford.

Again, most of the operatives who have visited the Exhibition flock to the pictures, and spend little or no time over the cases which exhibit the growth of the arts of design. Here again, it is surely a mistake to blame the work-people's interest in the expression of human faces, and the action of human bodies, rather than in the chasing of a sword-hilt, the moulding of a salver, or the carving of a cabinet. Earth, sea, sky, and man, *will* claim their own, except in the case of confirmed connoisseurs, inveterate pedants, and *dilettanti*, cultivated beyond all growth of natural simple manhood. It is neither, then, because Whitsun holiday-makers have not been drawn into the Exhibition-building, nor because the fustian-jackets that *are* seen there cluster most closely round the modern pictures, that we dare not hope that the Manchester Exhibition will do much for the education of the working class. It is because of the natural obstacles presented by the circumstances of that class, and the artificial ones imposed by the circumstances of the Exhibition.

The labour of Manchester is too constant and ignoble to allow of any but the most exceptional development of the relish for art. Unless where this relish has been acquired before the full tide of toil sets in, it is as difficult to imagine it growing up in the dull monotony of a mill-hand's life, as it is to conceive a flower springing among the ashes of a factory-yard. Where singular power of thought does manifest itself, its effect is generally either in the direction of natural or mechanical science, or towards politics. Nature, and man in his most important relation to his fellows, present the weightiest problems. Art comes after these; and woe to the nation where it takes precedence of them. Next, even if the people had the keenest hunger and thirst for the beautiful, the hours of their labour leave them only the Saturday half-holiday available for all the purposes of daylight leisure or amusement.

Then the Exhibition itself interposes, first, its shilling for a ticket; next, its shilling for a catalogue. Without the first, no admission of the man into the building; without the second, no

admission of the contents of the building into the mind. On both of these points improvement might and ought to be made.

If, as we do not doubt, the projectors of the Exhibition are in earnest when they profess their objects to have been unselfish and elevated, let them open the building on Saturday half-holidays at a lower price than on other days of the week; and let them have affixed to every object a label, by which its date and authorship may be ascertained without resort to a catalogue.

Until these steps have been taken, the Committee will have no right to say that they have done their utmost to place the benefits of the Exhibition within the reach of the working-classes. But again, the character of the Exhibition, so far as it includes design, is alien from the industry of Manchester. Manchester is not a pottery district, nor a metal-working district, nor a cabinet-making district. It is a cotton-spinning district. Now the arts of design illustrated at Old Trafford are those which deal with clay, the metals, and upholstery. What the labour of Bilston, or Birmingham, or London, might have keenly criticised, and usefully appreciated, the labour of Manchester walks by unnoticing and without comment. But set before the same men models of looms and steam-engines, show them examples of textile perfection in pattern and material, exemplify all the steps by which raw material is grown, gathered, and converted into wearable fabric,—and it is probable that the fustian-jackets would be all alive with intelligence and interest. There is this difference between fine art and art applied to design. The former is common to all branches of the latter. But each branch of the latter is distinct from all the rest. If, therefore, it was ever contemplated that the illustrations of design thus collected were to have any educational bearing at Manchester, we cannot but think them ill-selected.

If, on the other hand, the educational bearing of these illustrations was expected to have been national, many will consider it unfortunate that Manchester was selected as the site of the Exhibition.

Many may think so, for more reasons than this. For a national gathering of Art-Treasures, Manchester is not very conveniently situated; its accommodation for visitors is by no means good; few persons visit the place in the ordinary course of the year's arrangement; the smoke makes the town a disagreeable sojourn. Many of the finest private collections of pictures are by bequest or settlement irremovable from London. Many possessors of great works, who would, for a while, have parted with their treasures for an exhibition in London, have refused to do so for one at Manchester. Nor can we wonder at it, considering the priceless character of such possessions, the dangers of transit, the chances of damage during

exhibition, and the risks inseparable from even the most careful hanging and taking down of large pictures, when a great number are gathered together. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that the building at Old Trafford does not contain any thing like a collection of all that is most precious in the private galleries and collections of England. For instance, there is no work from either the Grosvenor or Bridgewater galleries; nothing from Bath House or the Grange; nothing from Lansdowne House or Bowood; nothing from Hamilton Palace, Petworth, Chatsworth, Leigh-Court, or Blenheim. Here are neither the great Westminster Rubenses, nor the Wolf-Hunt of Legranes. Of the twenty-two or twenty-three pictures in England, which may with some confidence be ascribed to Rafaelle, here are six only; Lord Ellesmere's Titians, the Duke of Devonshire's and Mr. Munro's Tintorets are all absent. There is not a single work ascribed to Giorgione that can confidently be given to the master. Even of the English historical portraits, so numerously represented here, there is not one of the twenty-three Vandykes belonging to Lord Clarendon; not a single picture from Gorhambury; not one from the gallery of Lord Salisbury. These examples, selected at random, from schools and great houses, will sufficiently warn those who are unacquainted with the vast number and value of the pictures scattered through Great Britain, against concluding that Manchester exhibits what is best or best known among them. Dr. Waagen, we have heard, calculates the contents of the Old Trafford Building as one-third of the pictorial treasures of the country; and this is certainly not an under-estimate.

Again, there are gaps in the Manchester gallery which no command of British collections could ever have supplied. These are due to inherent circumstances in the history of painting. It is impossible to supply the links which unite classic and Christian art, except by the aid of mosaics and manuscripts. For the one we must seek the churches of Rome and Ravenna, for the other we must rummage the choirs and sacristies of Florence and Milan, of Sienna and Venice. The art of the first ten centuries of Christianity, of which the roots are visible in the symbols of the Roman catacombs, had not its earliest fruit-bearing branch in the Siennese school of the thirteenth century, as those might infer who know nothing but what Manchester can teach them. It had already spread productive branches over the ambulatory of Santa Costanza, the baptistery of Ravenna, the aisles of Santa Maria Maggiore, and the clerestory of St. Paul-without-the-Walls, with its series of apocalyptic symbols, leading up to the central glory of the Redeemer, surrounded by his apostles. It had already fixed the portraits of Justinian and Theodora on the apsis of St. Vitale,

and drawn out the long lines of martyrs and confessors advancing through palm-bordered avenues up to the throned Christ and his archangels, in the basilica of Theodoric. Then the art of Byzantium had succeeded that of Christian Rome, and the Greek mosaicist had inlaid, according to the unvarying law of his church, the elongated limbs, sour and mean faces, and stiff unmeaning draperies of his saints, saviours, and virgins on the golden ground of the apses of Milan and the domes of Venice. Meanwhile, monks in their cells sat working silently, side by side with the mosaicists. On the creamy vellum of huge codices, and calendars, missals, and evangeliaries, the illuminators of the Italian cloisters have recorded, in colours still fresh and glowing, their unobtrusive and patient devotion for centuries marked by no surviving fresco or tempera-painted panel, and scarce preserved from oblivion even by the enduring cubes of the worker in mosaic. Lacking mosaic and miniature, the collection at Manchester necessarily leaves the art of nearly twelve centuries quite unrepresented. Nor can Italian art be said to be here adequately illustrated even for the three centuries which intervene between Duccio and Rafaelle,—or, in other words, for the interval during which Christian painting advanced from—what, for all but antiquaries is—its beginning, to—what by even the most determined realists is admitted to be—its culmination.

The pictures in the Manchester Exhibition belonging to this most interesting period are few in number, poor in quality, several of doubtful authenticity, and many obviously spurious. Then their value, such as it is, for illustration of the development of art, is destroyed by the utter want of arrangement. The schools of Sienna, Arezzo, and Florence, are chaotically jumbled together; and chronological succession, and artistic genealogy, are alike defied in the hanging of the works ascribed, in the most slap-dash style, to Duccio, Cimabue, Giotto, and the two Bartolos. We say nothing of the misleading effect of a nomenclature which affixes the name of Margheritone d'Arezzo —a painter who sickened and died of disgust at the successful innovations of Giotto on Byzantine conventionalism — to a picture (18) which is obviously a weak production of that very Giottesque school—as may be seen by comparing this group with the almost identical one in the pediment picture of Mr. Bromley (34)—or that of Cimabue to a vile half-length of St. Peter (36), a *croûte* of the most worthless kind, executed in oil, and probably of the sixteenth century.

We can understand that when pictures had been once selected, it was necessary to exhibit them under the names by which their owners had bought or christened them. But, in the first place, few of the pictures thus falsely named were

worthy of selection for Manchester; and next, we can hardly believe that any sensible proprietor could have objected to a correction of glaring misnomers, in the case of the few wrongly-christened, yet genuine and valuable pictures. Lord Northwick, for instance, cannot surely wish to keep the name of Giotto affixed to the picture "Death of the Virgin" (66), which, in despite of its forged signature, we may safely describe as a genuine work of the early Paduan or Venetian school. Nor can we believe that Mr. Brett, in defiance of every honest and competent opinion, would wish to retain the name of Rafaelle on "The Christ bearing his Cross" (121), which appears to us less like a work of Conegliano's, as Mr. Scharf conjectures, than a production of the imitative school of Forlì, founded by Melozzo in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. But we are sorry to say, that the supposititious children in the Manchester gallery are as nothing compared with the bastards—true *filii nullius*, which have no business in a collection of art-treasures at all.

We do not know who is to bear the responsibility of having selected the many second-rate copies which here do duty for originals, to the serious misleading of timid students possessed by pious reverence for names, and to the dishonour, in the eyes of the irreverent, of the painters whose names are thus profaned. Who, that has any knowledge of art, would not have been thankful if the seven undoubted Rafaelles at Manchester could have been weeded from the fourteen or fifteen doubtful repetitions, or undoubted copies, in which their beauties are smothered and confused?

Again, was it not possible, in the catalogue, to add "school of" to the names of Leonardo da Vinci and Giorgione, in the case of every picture (with a single exception perhaps) which at Manchester passes for the work of either master? On what ground do the feeble portrait of Verdizotte (255), the six second-rate copies of the Cæsars (264 to 269), and such a copy as "The Magdalen" (261), take their place among works of Titian? Waiving the question of the owner's right to retain the gallery-name on his picture, what amazes us is, that such pictures as these should have been chosen at all to figure in such a collection.

Next, the confusion of the hanging,—the absence of division, for example, between the schools of Sienna, Florence, Umbria, and Lombardy, to go no further than the first saloon of the Italian gallery—effectually cripples the usefulness of the Exhibition as a place of study. The close and earnest inquirer into the history of art must re-arrange the Manchester pictures for himself. Without this, the utmost he can arrive at from their inspection will be a certain rude general notion that the painting at the right-hand corner of the end wall is very rude, and

that it has become very skilful towards the end of the south wall of saloon A. Even in reaching this conclusion, however, he will be staggered by such "faults" (to use a geological phrase) as the intrusion of the grotesque but genuine Ferrarese picture of the "Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host" (178), which will set him wondering whether its presence here is not due to some pictorial "slip" of a century or two.

We can readily conceive that many difficulties may have stood in the way of a complete arrangement, either by schools or by dates; and that, owing to late arrivals, uncertainty of contributions, and the sacrifices inseparable from an arrangement of many canvases in a limited space, Mr. Scharf may have been helpless to do more than secure such a rude approximation to any order as we actually see.

We have referred to this want of sequence, not from any intention to impute blame, but because it necessarily limits the instructional uses of the Exhibition. We had hoped it might have been found practicable so to arrange the pictures at Manchester as to bring before the public, in a series of examples, the development and decline of painting. This is the only way in which the lessons which the history of art involves can be properly exhibited or enforced. Had, however, both the selection and arrangement of examples here been the best possible, had every gallery in England been placed at the service of the Manchester committee, the art of Italy, between Duccio and Rafaelle, must still have remained most inadequately represented by any number of movable pictures. The painters of that day rarely expressed themselves on panel. When they did, it was in some picture to hang over an altar, or in the triptych forming part of the furniture of a movable oratory. But their best powers were reserved for the noble decoration of churches, chapels, communal halls, and the rooms of confraternities. The painter in those days effaced the upholsterer, and wrought himself either as architect, or hand in hand with the architect. Giotto drew the plans and superintended the building of the Arena chapel, as well as designed and executed the painted histories upon its walls, and the Judgment over its chancel-arch. Andrea Orcagna is equally distinguished as the architect of the graceful *loggia* that bears his name, and as the delineator of the triumph of death, and the terrors of judgment, in the Holy Field of Pisa. Down to Rafaelle and Michael Angelo the same union of the arts was characteristic of the best masters in either; and even when the painter was the adorner only, and not the architect also, of the walls on which he wrought, he was not content to hang the walls with a few square feet of panel or canvas. The walls themselves were his panel. The whole church or chapel, corridor, cloister, or council-hall, grew

one great picture under his vigorous hands—was parcelled out by the youthful strength of his inspired fancy, according to the uses of the place, whether among the terrors of "the four last things"—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell—as in the great work of Andrea Orcagna on the walls of the Pisan burial-ground; or in allegories of the blessings of good, and the miseries of bad government, as in the frescoes of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, in the Sala delle Balestre of the public palace of Sienna; or in the life of some father of the church, from the cradle to the grave, as in the noble series descriptive of the history of St. Augustine, by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the choir of the *Collegiata* at San Gimignano; or in the functions and triumphs of the church, set forth in symbolic assemblages and acts, as in the crowded compositions of Taddeo Gaddi, that cover the walls and roof of the chapter-house of Santa Maria Novella; or in the whole cycle of Old Testament history, as in the twenty-four vast wall-pictures by Benozzo, round the cloisters of the Campo Santo; or in the gracious legend of the Virgin, from her sinless birth to her ascension into the glory prepared for her at the right hand of her Son, as in the delicate yet stately creations of Domenico Ghirlandajo, which seem to fill with life and loveliness that darkling chapel, behind the altar of Santa Maria, at Florence; or in the passage of some sweet saint through the trials of life and the pains of martyrdom to the freshness of the palm, and the glory of the crown, as in the history of St. Catherine on the walls of her scuola at Vercelli, where, in spite of damp and mildew, and plaster flaking off the bricks, we may still guess the beauty and tenderness of the work of Luini, by the exquisite charm of the ruins that remain; or in the lovely tale of St. Cecilia, as told with such bewitching grace and purity by Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa in the chapel of the saint at Bologna.*

We might fill this paper with enumeration of such continuous and sustained work, done upon walls by artists of every school, from Varallo, whose sacred mountain rises among the spurs of the Piedmontese Alps, to Palermo, where the chapel of St. Rosalie is niched among the rocks that overlook the sea. The whole of Italy is full of the perishing remains of such noble labours, wrought in the three centuries between Duccio and Rafaelle. Of the best masters of the Siennese, Umbrian, and Lombard schools there are scores unknown, even by name, to those who have at their fingers' end the contents of

* There is, at length, a prospect of many of the noblest of these works being made accessible to the British public, by means of the Arundel Society (24 Old Bond Street), at whose service Mr. Layard has placed his collection of nearly 700 tracings made from mural pictures, such as those described in the autumns of 1855 and 1856. As the originals are rapidly perishing from neglect and ill-usage, this work is doubly urgent; and we earnestly recommend all who care for the finest art to enrol themselves in this Society.

every picture-gallery in England. They learnt, and lived, and laboured through their unresting lives in their native hill-towns, or in a narrow circle round about. Nor did the men, commissioned to execute these picture-histories, stop short when the dramatic part of their task was done. They were as patient, as liberal of labour, on the purely decorative portion; crowding beauty and invention into the polychromatic spaces that separated their pictures on the walls, and into the colouring of the ribs that marked the vaulting; scattering flowers and angel-faces over soffit and spandril, frieze or frame, like men whose hands had been blessed, as the good girl's tongue was blessed in the fairy tale. Only those who have seen examples of such complete transformation of a church, chapel, corridor, or hall, into one great and harmonious picture, can truly appreciate the purport and power of thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth century art. Such paintings were the books of the unlettered, but not untaught people—"Illiterati, quòd per Scripturam non possunt intueri, hoc per quædam picturæ lineamenta contemplantur"—was the declaration of the synod of Arras in 1205. "We painters," Vasari makes Buffalmacco say, "give attention to naught but to make male and female saints on the walls and on our panels, thereby, to the great despite of the demons, to render men more devout and better." Of the amount of such work demanded by the wants of those times, we can form no conception unless we can visit the old towns that perch on the peaks and flanks of Appenine, or nestle in the spurs of the Alps, or stud the coast of either Italian sea. It may be safely said that the traveller cannot halt at any Italian town of a thousand inhabitants, but the chances are that he will find, in mouldering public hall, or half-unroofed cloister, or damp and decaying chapel, some masterpiece of mural art, and some local antiquarian who knows all about the master and his school. For he will be amazed to learn that places, now corresponding to tenth-rate market towns in England, had their schools, teaching and sending forth painters by the score, and by the hundred—as Arezzo, Borgo di Sepolcro, and Città di Castello; to say nothing of more important centres of population, like Perugia, Sienna, and Orvieto. In one word, art was then part of life; penetrating it at every point, giving it elevation, and taking from it vitality and significance; interweaving itself with the commonest daily uses, the gladdest family joys, the deepest family sorrows of the individual, and taking in the widest relations of the citizen and the Christian by its lessons in the council-hall or the church. If there is one word which more properly than any other characterises the functions and character of art during those centuries, it is "popular." Art was of, and from, and for the

people. The painter might be paid by the municipality, or the prior, or the church-chapter, or the lord of the city. But what he did was done that all who ran might read; that the evil-doer might be deterred by the fear of earthly justice or eternal doom; that the sufferer might take comfort, the proud and prosperous learn humility, from the pictured legend of saint and martyr; that the most unlettered might follow the history of God's dealings with man, in the cycle of Old and New Testament history; that the monk might have stamped on his mind, as he paced his thoughtful cloister, the sufferings and miracles of the founder of his order; that the nun, in vespers or vigil, might be lifted up to ecstasy by the holiness of the pictured Madonna, or the fervour of the worshipping saint.

From what we have said, it may be gathered how profound we conceive the error of a writer in *Blackwood*, for June, who, in writing of the Manchester Exhibition, speaks of the Caracci, as "having introduced a new element into art—popularity." "To appreciate the early forms of art," we are told, "demands a student's knowledge. But there came at length, in the progress of art, schools with thought less severe and recondite, with, at the same time, a delivery and expression more fluent and telling; and the result was, that pictures thenceforth became more popular in style, and art, as said of philosophy, was at length from heaven brought to earth, within the ready reach of man. We believe that this consummation arose chiefly from the development of art as art: the early men knew not the distinction between art and nature; hence their works are a violation of both." Elsewhere this writer says, "The period (that of the Caracci) had arrived in the onward development of art when pictorial effects were reduced to rule—when a picture could be produced by recipe—when the pupil was taught that he must put in a blue dress to balance an orange robe—when, finally, the laws of unity had become subject to academic precept: hence effective pictures were the necessary result, and a beggar, under the treatment of Murillo, became more popular than a Saint Catherine by Rafaelle." We need not be surprised, that a writer who writes thus is of opinion "that the general verdict of the public, on the whole series up to Rafaelle, including the works of Botticelli, Crivelli, and Roselli, will be, that they are repugnant to our tastes, foreign to our wants, and irrelevant to the present art-interests of this country."

It is very probable that this would be the general verdict. We have been attempting to show that such a verdict would be one upon the Manchester Exhibition, and not upon the Pre-Raphaelite art of Italy, simply because that art is not, and could not be adequately represented at Manchester. When the writer in *Blackwood* says, that "this collection, which, with some sur-

prise and much delight, we found so consecutive and complete, will enable the public for the first time to judge for themselves of the historic merits of the great Pre-Raphaelite controversy, which has raged in this country for some years, and takes these works as its authority and origin," we are at a loss whether to refer the assertion to impudence or ignorance. The Pre-Raphaelite part of the Exhibition, as we have shown, is neither consecutive in arrangement, nor complete in examples. There is not, for instance, a single genuine work of Giotto, unless we consider the fragments of the Carmine fresco to be by him and not by Gaddi, who, we know, executed a part of those works. Any judgment of a period of art, arrived at on such data as are gathered at Manchester, for the three centuries between Duccio and Rafaelle, will be a judgment arrived at in the absence of the principal evidence in the cause,—at best, a judgment by default.

Let us consider this writer's startling conclusion: that Pre-Raphaelite art is "an art for students only," the art of the Caracci "having introduced, for the first time, the element of popularity." Knowing, as we do, that in the Pre-Raphaelite time art pervaded all life, and was in fact the great means by which all thought intended to reach the people found expression, so far from considering that the Caracci introduced the new element of popularity, we have claimed the word "popular" as peculiarly applicable to Pre-Raphaelite art. The art of the Caracci, on the other hand, owing such charms as it possesses to technical merits, we should have supposed would have attractions especially for those able to appreciate technical merits,—for artists, for connoisseurs,—certainly not for the public.

If, therefore, the words "popular" and "unpopular" are used with reference to those for whom these respective styles of art were employed, *i. e.* to their effect on contemporary minds, we should insist on a transposition of the epithets. Pre-Raphaelite art was the only truly popular art that has ever been known in the modern world. The art of the Caracci was eminently exotic, unspontaneous, and *un*popular; neither called out by the wants of the people, nor affecting their daily lives, nor embodying their beliefs. The painter, in the seventeenth century, was the humble servant of princes and cardinals, not the honoured minister of municipalities like Florence in its days of greatest glory, or of republics like Sienna. The spirit of child-like faith which alike inspired the early painter and those who knelt before his pictures, had passed away when the Caracci arose. In losing the sense of independent nationality, and earnest unquestioning belief, art lost the springs of its noblest and most energetic action.

If, however, the epithet "popular" and "unpopular" be used

with reference to the appreciation of pictures at the present day and among ourselves, it is obvious that they relate rather to the culture of the critic than to the merit of the painter.

Undoubtedly the Caracci were eminently popular in the last century, and up to the time when the principal existing collections were formed. So were Guido and Guercino; so were Carlo Dolce and Carlo Maratti. It is difficult to say to what depths of inanity we may not descend if we follow the clue of popularity; but it is equally beyond doubt, that with the revival and spread of a more spiritual and deeper appreciation and criticism, not of pictures merely, but of art in all its forms, —poetry, sculpture, and architecture,—we find the schools before Rafaelle daily attracting more attention, awaking more interest, and satisfying more demands of the imagination; and the schools of the Caracci and their followers declining proportionately in estimation.

Indeed, it would seem to be proved by history alone that the principle of "art for art's sake," which was the central doctrine of the Eclectic school, contained within itself the germs of destruction; for every successive step of the painters whom it inspired was a downward one, till they reached the degradation and nullity in which lie the modern Italian schools, effete and empty. On the other hand, there must have been a vital principle in the spirit of that early Italian art, which carried it from the rude beginnings of Duccio and Cimabue, in Sienna, to the noble frescoes of Pinturicchio; in Florence, from the Byzantine rigidity of Cimabue, to the free life of Giotto, Masaccio, and Fra Bartolomeo; in Umbria, from the mannered illuminations of Oderigi, to the extatic beauty of Perugino and Rafaelle; in Venice, from the hard and lifeless forms of Quirico, to the noonday splendour and exulting naturalism of Giorgione and Titian.

This upward-tending influence was the spirit of faith, sincerity, and humility; this downward-urging power was the spirit of self-sufficiency, pride, and display. So long as the former acted, the artist was the slave of his subject, the instrument for setting forth its truth to men; wherever the latter was operative, the subject was the plaything of the artist, the means of exhibiting his dexterity.

The writer we have quoted seems to think that the young men known as Pre-Raphaelites among ourselves have avowed by their choice of this name, and have manifested in their works, an intention of imitating the painters who preceded Rafaelle. We conceive that they mean rather to imply by it their approval of the spirit in which the earlier masters laboured, and their intention to work in the same spirit, so far as this may be possible in times separated by such an impass-

able gulf, as lies between the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries. If there be any similarity in their works and those of the men they reverence for the virtues of sincerity, humility, and earnestness, it must be due to the degree in which they have themselves succeeded in attaining to these virtues, not by any conscious imitation: with the single exception of Rosetti, we believe that there is not one of our Pre-Raphaelites who has any extensive knowledge of the old masters, or any particular admiration for them; and Rosetti's antiquarianism, we imagine, will be found rather literary and intellectual than artistic.

We have dwelt, then, at length on the subject of painting before the time of Rafaelle, both because its circumstances and conditions have rendered the illustration of it at Manchester peculiarly defective, and because the remarks it has suggested seem to us to bear importantly on any thoughtful consideration of the past and the future of English art. Is it well that those who indulge the hope that painting may yet become "national" in this country—that our painters may some day rise from decorators of drawing-room walls to illustrators of the nation's history, influencers of its noblest intellects, educators and refiners of its masses—should bear in mind the character of the times and of painting respectively, when art did discharge these elevated functions. It is well also that those who think art should never stretch beyond trivial subjects and cabinet sizes, to grapple with grave interests and mix itself with deep questions of national life, government, and belief, should be reminded how grandly and successfully art has, in earlier times, realised these higher aspirations. We cannot even hope to appreciate or criticise fairly the art of our own day, without having a clear view of the different conditions imposed on it here at this time, and among the Italian communities during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. It should be borne in mind too, by all who speculate on the prospects of art among us, that these turn almost as much on the people who are to be influenced, as on the artists who are to influence. Let us endeavour to conceive what that populace must have been, who burst into such rejoicing when the Madonna of Cimabue was borne along the streets of Florence, that the district through which it passed was ever afterwards called "the merry quarter;" or that rude soldiery, who, so late as 1529,—when they were destroying all the buildings between Florence and the Convent of St. Salvi, lest they should serve as shelter for the enemy,—stopped short, speechless with admiration, before the great fresco of Andrea del Sarto, in the refectory of the convent, and spared the building for the sake of the picture.

The highest value of the Manchester Exhibition, as it appears to us, will be in the prompting it may furnish to thoughtful men among the energetic employers of labour in the north to consider art as a great fact, present and operative in all civilised countries, and in this light to examine its history and manifestations. If it merely ends in promoting an interest in pictures, it will have done some good.

As an incentive to imitation, it is not likely to do any appreciable harm. We would merely remark on this point, and with reference to the reproach of imitating the earlier masters so frequently brought against our Pre-Raphaelites, that imitation of any school is an unmixed evil; but that—imitation for imitation—there is less risk in imitating Perugino or Gian Bellini, than in imitating the Caracci or Guercino. The more spiritual the school, the less imitation of it is likely to degrade and vulgarise. The more perfect in technicality the works imitated, the more likely imitation of them is to elevate technical merits into undue importance. But the English school is too rooted in native individuality, too far advanced on the road of close imitation of nature, to be in any hazard of falling into imitation of minor masters. The danger lies in quite another direction; lest a too entire absorption in care and thought about the means of art should lead to an overlooking of its end, which is, as we conceive, the expression of the best and noblest thoughts that the artist can reach, by means of the most truthful representation he can achieve of the forms in which the thought is expressed. In what we have said of the *lacunæ* and confusion of the Manchester Gallery of Ancient Masters, we are anxious not to be thought to impute neglect or incompetence either to the Committee, or Mr. Scharf, their officer. We quite believe both to have been unavoidable. Even for the selection of copies and second-rate pictures, and for the toleration of obvious misnomers, we have no doubt amply sufficient explanation may be given.

When we pass from the period preceding Rafaelle to that which follows him, we find a more satisfactory representation of individual masters; though the same confusion in hanging still renders the study of schools a fatiguing task. We must especially lament that the works of the Lombard school were not hung together, and that no Leonardo could be procured with more claims to be considered genuine than the sketch for the head of the "Vierge aux Rochers" (144). Doubtful as this appears to us, from its deficiency in that force which must be looked for in even a study from the hand of Leonardo, it is the only work given to the master here possessing the shadow of a claim to such parentage. The "St. Jerome" (104) bears a date

which is irreconcilable with its having been painted by Leonardo, did not the evidence of eyesight bespeak it as a work rather of Beccafumi than of the Lombard school. One of the finest pictures by any pupil of Leonardo seems to be the large "Madonna and Saints," by Beltraffio (92), though we can scarcely venture to pronounce an opinion on a work hung so high. There are several very tolerable Luinis, an inferior Marco d'Oggione, three Gaudenzio Ferraris, two or three Solarios, and two other Beltraffios, besides the large one just mentioned, which, placed in juxtaposition, would have at least enabled the Lombard school to have "put in an appearance" at Manchester. Scattered as these pictures now are, they have no significance whatever, except for those who can refer them to their places in the history of art. Correggio is very inadequately represented. There are great doubts even as to Lord Ward's "Reading Magdalene" (165). It is at least a very fine copy, if not a repetition, of the Dresden picture. The "Angels' Heads" (166, 167), however, from the apse of the demolished church of San Giovanni, at Parma, are fine and undoubted works of the master—most instructive and in excellent preservation, thanks to the durability of *intonaco* and water-colour. The little oval "Virgin kissing the Child" (168) is more like a work of the Caracci school than of Correggio; and the "Virgin and Child," on a gold ground (142), is an unmistakable *Pasticcio*. Why the very feeble portrait by Andrea del Sarto (174) was selected from Panshanger, where there were three other magnificent portraits of the master to choose from, we are not aware. Perhaps Lord Cowper thought he had done quite enough in contributing his two exquisite "Madonnas" (136, 141), the gems of the Rafaelles here exhibited, and the noble "Riposo," which bears the name of Fra Bartolomeo (118). This picture is of peculiar interest, though we find ourselves seriously at odds with Dr. Waagen on more than one of his remarks upon it.* The Doctor, who does not seem from the general character of his criticisms to have any practical knowledge of the processes of painting, sees in this picture "extraordinary warmth and depth, even for Fra Bartolomeo: the execution of the details extremely careful, in a delicately-blended manner, and indicating in the *sfumato* modelling the influence of Leonardo da Vinci."

Now we would appeal to all those who have made a special study of the Florentine masters, whether a careful examination of this fine picture does not leave them satisfied that it is one of the joint works of Fra Bartolomeo and Mariotto Albertinelli, the design of which belongs to the former and

* Treasures of Art in Great Britain, vol. iii. p. 10.

greater master, the colouring to the weaker and less consummate hand of the friend and pupil. The very parts of the picture which Dr. Waagen describes as injured, "the body and right leg of the St. John, and the left hand of the Virgin," are precisely the portions in the most genuine and unimpaired state. The "showing-through of the light ground," which the Doctor refers to as a proof of injury, is due to the slightness of Mariotto's work. In the extremities of both the children the under-painting of the shadows is apparent; and the rapidity with which the brown transparent colour used in the under-painting has been applied, leads to that patchy effect which the Doctor attributes to injury. To the painter the picture is of singular value, for the insight it affords into the technical procedure of the school. For the untechnical student, it has the grandiose charm of Fra Bartolomeo's designs, and the sweet repose and tender loveliness of the Virgin.

We have already referred to the unaccountable manner in which manifest copies,—not of high merit even as copies,—have been selected to mar the effect of the genuine works of Rafaelle in this gallery.

It is not till we extract the gold from the matrix of rubbish, that we can know how rich our ore really is. The genuine pictures here comprise the two Panshanger "Madonnas" (136, 141), both belonging to the painter's earlier or Florentine manner,—the smaller probably a work of 1505; the larger bearing the date of 1506, the very year of Rafaelle's departure for Rome,—and in fine preservation. The re-painting of an eye, which may be observed, seems to us not the work of a restorer, but a *pentimento* of the master's. Besides these two sweet pictures—of which the smallest and least celebrated is, to our taste, the most exquisite in expression—less masterly, but not less interesting, is the Fesch "Crucifixion" (123), from Lord Ward's gallery,* a picture of unrivalled importance for its illustration of the extraordinary degree in which the young Rafaelle, at seventeen, had appropriated to himself the manner and expression in heads and attitudes of his instructor, Pietro Perugino. The Manchester gallery, happily, gives us excellent means of comparing master and pupil, in this "Crucifixion" by Rafaelle, and in Perugino's fine composition, executed in tempera, of the "Virgin and Child," enthroned between St. Jerome and St. Peter (117), from the collection of Lord Northwick, together with the five exqui-

* Painted, according to Passavant, in 1500, for the chapel of the Gavari family, in the Dominican church at Città di Castello, where it remained till sold to a Frenchman at the beginning of the present century, who bought it for 4,000 scudi, supplying its place with a very bad copy.

site predella pictures of the same master, the "Noli me tangere," the "Baptism," the "Nativity," the "Resurrection," and "Christ with the Woman of Samaria" (83—87), from the collection of Mr. Alexander Barker. We know of no finer small examples of Perugino than this series, bathed throughout in the tenderest purity and serenest loveliness. The peculiar symmetrical though scattered arrangement of principal and secondary figures which runs through all the five pictures deserves notice, as observable in early works of Pietro's great pupil, particularly in a most interesting and unmistakably genuine little predella picture, representing the "Martyrdom of St. Cosmo and St. Damian," in the British Institution this year,* from the collection of Mr. William Stuart.

But to return from the master's work to the pupil's. Besides the three original works of Rafaelle already mentioned, another picture here, of equal authenticity, is the "Agony in the Garden" (134), formerly in Mr. Coningham's gallery, and now in that of Mr. Fuller Maitland. This picture was originally painted for Guidobaldo,† duke of Urbino, and was afterwards in the possession of the Gabrielli family. It bears strong traces of direct Peruginesque influence in the central figure of the praying Saviour. Why an inferior repetition, or copy, with exactly the same figure in the same landscape, was also hung here (128), is one of those instances of odd selection which so puzzle one at Manchester. The "Three Graces," formerly in the Borghese Gallery, and now one of the gems of Lord Ward's collection, is another genuine work of Rafaelle's, considered by Passavant to have been painted in 1506, and executed probably from a drawing of the antique group then in the library of the Cathedral of Sienna, and now in the collection of the Academy of Venice. Equally authentic, though in parts much injured, are the two here shown of the well-known series of five predella pictures, which passed from the possession of the Duke of Bracciano into the Orleans gallery, and were sold, on the resale of that gallery, at London, in 1798. These pictures Passavant refers to 1505. "The Agony in the Garden" (134)‡ is much injured and repainted. "The Pietà," contributed to Manchester by Mrs. H. Dawson, is in much finer preservation. Both are full of pure, tender, and solemn feeling. The "Madonna and Child" (179), formerly in the Rogers col-

* Numbered 23 in the B. I. Catalogue.

† From whose gallery it was, in 1829, stolen by a servant, who sold it for 60 scudi to a dealer. Prince Gabrielli discovered the loss just in time to regain the picture, on payment of a bonus of 10 scudi to the disappointed dealer.

‡ Formerly in Mr. Rogers's collection. Of the rest of the series, the "Christ bearing the Cross" is in Mr. Miles's collection at Leigh Court; the "St. Francis" and "St. Antony of Padua" are in the Dulwich gallery.

lection, has been so much injured, that it is impossible to assign its authorship with any confidence. It may be Rafaelle's; it may be Fra Bartolomeo's; it may even be Baroccio's.

There is not another of the many pictures here ascribed to Rafaelle, which had any claims to a place in a collection of the Art-Treasures of Great Britain. When Dr. Waagen speaks of the head of the Warwick repetition of "Joanna of Arragon," as "more delicate, animated, and warmer in tone," than the Louvre portrait, we can only express our profound disagreement with the infallible Doctor. But as even he "doubts" if this can be the original mentioned by Vasari, and as we should imagine nineteen out of twenty persons who have really studied the works of Rafaelle closely would have carried that "doubt" a great deal further, the picture should not have been here, any more than such a *pasticcio* as the Christ-Church "Nativity" (173), which may be by Pellegrino da Modena, or the wretched Oakover copy of "The Perla" (148). Many sound judges doubt the authenticity of even the Madrid original. But this copy has not a single merit that we can discover. We cannot find in it a trace of either the "well-understood forms" or "carefully blended painting" of which Dr. Waagen speaks (vol. iii. p. 390). And as to the "powerful tone" of the colour, if blackness be power, we agree with the learned Doctor, but on no other condition. The two treatments of the "Agony in the Garden," by Rafaelle, may be compared with the very interesting pictures of the same subject, by Andrea Mantegna (98), and his brother-in-law, Gian Bellini (89). The Mantegna is by far the finest small example of the master in this country. Ninety-nine connoisseurs out of a hundred, probably, would have assigned the work of Gian Bellini to Mantegna; so like is it, in the somewhat hard and strong, but powerfully conceived and vigorously executed figures of the sleeping Saints, and in the earnest, prayerful agony of the Saviour. And yet there *is* a subtle difference, if you examine the two closely. The background of the Venetian picture has more of the Bellinesque than the Paduan character; and the elongated and slender proportions of the figures are also noticeable, as quite opposed to the characteristics of Mantegna. In no known work, however, of Gian Bellini's does the influence of the Paduan teaching appear so strongly as in this picture. It is probably from one of the designs of Jacopo Bellini, the father of Gian and Gentile. It would be interesting to ascertain if this design is included in the collection of pencil-drawings by Jacopo now in the British Museum; a repertory of great value for the history of the earlier Venetian art generally, and the Bellini school in particular.

But we must not allow ourselves to be enticed away into discussions of the details of particular pictures. Let us return to the general character and uses of the Exhibition. We have pointed out both the particular periods of which it cannot be said adequately to illustrate the art-history. We have expressed our sense of the incompleteness with which the great collections of England are represented, of the occasional oddness of the selection of examples, and of the confusion in their arrangement; because the two former defects are calculated to mislead visitors in their estimate of the value of the art-treasures of England, and the last must inevitably confuse the student who does not bring to the building the power of classifying the pictures for himself. But the ungracious duty of fault-finding discharged, we have pleasure in bearing testimony to the great value and interest of the collection, as illustrating the various results of the ever-vital springs of art in distant countries, at different times, and under the most dissimilar conditions of public and private life. In the illustration it affords of the multiform manifestations of the art-faculty lies, we conceive, the great value of the Exhibition. For here we may track not only the great stream of Italian art, but in some degree follow up its principal confluents in the schools of Sienna, Umbria, Florence, Lombardy, Venice, and Rome, *i. e.* if we can disentangle them for ourselves on these chaotic walls. Then we may compare the art of Spain, in both its great schools, Sevilian and Castilian, with the art of Italy; and that of Flanders, Germany, and Holland with both. The case of France is peculiar. If we judged by what is here shown, we should infer that France had no art of her own till the time of Louis XIV.; and yet the Burgundian painters in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were numerous:* they had their confraternities, or guilds, and were in intimate relation with those of Hainault and Brabant. At a later date, Francis I. contrived to plant, at Fontainebleau, slips from the great Lombard and Roman trees of art; but they did not take kindly to the soil. Unless we resort to the illuminations of manuscripts, it is as difficult to supply any illustration of the native art of France before Louis XIV., as it would be to supply such illustration of the native art of England before Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Both countries did more to find employment for foreign painters than to favour home-made ones. Louis XI. sent to Brussels for Van der Goes, or Francis I. to Milan and Mantua for Leonardo and Giulio Romano, just as Henry VII. did to Rome for Torrigiano, or to Middelburg for John of Mabuse,

* See on this subject, the very trustworthy work of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, on the Early Flemish Painters.

or as his successors looked for their court-painters in the schools of Augsburg and Antwerp, not in those of Norwich or London. The very interesting tempera picture from Wilton (42) is a diptych, representing on one leaf Richard II. (in a mantle of cloth-of-gold) with his patron saints, St. John the Baptist and King Edward the Confessor; and King Edmund kneeling before the Virgin, who, with the Infant in her arms, and an attendant choir of angels, clothed in blue and crowned with white roses, occupies the other panel. This work, which must have been painted not long after the accession of the king, probably about 1384, proves nothing as to the existence of a school of painting in England contemporary with the Siennese or Florentine, for it is impossible to be satisfied that this is the work of an English painter at all. We know that Henry III. had a Florentine painter in his employment, and Dr. Waagen asserts confidently that this picture is the work of an Italian. This may be, but there is no reason to believe that we had not English illuminators at that date quite capable of producing such a work. Thanks principally to the iconoclastic zeal and whitewash of Puritan Protestantism, we are reduced to the entries in royal or family archives and the illuminations in manuscripts for proof of the existence of native painters in England before the end of the sixteenth century. But that they lived and wrought both in hall and chamber, in cathedral and parish church, we know from household books and Exchequer records, as well as from a few altar-frontals and occasional remains of wall-paintings discovered under plaster. This chapter, however, of the history of art remains still to be written. Two old panels from the church of St. Mary, Madder-market, at Norwich, are the only unquestionable illustrations of early native painting at Manchester. The county of Norfolk could have furnished abundance of such works; equally dull and earthy in colour, equally clumsy in form and rude in execution.

Even the demand for portraiture created no English school before Reynolds. The English portrait-gallery, for the period preceding Henry VII., furnishes us only with anonymous works. The Mabuse (57), the best of the four duplicates, representing the three children of Henry VII., must have been painted about 1495. But, till the middle of the seventeenth century, we encounter no English name among our court-painters. Holbein from Augsburg, Lucas de Heere from the school of Franz Floris, Zucchero from that of his brother Tadello at Rome, Mark Gerhard from Bruges, Van Somer, Mytens, Jansen, and their greater successor, Vandyke, from Antwerp, were the men to whose pencils we owe the long series of English worthies who adorn the nave of the Old Trafford

Gallery. Dobson was the first English painter whose name survives, attached to work scarcely inferior to Vandyke's. Cromwell was painted, as befitted him, by Englishmen; by Walker in life-size, by Cooper in little. Only a copy of the latter's famous miniature is shown at Manchester. Lely was a Haarlemer, and Kneller was a native of Lubeck and a pupil of Rembrandt and Ferdinand Bol. Verelst, Zeeman, Klostermann, Vanderbank, and Dahl, are, after Kneller, the most conspicuous names attached to those marvellously unindividual ladies in long-bodied white satin gowns, and those gentlemen in periwigs, Stenkirk cravats, and wide-cuffed velvet coats, who look so placidly down from the panelled walls of manorial drawing-rooms, and submit so patiently to their not unmerited banishment into corridors and garrets. Richardson, Gervas, and Hudson, were Englishmen who got a living by portrait-painting before Reynolds; but the school of England begins with Sir Joshua. He was its vitaliser, and its greatest ornament. To him we owe it that the Academy did not degenerate into the feeblest of cliques; and from his time England has held her own in art against France, has outshone the last feeble flickerings of the fires of Italy, and has seen the growth of a new historical and religious school of painting in Germany.

After all, the great interest of the Manchester Exhibition, for us, must centre in the Northern Gallery, where the English school is illustrated in a series that embraces examples of every painter who has achieved honour among us, from Hogarth to the last successful aspirant to the honours of a paragraph in the notices of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition.

Coming to the study of these 600 pictures from the masters of Sienna, Florence, and Padua; of Perugia, Milan, and Rome; of Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp; of Seville and Madrid; of Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and the Hague,—we are struck first by the severance of English art from all idealism; by its strong local, if not national, character; by its gradual emancipation from the conventionalism of the last century, its close and successful study of nature in landscape, and the small degree in which, by comparison with the art of the Netherlands, it has devoted itself to the representation of contemporary life.

Here is no clothing in form and colour of the faith of a people, whose heavenward aspirations can be heightened by contemplation of a Madonna; whose reverence can express itself by the dedication of an altar-piece, or the decoration of a mortuary chapel. English art is nakedly and narrowly Protestant. It has hitherto been debarred even from that kind of historical painting to which a patriotically-minded man may bring a spirit and a purpose allied to the religious in elevation

and earnestness. The dome of St. Paul's, painted by Thornhill at forty shillings the square-yard; the great room of the Adelphi, decorated by savage, starving Barry, with fifteen shillings and sixpence in his pocket,—remain the two sole examples of art applied to any thing like the work which employed it exclusively in the times and countries where it has taken its noblest and most enduring forms. Had it not been for the inroad of Puritanism, we might have seen a nobler development of art in England under the auspices of Charles I., who showed his love of it by his collections and his patronage of Vandyke,—though he *did* cut down his charges unsparingly. But between the Restoration and the foundation of the Royal Academy, not one painting higher than a portrait, a flower-piece, or a hunting-scene, was produced in England; and nine out of ten, even of such works as these, were executed by Dutchmen. Our Government has never, till the present reign, admitted that it has any duties in connection with art. The first two Georges patronised the flower-painters of Amsterdam and Haärlem, and rose to a relish of the tipsy boors of Teniers, the tavern-scenes of Jan Steen, and the ice-fairs of Lingelback or Molenaer. George III. had a devout belief in West; never were patron and painter so made for each other, as regards all that was most respectable in their practice, beliefs, and intentions, and most feeble and contracted in their imaginations and understandings. George IV. looked upon the painter as subordinate to the tailor; and yet the old family taste broke out even in him. The first gentleman in Europe loved Netherlandish pictures, and collected a capital gallery of examples of those schools. William IV. patronised Chambers and Huggins, rather from the feeling of a sailor than any sense he had that kings owe a duty to the arts. Under the present reign we have seen the first example of public money paid to artists for the decoration of the great council-chambers of the nation; the foundation of a department of science and art in the Government; and we trust we may add, prophetically, the erection of a National Gallery worthy of the nation. Will this public recognition of art impress upon our school a character different from that which a survey of the modern gallery at Manchester shows it to have possessed from 1730 to 1856?

Hitherto, trusting entirely for support to the demands of the private patron, our native art has but reflected the fashions and tastes of the day; has been limited by the dimensions of English houses; has never aimed at any thing more serious than perpetuating a face, or providing a pretty decoration for the wall of a room. Luckily, however, the love of out-door nature has long been common both to our patrons and our paint-

ers; by this, and by the large infusion of realism due to portraiture, a healthy life has been kept up in English art, which has at length borne down the mannered pseudo-classicism and italianised conventionality of the second half of the last century. That period of Dilettanti-Society connoisseurship fed on the scraps picked up during the grand-tour; self-sufficient and shallow, attaching itself, in the works of the past, to whatever was least spiritual and least warmed by imaginative life—to the architecture of Palladio, the sculpture of Bernini, the religious paintings of the Caracci, Guido, and Guercino, and the landscapes of Claude and the Poussins.

Thank Heaven, both artists and appreciators of art are beginning to outgrow this cold and crushing dogmatism, and to look more boldly into the face of nature and more thoughtfully into the aspects of society. There is at last a beginning of national employment for the men who will devote themselves to the setting forth the great deeds, struggles, sufferings and triumphs, through which this country has wrought her way to what she is. And though our churches are not as yet likely to enlist the painter's hand in the service or adornment of their worship, is he not himself anointed priest of the great temple of nature, to lead men away from the fret and fever of business or pleasure, into the still, over-arched chapels of summer leafage, up to the wide and waste hill-altars; to set roaring in our ears the organ-symphonies of the great sea; to soothe and soften us with the sweet singing of the streamlet through the meadows, or to set our hearts in tune with the harping of the wind upon the rushes of the mere?

In the reverent study and truthful representation of nature the English painter is furnished with the best antidote against the frivolity and insignificance to which our habit of looking in pictures only for what will amuse and give immediate pleasure is in danger of reducing him.

Both our manners and our minds are too refined to tolerate those representations of low life, in which the Flemish painters of the seventeenth century found subject-matter for their unrivalled technical skill. Our high-life is too measured and subdued to present any salient points to the painter. Our middle-class life is too sad and sober to furnish much food for the pencil. The element of the picturesque enters so little into the actualities of the century, that we can hardly blame the painter who goes to the past in search of it; nor should we wonder, that of the many who set out on that backward journey, the great majority get no further than Wardour Street. There is only too abundant evidence in the English gallery here how much this *bric-à-brac* and masquerade-warehouse art is encou-

raged in England, and by none more than by the Manchester picture-buyers.

It is the duty of all—of the public who buy, quite as much as of the writers who criticise—to insist upon it that, however fine the clothes in which the painter may dress his lay-figure, and however pretty the face he may clap a-top of them, neither frippery nor fair feature shall excuse the want of brains. From a commendable feeling of the necessity of this, many critics now-a-days are for ever repeating the demand for "expression, expression, expression!" This, on the other hand, may end in begetting a school of grin and grimace—of the kind exemplified in Millais's picture of "The Heretic's Escape," this year—in which a moment is chosen which admits only of expressions so strong as to look like caricature, however faithfully rendered. We shall risk less by insisting, as the one saving condition for modern art, that the painter shall bring to his work, whatever it be, a reverent, self-respecting, truthful, and serious spirit. The work of a man not aiming at self-display,—not so studious of success as of faithful rendering,—will always command respect, though it may lack the effect which wins attention in an exhibition.

Oh, that Exhibition! would we saw our way to getting rid of it, for surely its evil results are as grievous as they are apparent. And yet it must be confessed, we fear, that without it our painters and the public would never be brought together, as they must be for the former to exist, and for the latter to take a living interest in contemporary art.

In the centuries before Rafaelle, the painter laboured in his "bottega"—his shop, where his wares and his working might be seen, as any other handicraftsman's, or else he wrought from his scaffold on the walls. His finished work, if movable, went to its public place above the altar amid rejoicing crowds, and by worshipping crowds was ever afterwards enjoyed and admired; or it was fixed over the judgment-seat, to impress its lessons for ever on judges and litigants, criminals, witnesses, and auditory; or it depicted the whole scheme of Christian redemption, from the baptism over the porch to the judgment round the chancel-arch, in symbol, and type, and legend—the picture-book of those who could not read letters; or it emblazoned the house-fronts, and wrote itself above the arcades of the market-place. There was no need of exhibitions then; but now there must be a mart where the buyers and sellers of pictures may meet, as there was in the old days of the Flemish "Pands;"* for in Flanders, too, art was decorative and com-

* See for this, and all that relates to early Flemish art, the work of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle already referred to.

mercial as in England, and only partially national and religious; whereas in Italy, during its best period, its decorative and commercial elements were immeasurably less developed than its public and devotional ones.

We are sensible that in this article we have only touched on one class of considerations, suggested by one part of the Manchester Exhibition. We have not attempted to give even an outline of the multifarious contents of this great Art-treasure-house in the way of painting alone. We have not so much as referred to the collections illustrative of the art of design in pottery and porcelain, in metal work and ivory, in arms and textile fabrics, and furniture; nor to the water-colour gallery, nor to the sculpture.

Even the miniatures and the gallery of drawings and engravings must be dismissed with the merest mention. All three deserve the most careful study from all who are interested in the history of art. The drawings are very valuable, and have been well classified. The series of engravings, in respect of completeness and classification, is, of all parts of the Exhibition, that which reflects most credit upon those to whom it has been entrusted. It was scarcely in the nature of things that a gathering so miscellaneous as that which fills the cases arranged by Mr. Waring should have been as complete, in any one part,—much less in all its parts,—as the series illustrative of the single art of engraving. But resources, knowledge, and loving labour less than those employed on this part of the Exhibition by Mr. Dominic Colnaghi and Mr. Scott—for to these gentlemen is due the real credit—would have been insufficient to secure the admirable result which the combination of all three has secured. Acknowledgment is also due, in connection with this department of the Exhibition and the Water-colour, to Mr. Holmes, whose premature death soon after the opening of the Gallery has excited such well-founded regret.

We may say of this part of the Exhibition, what cannot with truth be said of any other, that it gives a perfect historical record of one branch of art, such as can no where else be seen. Here is none of the strange selection, or stranger derangement of examples, for which we have to find excuses, and make allowances in the gallery of ancient pictures. We have not to pick out for ourselves and recombine into historical wholes the scattered engravings of the schools of Baccio Baldini, and Mantegna, of Marc Antonio and Martin Schoen, of Albert Durer and Bolswaert, as we have the pictures of Sienna and Florence, of Perugia and Milan, of Seville, Bruges, and Augsburg.

We are unable to say how much of this marked distinction is due to superior knowledge of their subject on the part of

Messrs. Colnaghi and Scott; how much to timely and methodical arrangement; how much to the fact that these gentlemen possessed the command of ownership over great part of their materials, and that given by high respect and the fullest confidence over all the principal collections of engravings in this country. But the fact is apparent, and demands recognition.

Our space is exhausted, and we dismiss our subject with the painful feeling that we are leaving three-parts of it unconsidered, but with pride in the thought that Manchester men have achieved an undertaking, which, imperfect as it may be in parts, is yet, as a whole, an honour to the great industrial community which has carried it into execution, and a glory to the country in which such a project has found the means for its realization. Its uses may not be apparent at first, nor are its lessons likely to issue in any immediate or direct results. But in the spirit of the mottoes with which the Committee have decorated their stately nave, we may express our hope that this collection, while it testifies to the immortal vitality of the beautiful, will waken many souls, and make itself felt in the working and thinking of generations yet unborn.

Art. IX.—THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON AND MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

Statement of Facts and Arguments respecting the proposed Abandonment of the College Test in the case of Candidates for Degrees in Arts and Laws in the University of London. (Circulated by authority of the Graduates' Committee.) 1857.

Middle-Class Education. Second Edition. J. Ridgway and Co.

Certain movements in the University of Oxford have made "Middle-Class Education" one of the topics of the day. It has occurred to some of its members that while the middle classes are daily becoming more and more influential, their education has been left to chance and private speculation, and that it would be a good thing to institute examinations under the auspices of the University for boys and youths of fifteen and eighteen years of age, the reward of success being an honorary title connecting the bearer with Oxford. It is thought that a standard may thus be set up whereby parents may judge of the pretensions of various schools and systems of instruction, and that the emulative ambition of masters and scholars alike will issue in good. It is also thought that the badge conferred will be an advantageous means of directing employers to the choice of deserving

applicants for employment; and moreover, that the tendency of the whole scheme will be to give the University a hold on the affections of a new class, and to incite many to pursue higher studies within its own precincts.

We entertain the heartiest good wishes for the success of the plan. We agree that it is likely to do much good, and we see no reason why universities should not employ some of their spare power in this direction. But we altogether deny that the ingenious and benevolent projectors have grasped the whole problem of middle-class education, and we feel the urgent necessity of taking distinct ground with reference to it, when we see the Senate of the middle-class University of London not only prepared, but eager to sacrifice the very objects which it was constituted to promote. That body is desirous to obliterate the distinction (which the Oxonians anxiously preserve) between the holder of the new title and the academically educated man who possesses a university degree, and is capable of exercising corporate functions at Oxford. If the Senate of the University of London have their way, the London Bachelor will be pretty much on a par with the Oxford Associate. Hitherto a London degree in Arts, like all other degrees in Arts which have commanded general respect in this country, has denoted that the holder has not only passed a university examination, but has had a university training. He must have spent a long time in a college of the university. It is now proposed to grant the degree on examination alone, without university training. We propose to show how vital the difference is, how much a right estimate of it has to do with any true conception of middle-class education, and how peculiarly it behoves the University of London to attend to the true interest of the middle classes in the matter.

I. When we seek to show how vital the difference is, we are met by the difficulty that the argument lies in a nutshell. We are at a loss to expand or illustrate the proposition, that a man who has merely got a certain number of marks for answering the questions of examiners nominated by a body, calling itself a university, but whose sole function is to exercise the patronage involved in the appointment of examiners, is not, for that reason, "a university man."* If the examination is a rigid sifting of the candidate's attainments in the higher branches of mathematics, or in a sweeping cycle of some specific literature, his success may well show that his knowledge is extensive, and a searching *vivâ voce* test may even enable the examiner to pronounce it profound. But if the examination is directed to a variety of subjects, and no greater proficiency is required in any than such as average men of liberal education are expected to

* We can but assert that he is not, and appeal to the common understanding of terms for our justification.

possess, the only remark we can make about the successful candidate is, that we do not know much more about him than we did before. He may have a moderate amount of general knowledge uncombined with any true mental culture, or he may have acquired, for the nonce, the capacity of answering certain questions with no mental effect whatever except to confuse his brains and inflate his vanity. He has given no proof worth mentioning that he is entitled to take rank as a man of trained mind,—as one belonging to the educated class. Now, however much the assertion may be derided by those who are incapable of understanding that general influences on the mind and character, hard to enclose in definitions, and harder still to estimate in marks, are in reality the very essence of all education,—we do unhesitatingly assert that when we are told that a man has had *a regular college education*, we know far more about him than if we are told that he has passed an examination. The mere fact of giving up the vivid and joyous years of early manhood, in company with others who are doing the same at the same age, to even an indolent intellectual culture, under the influence of minds universally allowed to be authoritative, and within walls impressed by a dignified public character, transforms the man. The transformation may not be an unmixed good; in some cases it may weaken the mind while it widens it; but he by whom it has been undergone, has a right to a distinctive mark. If no other effect has been produced, he can hardly fail to start in life with a sense of the reality and importance of ideas, of things which are not seen, of general truths, of essence as compared to accident; and he will combine with this sense the knowledge that the world of ideas is as hard-working a world as that of sense, and that in the sweat of our brows we must eat the bread of life as well as the bread which perisheth. It is this combination which, with whatever shortcomings, we gain more surely for the mere ordinary man by a college education than in any other way, and it is impossible to over-estimate its importance. The uneducated man, plunged at once into practical life, becomes, according to his natural bent, incomplete on the one side or on the other. The most grow material, and leave the world of ideas altogether, and these are generally the strongest and those whom it is most mortifying to see shut up in such a narrow prison of sense. Others, with more leisure,—or at least more wish to escape from work,—grow vague, dreamy, frothy;—conceiting themselves that in lazily following a stream of out-of-the-way ideas (or words) furnished by others, they are mental labourers. It is only what we might have expected, that the best way of fusing the antagonist tendencies in the mind is to allow a breathing space, at the time when perception is keenest and natural nobleness least alloyed, during which thought shall be the pro-

pressed business of life, and the absence of grinding cares and harsh responsibilities shall leave human nature its full play.

It is this effect which we claim as the gist of the usefulness of a college education,—the distinctive characteristic of the holder of a degree. Of course it is only part of the result. Of course training in specific subjects can be pursued far better in colleges than elsewhere. But on this it is not necessary to enlarge; our object is to *state,* what we believe is very generally *felt,* that the educational advantages which it is easiest and least invidious to state in argument, are not the really *characteristic* advantages of a college education. It *is* very generally felt; but the grounds of the feeling are so little understood, that men are afraid to stand by it when they are told (as they will be told every day) that it is mere "snobbishness," mere sycophancy to the gentlemanlike superciliousness of Oxford and Cambridge. It is natural too, that those who have enjoyed the advantages referred to should be disinclined to put forth claims which seem like the assertion of personal superiority. But when we are challenged to say what it is that is implied in a University Degree, beyond the capacity to pass one or two not very difficult examinations, it is necessary to lay aside false shame, and, without pretending that the requisite qualifications *can* be opened to every body, to maintain their distinctive character and their preëminent worth. As a well-known and ancient friend of education recently remarked on a public occasion, it is the worst kind of Jacobinism to resolve that every thing which every body cannot have nobody shall have, and to withhold its due honour from college education because it cannot be enjoyed except under certain outward conditions.

II. College education for the Middle Classes is the part of their subject which the authors of the pamphlet on Middle-Class Education have ignored. They take a lofty Oxford view of well-to-do society, as divided into those who are to go at once from school to business, and those who are either rich and distinguished or devoted to professions, whose members take conventional rank with the rich and distinguished,—to which latter class alone they seem to consider university education appropriate.

This mode of thinking must pass away. There is no necessary connection between liberal culture and ambition. There is necessarily a strong connection between liberal culture and the power to discharge with efficiency the functions of a governing citizen in peace and war. The ambitious classes no longer monopolise government; more and more power is passing into the hands of those who begin life as thrifty acquirers, and reach political influence through the natural tendencies of a successful mercantile career; more and more of our members of Parliament, more and more of our magistrates, are taken from a class which

has not, as a general rule, enjoyed the advantages of college education. This ought not to continue. There is such an increased and increasing diffusion of every kind of information among all classes, that it is a painful anomaly that the training which would turn that information into a great source of available power should be confined to so few. The effect is very obvious. The middle-class men have power; but they cannot work by their own instruments, or get the credit of carrying into effect the principles which they espouse. Middle-class ideas are committed to men of another class to work out, and their originators lose alike the honours and the discipline of a first-rate position. They do not see the bearings of particular views on the general world of thought—they are often insensible to the very existence of a general world of thought—and it is therefore next to impossible to go to the bottom of a subject in arguing with them. It is necessary to begin by *teaching* them that the human mind has found it possible to run in other tracks besides the tramroad to which they are accustomed, and that a variety of considerations *must* be understood and respectfully entertained to which they are utter strangers. Culture is needed. The curate whose son is to be a curate after him, manages that he shall have it; and we must dismiss as unreasonable the notion that the son of the prosperous manufacturer or merchant, who is to tread in his father's steps, cannot have it. It is sufficient to say, that if society is reorganising itself on such a basis that a particular class is rapidly becoming sovereign, that class must succeed to the education as well as to the powers and the duties of those who held the sovereignty before it. Extensions and improvements of school education have been gradually admitted; and in spite of all the talk we hear about "object-lessons," "instruction in common things," and the like, the improvement has been mainly in the direction of abstract science and so-called "useless" literature. It will gradually be acknowledged that this is not enough; and that the object is not to extend the years of boyhood, but to devote to culture the beginning of manhood. We are aware that there will be difficulties in the way, the greatest being the old-fashioned cry which has hindered every educational improvement, that the liberally educated will not submit to the routine of business. So far as this is the case, we believe it to be very much the result of the opinion that it must be so. While a young man destined for business sees all those with whom he is about to associate deficient in the essentials of education, and sees on the other hand his chosen friends and companions either entering upon the enjoyment of hereditary wealth or going off to the learned professions, it is not to be wondered at that he feels his position irksome. It is the position and the associations

entailed by business, which repel far more than its routine. But if the change, which we suppose inevitable, were once to take place on a large scale, all this would be altered. The difficulty of making the change we have not the slightest wish to conceal; for had this been absent, the progress actually made would be most discouraging. The beginnings must be slow; for it will not be till we see business-men who have themselves been at college sending their sons to tread in their own steps, that rapid advances can be hoped for.

III. The University of London was established as the means of supplying the highest culture to the middle classes, and putting an end to the monopoly of university honours enjoyed by the Established Church. It began with the foundation of the Gower-Street College, where an eminent staff of professors were gathered together. The founders desired that their students should take degrees within their own walls. The law-officers of Lord Grey's administration had actually prepared a charter with this view. After much opposition, an address, praying the Crown to grant this charter, was carried in the House of Commons against Sir Robert Peel's Government, in 1835. When the Whigs returned to power, by definite agreement between the college and the Government (recorded in a correspondence still extant), the college waived its position, and consented to be only one of several colleges in a national university, to be composed of institutions similar to itself, the parent. The university, as its charter shows, was to grant degrees only to candidates who brought certificates from recognised institutions to the effect that they had "completed the course of instruction which the Chancellor, Vice-chancellor, and Fellows should, by regulation in that behalf, determine." Here were the materials for an organic university. The Senate had obviously two functions. It was to ascertain, by the examination of individual candidates for degrees, the possession of those qualifications which examination can test; and, besides the indirect influence which the character of its examinations would have upon the institutions whence the candidates were to proceed, it was to prescribe the amount and kind of training which they were to undergo in those institutions. It soon entered upon a third function,—that of practically determining, in the shape of a report to the Secretary of State, what new colleges should from time to time be affiliated. It ought to have had, with respect to general colleges, the power (which it had with respect to medical schools) of refusing to continue the recognition of institutions which abused their position. Not that there is reason to think that this power would hitherto have been conscientiously turned to account. The Senate, at its formation, was composed of men mostly too eminent to have time for the de-

tailed regulation of a university of struggling "middle-class" colleges: a number of physicians who were content to occupy themselves with the concerns of their own faculty; and one or two radical theorists, who thought that knowledge was knowledge, however acquired; that examination was the great engine of social improvement; and that the attributes and academic *status*, which we consider to be of the very essence of the qualification for a degree, were aristocratic accidents, the advantages of which ought, instead of being increased by a legal title, to be (so far as was possible) neutralised in favour of the self-educated. From the first, therefore, they utterly neglected every function but that of examining, or rather exercising the patronage involved in the appointment of examiners. That was their idea of the duties of a university. They never (except in medicine) prescribed any course of education as the pre-requisite of a college certificate; even when they were applied to on the subject, they gave the colleges *carte blanche* to make studentship as slight or as nominal as their consciences would let them—and some of the collegiate consciences have stretched a good way. They have of late completely, and (we will say it) recklessly and shamelessly, broken their trust as advisers of the Crown respecting the propriety of affiliating new colleges. It was just as much their business to judge between institutions, and award the position of colleges of the university only to those which deserved it, as it was to give their degrees only to candidates who could pass examinations. Yet they have latterly affiliated every petty school which chose to apply, and only last year added one to their list on the strength of certificates to the effect that five boys could construe and parse Xenophon, two could do the simpler parts of trigonometry, and three showed a fair acquaintance with Euclid. It is not wonderful that, with the university in such hands, the graduates should have been eager to claim that share in the government which they possess in the other English universities. Moderating their demands to the utmost, they were promised (after nine years of discussion) a new charter, enabling them gradually and indirectly to obtain a small proportion of the seats in the Senate, to prevent organic changes in the chartered constitution of the university from taking place without their consent, and to meet in Convocation with full powers of discussion and remonstrance, though without the power of actually interfering with the action of the Senate. At the last moment, when it was supposed that details alone remained to be settled, the Senate, almost unanimously, asked to be allowed to confer degrees as they pleased, without reference to colleges; and the question is still pending.

It is for the middle classes to protect their own university from this pseudo-liberalism. It is probable that Oxford and

Cambridge will continue to be hardly fitted for producing the class of educated men of business to whom we have referred, or for educating the Dissenting clergy. The *genius loci*, the social habits, the tone of society, the small ecclesiastical assumptions, which belong to them, are alien to the feelings of those of our middle class who have no wish to change their station or pursuits. The University of London was founded expressly for that class; and, with time and patience, we believe that they would largely avail themselves of it. Even now it is the university of the Dissenting clergy; and this alone shows that it is no failure. Fortunately, the *active* misconduct of the present Senate has not gone so far as to destroy the collegiate character of the university. Allowing for a little justifiable indulgence in admitting the pretensions of small theological colleges, the instances of improper affiliation, though flagrant, are few and recent; and it is not likely that, even if the list of colleges remains unaltered, one candidate in a year will proceed from really objectionable sources. An opportunity is now afforded for introducing into the charter provisions enabling the Senate to keep a strict hold over the colleges; and when that body comprises a greater number of members whose own academical position is at stake, we have no fear that the old supine courses will again be followed. It is idle to say, that a collegiate system cannot be maintained because it is not easy to define the word "college." It is a well-understood word; and an exact definition ought to be entirely supererogatory, inasmuch as, in the doubtful cases in which alone it would be necessary to recur to a formal definition, affiliation should be unhesitatingly refused. Annual answers from the colleges themselves to questions respecting the age, numbers, and proficiency of their students, would soon cause the loss of a college character to be detected, and justify the removal of decayed or degenerate institutions from the recognised list.

But let it be well understood that, whatever a degree implies, its possession ought to mark that the graduate is not self-educated or home-educated, and that the very office of a university is to encourage, to regulate, to distinguish, and to dignify, that training which colleges alone can supply. The liberal culture of an accomplished citizen is not that which the solitary student achieves for himself, or which the pet prodigy of the domestic system receives from the tutor or the parent. It is to be obtained by frequenting seats of learning in early manhood, and a degree in Arts is the recognised evidence that its possessor has done so. A university which neither teaches itself, nor has any organic connection with an educational system, ought to change its name. To promote and reward the formation, and regulate the aims, of academical institutions of the highest class, and to give the stamp of public honour to seats of learning, whatever

their character, religious or secular, is the characteristic function of the University of London. If this is repudiated, the result will be that the university will be left to its rivalry with the Society of Arts; while a new generation will devote themselves to founding the free Middle-Class University of the future, without the aid of the distinguished personages who have first neglected the duties and evaded the restraints of their charter, and then paraded their own misdeeds as arguments for the abandonment of a system which they have never attempted fairly to carry into effect.*

ART. X.—THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Dod's Parliamentary Companion: Twenty-fifth Year, Second Edition, New Parliament. Whittaker, 1857.

THERE are always malcontents and alarmists ready to announce during a temporary cessation of party conflicts that the House of Commons has abdicated its functions, and that parliamentary government is in its decline. The acquiescence of the various sections of the Opposition in a war which the nation was bent upon prosecuting supplied a pretext for imputing to all parties a dereliction of duty. When the Administration and Parliament are coöperating for a common object, it may always be plausibly alleged that the House is content to employ itself in registering the decrees of the Minister. The transient fashion of admiration for the imperial system of France coincided with the national propensity to grumble when the parliamentary debates are no longer interesting. The inefficiency of representative institutions became the common topic of those politicians who cultivate originality by repeating the latest paradox of the day.

As soon as the war was at an end, it sufficiently appeared that, whatever attributes might have been lost to the House of Commons, its capacities for factious opposition survived. It was doubtful whether Lord Palmerston could command a majority on vital questions of policy; and no opportunity was lost of thwarting the Government by the rejection of its secondary measures. The result of the general election has once more

* A word is due to the argument that a large number of the Dublin degrees are granted to non-resident candidates. We think that even at Dublin it would have been better to adhere to the principle of attendance at Trinity College; but the evils of the non-resident system are there reduced to a *minimum* by a complete system of eight progressive examinations, conducted in Dublin, and extending over four years; a system which practically confines the distinction of a degree to young men entering life and devoting all their time to study, and which from various causes cannot be, and is not intended to be, introduced into the University of London. Moreover, it was not the special function of the University of Dublin to extend to a new class the advantages and privileges of university education, strictly so called, and to assert its value in opposition to middle-class prejudices.

introduced a lull of political contest; and the present session is likely to conclude without any of the excitement which attends a struggle for office. It is not generally observed, that similar causes render the commencement of almost all parliaments tranquil or tame. A dissolution is in most cases the end, not the beginning, of a conflict. The questions in dispute are already decided either by the outgoing Parliament itself, or by the verdict of the constituencies. In 1847 the Corn-Laws had been repealed, and Lord George Bentinck had scarcely declared his opposition to Lord John Russell. In 1853, the fate of the Derby Administration was sealed at the hustings. On both occasions a House of Commons, elected on the issue of free trade or protection, found its work already done to its hands. The actual majority expresses the popular confidence in the policy which received its completion at the second Congress of Paris; but there is no longer any war to maintain, and a certain interval must elapse before domestic affairs can altogether resume their former preponderance. There is no reason to fear that the world will so far stand still as to offer no political problems to the statesmen of the ensuing five years. The Parliament of 1853, which thought that it had nothing to do but to turn Lord Derby out of office, was destined to deal with matters of sufficient importance. The Charter of the East-India Company was renewed, the Succession Duty was imposed, the Russian war was undertaken and finished, before a new dissolution. Even in default of the excitement which is to arise from the anticipated Reform Bill, newsmongers have no reason to despair.

Constitutional theorists might discover an anomaly in the system by which an election turns less on the future than on the past; but the process is at the same time natural and beneficial. The candidate who is simply pledged to an approval of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, is free to exercise an independent judgment on the questions which he will really have to decide. A delegate for historical purposes, he remains in his political capacity a representative of the nation at large. The majority of the new House is professedly biased in favour of the present Government; but on almost every imaginable subject of discussion the Ministerial members are entitled to exercise their own discretion. A vehement attack on the Estimates of 1857 would have been a virtual breach of the understanding between the candidates and the electoral bodies; but the Budget and the proposed outlay of the ensuing year must be vindicated on their own merits. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will, perhaps, in the next session, almost feel regret for the absence of the hostility which at the close of the late Parliament served him so well by the excess of its violence.

To a certain extent it is reasonable and unavoidable that party contests should periodically diminish in violence. Legislative improvements are unmeaning, unless they restrict the extent of change which still remains to be made. Innumerable abuses have been cleared away within the last quarter of a century; and many of the measures suggested by the partisans of progress have become established institutions. It is frivolous to treat a representative system as incompetent to its purposes, because it has in a great degree already attained them. There is much to be done, and many new questions will arise and require solution; but political parties are no longer irreconcilably divided in principle. The members of the House of Commons, on taking or on resuming their seats, may fairly wait for the production of measures on which they may hereafter differ, in preference to proclaiming a precocious animosity against the doctrines of their political adversaries. By a curious inconsistency, those who taunt Parliament with its pacific tendencies are constantly in the habit of complaining that representative assemblies waste their vigour in useless squabbles, instead of transacting public business with imperial unanimity and speed. Those who are dissatisfied with free institutions may derive valuable instruction from the melancholy efforts of the *Moniteur* to proclaim the merits of the sham Parliament of France. The Senate and the Legislative Body are exempt from the agitations which despots condemn as sterile. Incapable either of good or evil, they can only balance the condescending praise of the higher power against the indifference of a nation which they neither represent, nor protect, nor govern.

It is not to be regretted that the first session of the new Parliament has been uneventful, and even dull. New members have had time to familiarise themselves with the forms and with the traditions of the House; and they have been exempt from the temptation of grouping themselves prematurely, and in particular sections and divisions. The dissolution and its results have discouraged factious opposition; and in one important instance the new House of Commons has shown commendable self-respect. The Army Estimates have been voted in silence, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's previous denunciation of Ministerial extravagance. The discreditable Maynooth farce has been summarily suppressed, in the absence of the majority of those gentlemen of easy principles who had swallowed the Protestant pledge on the hustings. There is reason to hope that the present Parliament will steadily discountenance all sectarian agitation. Its treatment of more serious questions will be favourably influenced by the calm and dispassionate commencement of its career.

The complaints which have been loudly expressed, that the

representative system is decaying, deserve little attention. In quiet and prosperous times, the action of Government is always comparatively imperceptible. Discontent and expectation concentrate public attention on the power which alone can effect decided changes; but when the machine of State works smoothly, the force which impels it may sometimes pass unobserved. In a perfect Utopia new laws would be unnecessary, nor would faultless functionaries call for the vigilant supervision of Parliament. Even in our present condition, there is a general conviction that the institutions of the country are in a course of gradual improvement. Politicians and party-leaders find it useless to express an impatience which no portion of the community really feels. Those who taunt the House of Commons with inaction, and with want of definite purpose, can scarcely assert that the centre of political power has shifted. No bureaucracy has taken the place of Parliament. No minister has appropriated new attributes to his office. The more intelligent classes still govern the country through that portion of their body which has succeeded in obtaining the votes of the constituencies. The press itself exercises its dreaded influence most efficiently in moulding the opinions of the Legislature.

The real working of the Constitution was never more characteristically exhibited than in the course of the recent war. It happened, by a rare contingency, that the convictions of the most enlightened and thoughtful part of the community were opposed to the inclination of the Government, to the leaning of all party-leaders, and to the almost unanimous bias of the aristocracy. The Continent was divided between fear of Russia and sympathy with her designs. English statesmen and diplomatists every where sneered at the enthusiasm which they were ultimately forced to affect, or in some instances inclined to share; but the nation remained firm, and, through the House of Commons, imposed its decision on the Crown and on the Government. The general election, as far as it involves a verdict on any definite issue, amounts to a re-affirmation of the foreign policy with which Lord Palmerston has identified his name. The House of Commons may possibly be called upon to occupy itself with business of a very different character; but, at home or abroad, it will express the national will, and prove itself the dominant power in the State.

Parliamentary sovereignty exhibits itself in various forms, according to the circumstances of the time. Under Lord Grey, and in the earlier part of Lord Melbourne's administration, the Liberal majority employed its vigour in legislation, while it carried into operation the policy to which the party had become pledged during its long exclusion from office. No other period in mo-

dern parliamentary history has been equally fruitful of beneficent measures. In five or six years the Reform Bill, the Abolition of Slavery, the Poor-law Amendment, the Tithe Commutation Acts, and the Corporation Reform Bills for the different portions of the United Kingdom, furnished abundant proofs of the energy of a Constitution which could remodel itself without violence or danger. In the subsequent decade, under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel, the same spirit of improvement was displayed in financial and commercial changes, ending with the Abolition of the Corn-Laws and of the Navigation Laws. Within the last four or five years foreign policy and war have absorbed the principal attention of Parliament. Many idle reproaches have been directed against the alleged indifference which may have prevailed as to domestic questions; but there is a time for all things, and the trained instinct of a free nation may be trusted to distinguish it. In 1832, accumulated abuses required removal; and they were removed. In 1842, a mine of economical wealth waited to be explored; and Sir Robert Peel commenced the introduction of his system. In 1854, it remained to be shown whether England was enfeebled by wealth and commerce; and the answer is open to the world. For all useful political purposes liberty supplies a motive power which absolute governments desiderate in vain. The most enlightened continental statesmen fear to impose a tax for the defence of the national honour, and shrink from the responsibility of removing a protective duty. The grant of sixteen millions by the wealthier classes of Englishmen, to be levied from their own incomes, indicates a power and activity which imperial reviews, proclamations, idly endeavour to display.

There is reason to hope that no national emergency may occur to divert the energies of the present Parliament from its ordinary functions. Europe presents a peaceful appearance, and the blustering of America is not more loud than usual. Although the Chinese dispute furnished the occasion for the dissolution, no Asiatic war can require the frequent interference of the House of Commons. Yet it is impossible to anticipate the course of foreign affairs; and it is satisfactory to know that the present Parliament is prepared to deal with international relations in a vigorous and worthy spirit. Hesitating and uncertain on many points, the constituencies have distinctly sanctioned the policy which is popularly associated with the name of Lord Palmerston. It is a question of minor importance whether the minister himself has been in all cases sincere and consistent; but it must be remembered, in explanation of his apparent vacillations, that among his principal colleagues during the last ten years, Lord Lansdowne alone has cordially sympathised with the cause of European freedom. The popular judgment instinctively perceives that the

charge of inconstancy to liberal principles is urged against Lord Palmerston by those who admire, and by those who administer, despotism abroad. The patriots who are supposed to have been encouraged and then deserted, still obstinately rely on the sympathy of their alleged betrayer, and on the terror which his name inspires.

The nation has in former times been far too indifferent to foreign politics, or, in other words, to the affairs of the rest of the world. The last Parliament represented the habitual apathy of the country; and it has been said, with some plausibility, that the House of Commons would have opposed the Russian war, if members could have voted under cover of the ballot. The great events which have since occurred have effectually aroused public attention, and the general election furnished an answer to the denunciations uttered in Parliament against a policy which was called turbulent and meddling. General opinion is all but unanimous on the general principles which ought to regulate our foreign relations. Coöperation with France under all its successive forms of government has been found advantageous to both countries. If the Empire inspires little confidence, it is felt that French absolutism is widely different in its practical working from the despotism of Austria and of Russia. With the great northern monarchies England may be united by temporary interest, but scarcely by sympathy or inclination. Of all continental states, Sardinia is regarded with the strongest feeling of cordiality. The jargon of describing Italians as unfit for freedom is already to a great extent obsolete. There is no likelihood of any gratuitous meddling in the domestic affairs of the Italian States; but if legitimate occasions of interference should present themselves, it is possible only in one direction.

Even the diplomatic protest against Neapolitan tyranny has not met with the disapproval of the nation. In vain it was urged that the Government had done too much or too little, or that a great power ought not to remonstrate unless it was prepared to strike. The dilemma was rather apparent than real. The implied accusation was not that Lord Palmerston had abstained from aggression, but that he had protested against intolerable wrong. The country understood that the coöperation of France was necessarily purchased at the price of renouncing the entire control of the common policy. A precedent has been established for interfering against oppression. The right of protecting foreign governments against the indignation of their subjects had long since been incorporated into the conventional law of nations.

Colonial affairs have for some time almost ceased to require the intervention of Parliament. It will be well if Indian questions are also left to the management of those who best under-

stand them. The President of the Board of Control has too often courted popularity by implied attacks on the system which it is his duty to administer. The statesmen of India are inadequately represented in the House of Commons. It may, however, be hoped that the settlement of 1853 will for some time be exempt from serious derangement. Economical and political reforms, or, in other words, finance and domestic legislation, seem likely to furnish the proper occupation of the existing Parliament. There is no reason to doubt that the machine is well adapted for the work which it will be required to perform.

The obliteration or possible revival of party distinctions is not an alternative which calls for any expression of solicitude. The most efficient parliaments of modern times have been those in which the Whigs and Sir Robert Peel successively exercised undisputed sway. As soon as the leaders of any party see before them a fair prospect of succeeding to office, they will not fail to organise an opposition, and to find opportunities for a contest. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli—possibly Lord John Russell—thought that such an opportunity had arrived at the commencement of the session in February. It is only because the carcass has been discovered not to be there, that the eagles are no longer gathered together.

The great victories achieved by economical reformers have produced an erroneous popular impression, that little remains to be done for the development of the national resources; but there is still abundant room for commercial legislation, to carry out the principles which are now universally recognised. The superintendence of the public revenue and expenditure is the most permanent and indispensable function discharged by the House of Commons. Political changes are only required at intervals; questions of international policy are of exceptional occurrence; but year after year the system of taxation must be maintained and improved. It is absurd to assume that the budget and the tariff have, as yet, been so adjusted as to combine the highest productiveness with the smallest amount of oppression. Even the theory of free trade is still violated, by the duties imposed on certain manufactures for the protection of domestic industry; whether the practical realisation of the system is disturbed by forty millions of taxes on commodities, is perhaps a verbal question. There is no inconsistency in raising a revenue from tea, from coffee, from sugar, from tobacco, or from wine. The sole object of the duties on such articles is, to provide the means for national expenditure, nor is any class or individual interested in maintaining them, or increasing their amount; any reduction which might be found not to entail a loss on the Treasury, would be unanimously adopted. The evil of high prices and of stinted

enjoyments finds, at least, some compensation in the returns, which are reckoned by millions. The dregs of the protective duties are, at the same time, paltry in their product and mischievous in their operation. No plausible reason can be given for the taxes on glass, on sewn goods, on lace, on silk, on gloves, and on shoes. An inspection of the tariff will show, that some of the most absurdly ingenious forms of protection are still retained in the statute-book. Old cables of native origin enjoy a preference of ten per cent, while their foreign rivals are absolutely excluded, unless "the same be rendered unserviceable by reduction into lengths not exceeding three fathoms." It does not appear that old ropes, carefully spoiled, contribute a single farthing to the revenue. Two or three hundred thousand pounds would represent the total sacrifice to be incurred by the abandonment of all these petty privileges. There can be little doubt that lacemakers, glovers, and shoemakers joined in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn-laws. It is time that the British hosier should be placed on a level with the British farmer; when lace and silk are no longer susceptible of smuggling, travellers arriving in England may perhaps enjoy a relaxation in the vigilance of the most troublesome custom-house in Europe. Ordinary portmanteaus and carpet-bags will not be suspected of containing any formidable supply of brandy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already given notice of the abandonment of some trifling Customs duties; and he will probably not be deterred from proceeding in his intentions by the statesman-like remark of Lord John Manners, that the working classes have derived no advantage from the foolish changes of the same description which were brought into fashion by Sir Robert Peel.

The mode of dealing with the great mass of indirect taxation involves considerations of a far more complicated character. Notwithstanding the strong economical reasons which may be urged against duties on commodities, the inclination of Parliament and the feeling of the country are opposed to any comprehensive change in the present system. The popular arguments in favour of duties on consumption are generally of the most puerile kind; but the motives which induce the use of such reasons are facts which statesmen must take into consideration. The injustice of an imperfect financial system is partially remedied by the tendency of payments of all kinds to re-adjust the incidence of taxation. The community, as a whole, has a right to prefer waste or abstinence from indulgence to the tangible annoyance of the tax-gatherer's visits. There is no reason to expect any material diminution of the public expenditure; so that, although the rates of duty may, in some cases, be beneficially reduced, the total amount to be levied must be the same. The growing wealth

and population of the kingdom seem to furnish the only prospect of a material reduction in the Customs and Excise. While consumption naturally extends, lower duties may, at the same time, stimulate the proportion of expenditure applied to taxable commodities. Larger numbers will, even at present prices, consume more tea and sugar. A diminution of duty may probably induce a further increase of consumption, implying a larger average outlay by each individual on the particular articles which are relieved by the measure. The opponents of the Budget denounced Sir Cornewall Lewis in the name of religion, philanthropy, and political economy, for his alleged increase of the tea and sugar duties. The minister replied, that a suspension of a fall was not a rise; but he would readily have admitted that the necessaries of life ought, if possible, to be cheap. When religion and philanthropy can point to an independent surplus, their demands for a reform of the tariff will be altogether unanswerable.

The alternative of large direct taxation seems to be definitively abandoned. The agitation against the Income-tax is natural and intelligible; but it is, in a great measure, unjust and unreasonable. The complaint that the impost is unequal, would apply with much greater force to almost any indirect duty. The poorer classes consume a larger proportion of taxable articles than the rich; and the exercise of individual choice, as to proportionate contribution to the revenue, is in itself a source of flagrant inequality. It has been forcibly remarked, that the alleged anomalies of the Income-tax only affect a fraction of its produce. The duty on fixed incomes and on salaries, collected with absolute fairness and equality, produces more than four-fifths of the total amount. The small sum contributed by the incomes which are called precarious, supplies the sole pretext for the clamour which seems likely to put an end to the tax. If legislators are to aim at mathematical equality, it would seem that variations, in the actual or probable duration of incomes, were exactly compensated by the inevitable correspondence in the variation of the tax. The profits of the legal profession are as permanent and certain as the rental of landed proprietors, and they are properly assessed at the same rate. The income of individual lawyers, being precarious, is subjected to a precarious impost; and all classes under the tax are in precisely the same relative position as on the eve of Sir Robert Peel's first budget. The commercial reforms, which have been rendered possible by the existence of the tax for fifteen years, have tended primarily to the relief of consumers; or, in other words, to the benefit of the malcontents who are classed in Schedule D. Yet the traders of the towns have thought fit to raise a clamour against their comparatively trifling share in the common burden. The landowners,

who really bear the largest share of the impost, naturally prefer the maintenance or increase of the indirect taxes to a re-adjustment, or even to a continuance, of the Income-tax.

If this great engine of financial improvement is to be abandoned, few leading statesmen will be exempt from their share in the blame. Mr. Disraeli, during his short tenure of office, not understanding the question in dispute, and misunderstanding the interests of his own supporters, promised a compliance with the popular delusion. Mr. Gladstone displayed consummate ability in persuading the House of Commons to renew the tax; but he abstained, on grounds of practical prudence, from asserting the true principle; and he held out a hope, which he has since imagined to be a contract, that the obnoxious burden might be removed after accomplishing the task immediately in hand. The leaders of the agitation against the war ninepence did not fail to make use of the admission implied in Mr. Gladstone's arguments. They asserted, with good reason, the practical possibility of an adjustment which had been implicitly recognised as just. As long as the existing balance of political power is maintained, the instincts of those who own realised property will successfully oppose the formidable anomaly of a graduated tax; but it may be found easier to compromise for that repeal than to expose the paradox maintained by the representatives of Schedule D. Future commercial reforms may be rendered impossible by the abolition of the main item of direct taxation. Any financier who could persuade the House of Commons to recognise and adopt the true economical doctrine, would render an important service to the country. A permanent duty of fivepence or sixpence in the pound on incomes of every description would tend more effectually than any reconstruction of the tariff to promote cheapness and general prosperity. The supposed compact between the nation and itself to relieve itself of the tax in 1860, need not disturb the national conscience.

It seems to be understood, as far as hustings' pledges and Parliament's declarations can constitute an agreement, that the next session is to be employed, in some measure, for the reconstruction of the representative system. It may be doubted whether the demand for reform is as earnest as it is loud; and it is certain that the promises given by candidates and members have rarely proceeded from a deep conviction that change is necessary. The Liberal party required a distinctive watchword for the purposes of the election; and a large extension of the suffrage was the only proposal by which they could offer a challenge to their opponents. By a strange consequence, the popularity of Lord Palmerston procured the return of a majority pledged to a policy of which Lord John Russell is the recognised

organ. The undertaking given by the Government to bring forward a Reform Bill in 1858 was probably extorted by the anticipation of a formidable rivalry; but the danger still exists. It is impossible that Lord Palmerston can produce a plan for any sweeping change in the present distribution of political power; and the temptation to outbid a hesitating minister will probably prove irresistible. The difficulty of passing any measure of the kind into a law will only be experienced at a later period of the discussion. The motion for leave to introduce a Reform Bill would at present be carried by two to one. The second reading might probably receive the support of a considerable majority; but extraordinary skill and energy would be required to secure the adoption of the detailed provisions of the measure.

It must not be forgotten, that enfranchisement involves disfranchisement as its correlative. New seats can only be created by the extinction of existing boroughs; and extended constituencies must swamp the present electoral bodies. Nothing is easier than to devise combinations, by which the opinions and interests of different classes may be more adequately represented than under the existing system; but actual change is possible only in one direction. The claims of education, of experience, of respectability may be well founded; but the only force which can overthrow the constitution of 1832 consists in the pressure of numbers, and tends exclusively in a democratic direction. In other words, reform can only be carried by reformers; and the only party which is entitled to such a designation demands the extension of the franchise downwards, and not any artificial readjustment of the balance of power. The abolition of small boroughs, household suffrage, and electoral districts, are, in a certain sense, popular demands. The admission of curates, of clerks, of men of letters, to the suffrage, interests no constituencies or public meeting. It may be added, that, in proportion to the extension of the franchise, is its worthlessness to the higher class of voters. Merchants and professional men in Finsbury or the Tower Hamlets are totally indifferent to the privilege of vote for candidates whom they have no power of selecting. If operatives possessed votes in the Lancashire towns, the manufacturers would cease to interest themselves in the elections.

Constitutional theorists, who estimate the value of a political machine exclusively by the tangible results of its working, may express a plausible doubt whether any Reform Bill will improve the composition of Parliament. The House of Commons never consisted, and never can consist, entirely of eminent members; but it generally includes all the known statesmen of the time,

and the representatives of every recognised party. Above all, it fulfils the indispensable requisite of universal acquiescence in its supremacy. The undisputed sovereignty of the Lower House depends but in part on legal or historical doctrines. The power is derived not merely from the constituency, but from the personal reputation of its leaders, from the social position of a large portion of its members, and from the identification of the entire body with the wealthier and more highly-educated classes. Even in America, the obscure delegates who fill the House of Representatives take little share in the government of the country. The Senate, on the other hand, is powerful, because its members are eminent; and the senator from Vermont or from Delaware commands equal attention with the mouthpiece of the millions of New York. The people cannot govern, even by its nominees, except on condition of choosing qualified rulers. The national sympathy and support, which constitute the true strength of representative assemblies, would never attend on a body of adventurers and of demagogues. Universal suffrage would by no means imply universal submission to the objects of the popular choice. In our own country, notwithstanding the jests of satirists, the House of Commons approximately represents the dominant opinion of the nation. Landowners, manufacturers, merchants, and lawyers, with some miscellaneous admixture, administer public affairs in Parliament, as they control all important business out-of-doors. The prelates, barons, and great men of the realm, still enjoy an honorary mention in writs of summons; because they once constituted the ruling class, of which they now only form a fraction. The present constitution of Parliament not less accurately represents the existing balance of internal power.

If, then, there is no prospect of an improved House of Commons, it may be asked whether there is any sufficient reason for attempting to improve the constituencies. As a preliminary answer, it may be suggested that no political combination exhausts its energies in a single result. Parliament exercises its most important functions in legislation and in government; but it is still a representative body, and it must satisfy the reasonable ambition of those who may claim an indirect voice in public affairs. It has been abundantly shown by experience, that discontent is appeased by the opportunity of expressing itself through legitimate organs. Even the malignant genius of O'Connell was hampered by the restraints of Parliament. It is embarrassing to use constitutional powers for political purposes, and at the same time to cultivate disaffection to the system under which they exist. The most important problem for Parliamentary Reformers is, to provide a representation for those

classes and interests who are not in sympathy with the present House of Commons. The difficulty of the task consists in admitting new elements into the constitution without deranging its general adjustment.

The objection to an indiscriminate extension of the suffrage is not merely that the working classes are comparatively unfit to exercise political power, but that they are more homogeneous, more disposed to act in masses, and incomparably more numerous, than any other portion of the community. An ignorant peasantry will alternately follow the landlord and the demagogue. Clever and half-taught operatives will combine in clubs, and become the instruments of those who understand how to manage the machinery of combinations. Proprietors, traders, farmers, and the members of the higher professions, are actuated by conflicting motives and prejudices, and are respectively responsible to the various opinions of their respective sections of society. The multitude, especially in periods of excitement, is moved by simpler impulses. The love of independence and the jealousy of freedom are generally found to diminish as individual influences disappear from a political system. Universal suffrage established a vulgar despotism in France, and produced a Jesuit majority in the Belgian legislature.

Nevertheless, it is desirable that the working classes should express their wishes in Parliament rather than in trades-unions and Chartist associations. The existence of contraband traffic always indicates some disturbance in the legitimate operations of commerce; and the organised discontent of seditious clubs arises from the absence of any connection between a part of the population and the rulers of the country. The operatives of the manufacturing towns have a peculiar claim to representation, if it were only that their imaginary grievances might be brought forward, and their favourite fallacies exposed in Parliament; yet a general admission of the whole body to the suffrage would practically disfranchise the traders and capitalists, who form a considerable section of the House of Commons. There are many objections to the innovation of distributing political power among classes, instead of regarding local sections of the community; but an exception would perhaps be admissible in favour of the educated workmen of the great towns. In the first instance, the members for such constituencies would probably be chosen on account of their adhesion to many social and economical errors. Arguments in favour of protection, of administrative interference, of limitations imposed on prices from above, and on wages from below, would for a time be urged on the unaccustomed ear of Parliament; but false doctrines are only injurious when they are preached to audiences prepared to re-

ceive them; and in many cases the opportunity of fair discussion would render them no longer dangerous. On the other hand, delegates from the great bulk of the population might have something to teach their colleagues. The wishes and opinions of millions are entitled to consideration as facts; and, to a great extent, they must be founded on experience and in justice. There is little reason to apprehend the introduction of artisans or factory hands into Parliament; and, at the worst, they would find themselves without power or influence in the House.

It is, however, probable that the intended measure will be more modest in its pretensions. The adoption of the municipal suffrage as the basis of Parliamentary representation, would, in populous boroughs, admit a considerable number of working men to the franchise; and there can be no doubt that operatives of the highest class are superior, both in respectability and in intelligence, to many of the petty traders who vote as ten-pound householders. It is said that the influence of publicans, of beer-house keepers, and of the more fanatical sects, would be weakened by the extension of the present constituencies; but the conjectural statistics of Reformers, and of those who oppose reform, must, in all cases, be received with hesitation. On the whole, it may be assumed that no more prudent or equitable scheme will be proposed than that which was brought forward by Lord John Russell in the session of 1854. The moderate extension of the suffrage, the prospective abolition of the privileges of freemen, the suppression of petty boroughs, and the enfranchisement of some considerable towns, and the provisions for the representation of minorities, were proposals which at the same time satisfied many popular demands, and reconciled to the intended change many thoughtful politicians, who were by no means enthusiastic reformers. The House gave leave, as a matter of course, to bring in the Bill; but the indications of the future opposition to the measure were in a high degree significant. The most experienced ex-official Whig leader rose as soon as Lord John Russell had concluded his statement, and announced his intention of resisting any provision which might affect his constituents, the freemen of Coventry. It was understood that the representatives of the boroughs which were to be disfranchised would oppose, as a body, the fundamental clause by which their constituencies were to be destroyed. The organs of the Ultra-liberal party announced an uncompromising hostility to the protection afforded to minorities; and it could not be doubted that the Conservatives would ally themselves successively with each separate body of malcontents. The war supplied a sufficient reason for postponing the consideration of the measure; but it was evident that the House of Commons

almost unanimously welcomed the pretext for avoiding an unwelcome division. When Sir Edward Dering's amendment was carried, Lord John Russell was probably the only dissentient to the universal satisfaction.

The same difficulties, although they may perhaps not be found insuperable, will recur as soon as the question is re-opened in the ensuing year. Even if Lord Palmerston proposes the political annihilation of Tiverton, even if Sir Cornewall Lewis sacrifices the Radnorshire boroughs, a hundred members, of all shades of politics, will protest against the extinction of constituencies which contribute more than their share to the ability and efficiency of the House of Commons. The Liberal members, who have long enjoyed a monopoly in the representation of the manufacturing boroughs, will afford but a nominal and lukewarm support to a measure which may endanger their local supremacy, and they will probably offer an active opposition to any proposal for increasing the share of the counties in the representation. It is possible that some unexpected burst of popular enthusiasm may sweep away all resistance to a large and comprehensive readjustment of the electoral system; but no such measure will be proposed by the present Ministry, or cordially supported by the present House of Commons. A balanced, compromising, tentative measure will break down, not so much under the weight of opposition as from the want of effectual support.

The honesty of Lord John Russell's project was especially exhibited in the contrivance for representing minorities in certain large constituencies. The objection to the plan consisted in the difficulty of adopting it, and in the subsequent uncertainty of maintaining it. The novelty of the proposal would have proved a source of weakness; and even if its acceptance had been made the condition of a popular concession, the strength of the enlarged constituencies might have soon been employed to rescind the restriction cautiously imposed on the exercise of their new privileges. Submission to majorities has been for centuries the principle of that freedom which extends wherever the English language is spoken. Conventional obedience is the only alternative for compulsory submission to force; and the predominance of the greater number is less offensive to the defeated party than any other claim of superiority. The rights of the minority have been protected, not by any direct reservation, but by the character, and, above all, by the multiform constitution of the various bodies which have been intrusted with political rights. The voters form a minority, and their representatives an insignificant fraction, of the whole community; but at the polling-booths, and in Parliament, the greater number decides without appeal. In the electoral system, the minority in the large towns is partially

represented in the small boroughs; the minority in the counties finds its opinions advocated by the representatives of the towns. If a wider and more uniform basis of representation is adopted, it will be just and prudent to substitute some artificial contrivance for the virtual protection which defeated parties have hitherto enjoyed: but the most ingenious securities will with difficulty be themselves secured; and the results of deliberate calculation are always open to dangerous criticism. It might easily have been shown, that the formula adopted by Lord John Russell gave an undue advantage to minorities. When three members were to be elected by two votes allotted to each constituent, the party which plumped for a single candidate would have far more than its fair chance of success. At the late election, about half-a-million of votes were given for the contested seats. Of these, three hundred thousand were on the winning side, and two constituted the collective minorities, which, at first sight, may seem to have been disfranchised. Yet the Liberal portion of the minority, coinciding in opinion with the party which is dominant in the House of Commons, is not entitled to serious compassion. The Conservatives, on the other hand, are not unfairly represented by an opposition which includes nearly two-fifths of the whole body. Variety, complication, and sub-division are necessary for the security of individuals and of separate classes; but the machinery ought, if possible, to be out of sight, or it should be apparently compatible with ordinary constitutional rules.

No theoretical reasoning on the principles of representative reform ought to be taken for more than it is worth. The strong popular feeling, which can alone effect a change, will determine its method and form. The languid interest in the subject, which was felt or uttered during the general election, was, for the most part, artificially stimulated. It might be said, in this case more plausibly than in relation to the Income-tax, that the nation has, through constituencies, representatives, and statesmen, made a compact with itself. When Lord Palmerston brings forward his promised Bill, discussion may possibly lead to excitement and to agitation; but many vague pledges will be retracted or explained away, on the appearance of any definite machinery by which they can be carried into effect. The great measure of 1832 was carried by the enforcement of the test, of "The Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill." An opponent of the Government was, in those days, designated as an anti-reformer, however loudly he might proclaim his devotion to the cause of the ballot and universal suffrage. It remains to be seen, whether a backward Government has the power or the will to place a hesitating House of Commons between the horns of a similar di-

lemma. Lord Palmerston will probably be met by objections to every thing which he offers, and by proposals of all the concessions which he withholds. Mr. Bright has already condemned the future scheme, with an anticipatory eagerness which seems to indicate a doubt on the part of the Manchester school, whether any change in the representation is especially desirable. The Lancashire Liberals, who are verbally committed to a large extension of the suffrage, prudently stipulate that no change shall be effected in such a manner as to strengthen the landed aristocracy. It is true that such a result is, in a high degree, improbable; but the suggestion provides a convenient pretext for disparaging any project which may be brought forward by the Government.

Mr. Disraeli plays into the hands of his supposed adversaries, by his ingenious schemes for enlarging the representation of the counties. His most zealous followers must have suspected some unsoundness in calculations which seemed to prove, that a closer approximation to numerical symmetry would strengthen the Conservative interest. The opponents of political change should always beware of statistics. Their power is founded on possession, on tradition, and often on practical convenience. A system remodelled according to the standard of population, would reduce the party to insignificance; nor would the introduction of the element of local wealth at all tend to redress the balance. In the richest districts, the owners of property are powerless: Belgravia exercises no influence on the result of a Westminster election; the palaces of Hyde Park are overwhelmed by the ten-pound householders of Marylebone. If Mr. Disraeli's system were adopted, the counties might gain upon the provincial towns; but the metropolitan boroughs would be entitled to seventy or eighty members, instead of eighteen. The levelling class of Liberals would not object to a change so destructive of all local influences; but fifteen members, representing the Tower Hamlets alone, would be an alarming constitutional innovation. It is the business of Conservatives to show, that good administration and progressive improvements are compatible with the existing distribution of power. Any attempt to re-adjust the system in favour of their own power, is an inconsistency and a blunder. If the pressure from without succeeds, the door will assuredly open inwards.

It is not unlikely that the proposed Reform Bill, whatever may be its nature and fortune, will tend, by the contest which it will produce, to mark out once more the divisions of parties. Mr. Disraeli's anticipation, that the revival of the old antagonism would be an immediate consequence of the dissolution, has, thus far, been equally disappointed. An Opposition, condemned by

circumstances to dispense with the near hope of office, holds its existence by an uncertain tenure. The declarations of Conservative candidates, that a fair trial should be given to Lord Palmerston, indicate a general distrust in the permanence of their own party. Six months ago, many experienced speculators were of opinion that Lord Derby would return to office before the end of 1857. The various elements of hostility to the Government, which afterwards exhibited themselves in the House of Commons, were likely to enter into a formidable combination. Strong suspicions were entertained that Lord John Russell would devise embarrassments for his successful rival; and it was known that the ex-members of the Aberdeen ministry were actuated by bitter animosity to the statesman who had concentrated on himself all the popularity which arose both from the war and from the peace. There was no doubt that the long-continued weakness of the party originated in the disruption of 1846; and it was thought that an alliance might once more be formed between Lord Derby and the friends of Sir Robert Peel.

In 1852 Mr. Gladstone might have made Lord Derby Prime Minister; in 1853 he might have saved him from defeat; but when his repugnance to a connection with Mr. Disraeli was at last overpowered by stronger antipathies, his adhesion to the party which had long courted his support only precipitated its fall. The extraordinary concurrence of opinion between the two accustomed rivals, rather astonished than influenced the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli proclaimed his intention of abiding by the Budget of 1853, which he had done his utmost to ridicule and oppose. Mr. Gladstone declared, that it was a sacred duty to join Mr. Disraeli in opposing a budget which the Government had not yet had the opportunity of producing. Even the absurd fiction, or blunder, of the imaginary treaty between Austria and France was no sooner produced by its author, than it was accepted by his new ally. Lord Derby and his friends had courted the coöperation of an accomplished statesman: they succeeded in their wish, and found that their new confederate, though still a consummate orator, had become a reckless and impassioned partisan. When Mr. Gladstone had, in successive speeches, denounced every possible alternation of ministerial finance—when he had shown that direct taxation was a fraud, and the maintenance of the tea and sugar duties was a crime—Lord Derby's friends discovered, too late, that the annoyance inflicted on the Government had involved the loss of all their own remaining popularity:

> "Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
> Di faciles."

Even Mr. Sidney Herbert, who had supported Mr. Gladstone in

all his attacks on the Minister, found it expedient, soon after the dissolution, to renounce his imprudent leader, and throw himself once more into the arms of the triumphant Liberals. The general election showed that the strength of the Conservatives rested on an unsound basis; and it seems not improbable that they will, after one or two dissolutions, cease to exist as a body. The numerous gains of the Liberals in the county contests show that the stronghold of the party is no longer tenable. The Corn-Laws secured the votes of the tenant-farmers to their landlords; and, even in 1852, the desire for protection still exercised a strong political influence. The final establishment of sound economical principles has necessarily shaken the supremacy of Conservatism. The average farmer is by no means an enthusiastic supporter of established institutions: his deference to his landlord is modified by his frequent dissatisfaction with the amount of his rent; and he has, in general, a confused suspicion that the clergyman enjoys an undue advantage in the calculation of the tithe-averages. Habitual dislike to practical or social innovation is not incompatible with demi-political change. The ballot may be found popular in rural districts, which reject agricultural statistics with abhorrence. It is said that even Mr. Disraeli's seat would have been in danger, if he had been exposed to a contest. It is certain that the Liberal majority might have been increased by thirty or forty votes, if the weakness of their opponents in the counties had been sooner discovered.

The old Conservatives may disappear; but as long as England retains its present character, some corresponding party will always exercise extensive influence. In the first instance, the Whigs will probably occupy the place of their former opponents, for the purpose of discountenancing all violent changes. Unfortunately, resistance to innovation is too apt to harden into bigotry; and the Liberal leaders may forget their liberalism, when there is no more backward body of politicians to stimulate their activity by opposition. It is not desirable that the aristocracy should be united in political opinion. Their exclusive sympathies with each other, notwithstanding party divisions, are already inconveniently strong. In the early part of the Russian war, the House of Lords was more generally opposed to the national resentment than any other body in the kingdom, with the exception of the leaguers of Manchester. The panic of 1848 had not yet been forgotten; and Whigs and Tories had for years contended in their expressions of admiration for the imperial protector of order. The Conservative party in the House of Commons were kept in control by the fears of their constituencies; but Mr. Disraeli never lost an opportunity, in or out of Parliament, of advocating the unpopular cause, as far as it could be done, by

allusion and insinuation. It has been the good fortune of England, that the lines of political division have hitherto seldom coincided with the distribution of classes. The Whig aristocracy have, for two or three generations, headed every popular movement; and their identification with the party of resistance would be a curious, though, perhaps, an unavoidable evil. It is not, however, to be supposed that the political complications of the future will be found insuperable. The traditional aptitude of the country will find means to deal with new circumstances. Prudent observers point out difficulties only as obstacles to be surmounted.

It is said, with some truth, that there are many objects of legislation on which all parties are agreed. The large class of measures which are designated as law-reforms are likely to make considerable progress in a Parliament professedly unanimous. The obstacles to be overcome are, in some instances, inherent in the nature of the subject; but they are often created by the inertness or comparative indifference of the Government. The improvements which have taken place within a few years are perhaps too lightly estimated. The abolition of the old restrictions on evidence, the improvements in the procedure of all the courts, the acts which have almost put an end to technical objections in poor-law appeals and in criminal trials, constitute a large and beneficial revolution; though much remains to be done. The difficulties of introducing a satisfactory registration of landed property seem to be, for the present, insuperable. The substitution of a code for the voluminous authorities which contain the actual law, will be effected whenever a minister undertakes the task in the same spirit which actuated Sir Robert Peel in his commercial reform. Some fragments of the work have been already completed, for special purposes and under another name. Laws may be regarded in relation either to the system of jurisprudence in which they are included, or to the subject-matter for which they are provided. It fortunately happened that certain branches of the law were thought to concern the traders who were affected by their provisions, rather than the lawyers who were occasionally required to interpret them. The Customs Act and the Merchant Shipping Act are in themselves partial codes, embodying the substance of several hundred acts of parliament, and the results of a long series of decisions. The repetition of a similar process would amount to a completion of the undertaking which has so often been declared impracticable.

Legislation of this kind is, however, not one of the most characteristic functions of Parliament. In technical questions, deliberative assemblies are confined to the duty of selecting the objects to be attained. The means to be employed must be pro-

vided by the Government through fit professional instruments. Some years since, the House of Assembly in New York received from a commission the draft of a complete code of law and equity. In accordance with precedent, the measure was referred to a committee; but it was ordered that the report should be presented in the course of the same day. Before the close of the sitting, the bill passed through all its stages, with schedules which contain the entire jurisprudence of the State. It is not with Parliament that the responsibility for delay really or principally rests. It may be left for effeminate sophists to proclaim that the representatives of a free people are habitually wasting their time in contrivances "how not to do it." In despite of the cant of ignorance, liberty and self-government are preferable to the occasional and exceptional vigour of a bureaucratic despotism; but there is no reason to doubt that Parliament will cordially second any well-concerted measures for the consolidation and improvement of the law. In all serious political discussion, it has of late years been tacitly assumed that any measure approved by the deliberate judgment of the nation will be embodied in legislation. Questions as to the most effectual mode of influencing ministers or parliamentary parties have sunk into the background, in comparison with the merits of the measures to be proposed.

During the current session there are only two questions likely to occasion any parliamentary conflict. The admission of the Jews has for several years been sanctioned by a majority of the House of Commons; and it is thought that Lord Palmerston's influence may at last succeed in overcoming the tenacious opposition of the Lords. The alliance of the Ministers with Lord Shaftesbury and with the Low-Church party, has not, perhaps, been strictly conscientious or altogether dignified; but Exeter Hall, while it is by no means impotent for good purposes, is often powerful for mischief; and if a few ecclesiastical preferments will buy-off a troublesome resistance to sound policy, prudent men will not inquire too narrowly into the bargain or the price. The organs of Puritanism have already accepted the Maynooth defeat with insinuations that the faithful Spooner may, perhaps, have been impolitic in his advocacy of the sacred cause. Peter Dens and Alfonso of Liguori are henceforth to be relegated from the House of Commons to the undisturbed dust of their bookshelves; and it is easy to foresee that Maynooth debates, by losing all their coarseness, will sacrifice half their popularity. In the same laudable spirit of conformity, the habitual denouncers of Judaism have of late maintained an unaccustomed silence. It is reported that Lord Shaftesbury himself is to facilitate the admission of the "odious deicides" by some

ingenious subterfuge, devised after the fashion of his motion for inquiring into the opium trade. Jewish emancipation is not a measure of great practical importance, nor is it calculated to attract popular sympathy; but it is desirable to remove a constitutional anomaly, and to assert sound principles against sophistry and hypocrisy. On this question the intellect of Parliament has been uniformly ranged on the side of common sense. The hardship of exclusion may, in some instances, excite the indignation of Liberals; but the weakest point of Sir Frederick Thesiger's case is rather its absurdity than its injustice.

The difficulty of the Church-rate controversy is far more serious; and it seems to admit but of one ultimate solution. The advocates of vested interests have in this case a tenable position to defend, although plausible arguments may be urged on both sides. It would have been highly convenient that the dispute should never have arisen; nor will impartial bystanders feel any eager sympathy for the conscientious scruples of Dissenters' pockets. But the opposition to Church-rates has now become a point of honour with the Nonconformist body; and their apparent triumph in recent litigation has greatly strengthened their cause. The decision in the Braintree case left the law precisely where it had been for generations; until the publication of Sir Nicholas Tindal's unfortunate crotchet, no minority had ever attempted to impose a rate: but the result of the final appeal, in restoring the rights of majorities, naturally tempted them to use their power. The impost had always rested on a legal duty, which it was impossible to enforce against unwilling ratepayers; but there is a wide difference between the power of refusal, and the determination not to pay. The agitators on the question have secured the singular advantage of making the defenders of the tax responsible for the continuance of agitation. Eventually the Church must submit to a defeat, which certainly ought not to involve any serious consequences; but, in the mean time, the remnant of the Conservative party will probably make their principal stand in defence of the rate. The reason for abolishing the tax is, in the main, that it is not worth the while of the State to enforce it, as it is perhaps scarcely for the interest of the Church that it should be retained. The fate of Church Cess and of Ministers' Money in Ireland furnishes a sufficient precedent for abolishing the burden. It is not, however, to be expected that the House of Lords will consent to such a change on the first introduction of the measure. The contest must be more than once annually renewed, before it is finally decided.

There is no reason to suppose that the lull of agitation will be disturbed by any personal contests for the possession of power.

Lord Palmerston has won the badge of the political championship; and some time must elapse before he can be expected once more to prove his right to retain it. The rivals who were so eager to anticipate his fall in February last have wisely suspended their animosity since the commencement of the new Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has abandoned, in repentance or in despair, his efforts to check that alarming prodigality which his tongue and pen have so long been occupied in denouncing. Sir James Graham uttered his latest invective against the Minister on the hustings at Carlisle. Lord John Russell waits in silence for the production of a Reform Bill, which will probably bring him into a conspicuous position as the recognised leader in the discussion. The hostile feelings displayed towards Lord Palmerston by his former colleagues have assuredly not been softened by defeat; but there is nothing to be gained by defying a large majority of the House of Commons. The secondary members of the Cabinet, some of whom would necessarily form a part of any Liberal Government, would neither be able or willing to cooperate with the promoters of any successful attack on their chief. The advantage of the Minister naturally suggests the impression, that inheritance may be preferable to conquest.

In the event of Lord Palmerston's retirement, there can be little doubt as to the choice of his immediate successor. Lord John Russell is still regarded by many as the legitimate leader of the Whigs, and he is superior to all competitors in official and parliamentary experience. With the aid of Sir James Graham, of Mr. Sidney Herbert, and perhaps of Mr. Cardwell, he might form a strong and efficient Administration by a reconstruction of the present Cabinet. But only a short time can elapse before the remaining colleagues of Lord Grey are themselves withdrawn from political contests. Aspirants in middle life can scarcely regard with jealousy the passing fortune of rivals who have long passed their sixtieth year. The dearth of future candidates for power excites an anxiety which is not unnatural. Lord Clarendon, the present Lord Grey, Lord Granville, and several others, are ready to keep up the succession of statesmen in the Upper House; but the gap below Lord John Russell in the Commons is only filled up, for the present, by Mr. Sidney Herbert, who may soon become a peer, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and by Mr. Gladstone, who has lately marred all the hopes which were suggested by his great capacity and extraordinary eloquence. Of a still younger generation, only Lord Stanley and Lord Goderich have succeeded in raising themselves above the ordinary level. Mr. Peel, notwithstanding the administrative ability which he displayed in office, has left no perceptible vacancy in the House of Commons.

The common complaint that the race of statesmen is dying

out must, however, not be accepted as literally true. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, with all the advantages of connection, and of early entrance into Parliament, were long before they raised themselves into the higher rank. A party or a House of Commons in want of a leader may sometimes attempt with success the proceeding which bees are said to adopt on the accidental death of their queen. One of the ordinary members of the community is distinguished by a peculiar treatment, and by artificial deference, until the conventional arrangement by degrees grows into a fact. The humble working bee expands into a queen. The Paymaster of the Forces of 1831 is made Secretary of State and Leader of the House in 1835. More than one tolerable speaker might be mentioned who is capable of rising into dignity if he found himself at the head of the Treasury Bench. The absence of conspicuous pretenders to power is properly a subject rather of curiosity than of alarm. The compulsory silence of the subordinate members of the Government may, perhaps, in some instances be compatible with the possession of considerable ability. On the whole, it would seem that at no former period has there been less reason for despairing of the republic, or even for forming gloomy anticipations of the political future. The country is sounder in condition, and healthier in opinion, than it has been within living memory or recent tradition. Old Toryism has disappeared without making room for revolution. Prosperity has not rendered the population effeminate; nor has the decay of prejudice weakened the pride and vigour of the nation. There is room for criticism, for dissatisfaction, and for warning; but it is also desirable, from time to time, that Englishmen should be reminded of the right which they have earned, to be confident, hopeful, and self-reliant.

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[An abridged translation of the delightful memoirs reviewed in our last Number, itself making a very amusing English work. To have completely translated the original would have filled twenty-five volumes. Two volumes more are promised.]

Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres, avec une Préface de M. Charles de Rémusat. Paris, Didier.

[A tasteful compression, rendered into beautiful French, of Mr. Channing's biography of his uncle.]

The Choice of a Profession; a concise Account and comparative Review of the English Professions. By H. B. Thomson, B.A. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

[A very useful book, full of information. The writer gives a very mistaken account, however, of the examinations in the University of London.]

Remarks on the Differences of Shakespeare's Versification. 1 vol. J. W. Parker.

[A very sensible, interesting, and agreeably-written volume.]

Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

[A book in favour of the enlargement of "woman's" industrial rights, written in a somewhat sentimental tone, and with less actual information than the subject would deserve.]

Testimony of the Rocks. By Hugh Miller. 1 vol. T. Constable and Co.

[Mr. Miller's posthumous work, showing his defection from the *orthodox* geological school.]

Correspondence of Horace Walpole. Vols. 1 and 2. By Peter Cunningham. Bentley.

Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Criticised in Article VI.]

Travels and Discoveries in Central Africa. By Dr. Henry Barth. Vols. 1 to 3. Longman and Co.

[Noticed in Article II.]

Personal Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage by H.M. Ship "Investigator." By Dr. Armstrong. 1 vol. Hurst and Blackett.

A Tarantasse Journey through Eastern Russia. By William Spottiswoode, M.A., F.R.S. 1 vol. Longman and Co.

Russia after the War. By Selina Bunbury. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

A Visit to Salt Lake, being a Journey across the Plains to the Mormon Settlements at Utah. By William Chandless. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A lively and completely credible account of travels and life among the Mormons. It impresses the reader as faithful.]

Home Life in Norway and Sweden. By Charles Loring Brace. 1 vol. Richard Bentley.

[Very good travels, and descriptions of Scandinavian history and social life.]

China.—A General Description of that Empire and its Inhabitants. By Sir John Francis Davis, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S. 2 vols. John Murray.

[A new and enlarged edition of a most valuable book.]

A Residence among the Chinese,—Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea,—during the years from 1853 to 1856. By Robert Fortune. John Murray.

History of the Royal Sappers and Miners. By T. W. J. Connolly. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

The Militiaman at Home and Abroad, with Sketches of the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar. By Emeritus, with Illustrations by John Leech. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Very amusing, and conveying an impression of faithfulness.]

The Romany Rye; a Sequel to "Lavengro." By George Borrow. 2 vols. John Murray.

Egypt and the Great Suez Canal. By J. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire. 1 vol. Richard Bentley.

New Zealand the Britain of the South. By Charles Hursthouse. 2 vols. Stanford, Charing Cross.

[Contains about a volume of useful and lively information, expanded into two by needless and sometimes flippant 'padding.']

Pictures of the Olden Times. By Edmund H. Sears. 1 vol. E. Whitfield.

[An agreeable volume.]

The Professor. By Charlotte Brontë. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Criticised in Article VI.]

To be or not to be. By Hans Christian Andersen. Bentley.

The Bare-footed Maiden, a Tale. By Berthold Auerbach. 1 vol. Sampson and Low.

[A graceful example of Auerbach's little fictions, which are too morbid, however, for English children's reading.]

Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens. Bradbury and Evans.

Miscellanies. By Wm. M. Thackeray. Vol. 4. Bradbury and Evans.

Nothing New. By Miss Mulock. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Dynevor Terrace. By Miss Yonge. 2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son.

[Not equal to Miss Yonge's former works, but of course showing considerable merit.]

The Roua Pass; or, Englishmen in the Highlands. By Erick Mackenzie. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A tale rather of promise than power.]

Madaron; or, the Artisan of Nismes. By D'Aubigné White. 3 vols. W. and F. G. Cash.

Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

Below the Surface: a Story of English Country Life. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A novel on social "problems;" clever and good in its kind, but of a radically bad kind.]

Tom Brown's School-Days. By an Old Boy. 1 vol. Macmillan and Co.

Gossip; reprinted from "Household Words." By Henry Morley. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

[Lively sketches, reprinted from "Household Words."]

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. 4 vols. Longman and Co.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1857.

ART. I.—THE REFORM OF THE ARMY.

Report of the Commissioners for inquiring into Naval and Military Promotion and Retirement. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by her Majesty. Downing Street, 26th March 1840.

Report of a Select Committee on Army and Ordnance Expenditure, together with the Proceedings of the Committee. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1st August 1840.

Report of an Official Committee on Barrack Accommodation for the Army. Ordered to be printed, 3d August 1855.

Report of the Board of General Officers appointed to inquire into the Statements contained in the Report of Sir John M'Neil and Colonel Tulloch, and the Evidence taken by them relative thereto. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. Chelsea, July 4th, 1856.

The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, with Addenda. Adjutant-General's Office, Horse Guards, 1st July 1844.

An Act for Punishing Mutiny and Desertion, and for the better Payment of the Army, and their Quarters. Also Rules and Articles for the better Government of all her Majesty's Forces. 1847.

Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the best mode of re-organising the System for training Officers for the Scientific Corps; together with an Account of Foreign and other Military Education. Ordered to be printed, 20th March 1857.

WHEN Demosthenes was urging the Athenians to offensive war against Philip, and was met by the usual objections of detail,—when he was asked, "Where shall we find the vulnerable point?"

he answered: *Εὑρήσει τὰ σαθρὰ τῶν ἐκείνου πραγμάτων αὐτὸς ὁ πόλεμος.* If this were true two thousand years ago; if Demosthenes had a right to believe that a short interval of tranquillity was enough to introduce rottenness into the military affairs of Macedon, a country whose normal state was war,—how much more reason had we to expect that forty years of peace would derange the armies and fleets of a nation in which war is the exception, submitted to reluctantly, carried on timidly, and prepared for as a calamity which it is disagreeable to talk about, or to think about, and still more to spend money about!

It is remarkable, however, that of the rottenness which, to use the language of Demosthenes, the war had detected in our military organisation, much more was found in our regiments than in our ships. The supreme command of our fleets, as well as of our army, was indeed placed in the hands of men whose age unfitted them for the invention or the conduct of offensive operations, and bitter were the consequences of their incompetence; but, as regards the army, this appears to have been generally unavoidable. In the late war, the Duke of Newcastle made one or two appointments which a man with more administrative information, or a better judge of men, would have carefully avoided; but, in general, he probably chose the best men that he could, or at least the best men that were known to him. That the greater part of these men were deficient in skill in the field, in the camp, and in the trenches; that our battles were ill-managed, our victories wasted, our camp unintrenched, our siege-operations ill-planned, if not ill-carried on, and, above all, that our army—the army of the richest nation of the world—of the nation which has carried physical comfort to its greatest amplitude and refinement—should have been without adequate food, or clothing, or shelter—should have been left to die of hunger, of cold, or of exposure;—all this we then discovered too plainly to make it necessary to do more than allude to it. But while our operations on shore, the mere fighting of course excepted, were in general as ill-executed as they were ill-planned, the maritime war was faulty only as far as it was inactive. Many objects of great importance, and, as we now know, not difficult of attainment, were left unattempted; but nearly all that was attempted was done, and done well. We missed our opportunities of a successful naval attack on Sebastopol, on Sweaborg, and perhaps on Cronstadt: but we turned the fortified ports of Russia into prisons; we held the Baltic and the Black Sea for two years with the loss of only a single ship of war; we destroyed Bomarsund; we broke through the Thracian Bosphorus, and seized for ourselves the Sea of Azof: on every occasion our execution was as brilliant as our conception was timid. We showed as much

intelligence and knowledge at sea as we betrayed ignorance and stupidity on land. In short, if we had bad generals, it was because we did not know where to find better; if we had bad admirals, it was only because we did not choose to find better. This difference between our two services demands explanation. We propose to devote a few pages to the investigation of some of its causes; and we hope that this investigation will enable us to suggest the means of effacing in a great measure this difference, by raising our land-service, if not to a par, yet to a level much more nearly approaching a par, with our navy. We say only to a level more nearly approaching a par, because we are aware that the organisation of the navy has over that of the army one capital advantage of which we cannot propose to deprive it, and which must render its active officers collectively superior to those of the army. In the army a regiment is, as a general rule, *eternal;* it is a body corporate, kept always alive by periodical replacements. A ship's crew is *ephemeral;* every three or four years it is paid off and dispersed. Without doubt, there are great objections to this. It often disperses a trained crew, which has served together—in which the captain, the men, and the officers, all know and respect one another, and have created or imbibed a most valuable *esprit-de-corps*. But it enables us to select in every rank the best men for employment, by enabling us to keep unemployed all others. If a regiment is ill-officered, there is, except in extreme cases, no help for it. You cannot remove a colonel or a major, or even an ensign, without positive delinquency. In the navy, when a ship has been paid off no officer has a claim to more than his half-pay. He is removed simply by not being re-appointed. The Admiralty has reports which ought to make it acquainted with the character, moral and intellectual, of every man in the service; and it is its duty when a ship is commissioned to place in her only the best men that are disposable.

If there were in the army no regimental precedence; if the seniority of every officer depended merely on the date of his commission; if every regiment were broken up and recast every three or four years, and every officer were selected *only* by his merit, or at least with the same reference to his merit,—the system in the army *would* be what the system in the navy *is*. Such a change as this we do not propose. We believe that the history of a regiment, the traditions of its achievements, the proud mottoes recording its victories—from "Minden" to "Peninsula" and "Waterloo"—emblazoned on its standards, have an invaluable moral force, and keep up that *esprit-de-corps*, and that prestige of victory which has always inspired our young soldiers in their first trials under fire. We would therefore leave regiments

the permanent bodies that we find them. But on that very account we are anxious that the materials which are to last so long should at least be good; that the officer who cannot be removed, should at least be well selected and well trained; that the lad who is certainly to be intrusted with the discipline of hundreds of our soldiers, and may have to provide for the honour of our country, should enjoy all the moral and intellectual advantages with which we can surround him, or at least be subject to no evil influences from which we can shield him. In every profession, excepting the army, peculiar education is believed to be necessary: a boy who is intended for the church, the law, or the medical profession, applies himself to learn his business, and years of study are necessary before we venture to trust him to guard our property or our health; and when tried by competition, if merit does not always succeed, ignorance and incompetence must fail. Position, when obtained, is a guarantee of excellence, and public confidence cannot be imposed on.

How, before the late war, would the same boy have been trained, if intended for the army? How instructed in order to qualify him to rise in command, until a regiment, a colony, a brigade, or an army, the welfare of those under his command, the lives of the soldiers, and the honour and the prosperity of the country, may become hazarded hereafter by his incompetence? How did we take care to educate our future staff-officers and generals to meet such fearfully responsible positions? We have hitherto done nothing! From the moment a candidate of sixteen passed the easy preliminary examination required, and was gazetted to an ensigncy, he was released from all farther study and improvement, encouraged by his new companions to give himself up to idleness and enjoyment, to look to the opinion of "the mess" rather than to that of his commanding officer as his guide, and to trust to money, to interest, and to luck for his future promotion.

We will briefly follow the ensign in his military experiences from the day he joined his regiment until he rose to command it; and so sketch the "custom of the service" as it prevailed during the latter years of the late long peace.

He was first committed to the instruction of the adjutant and the drill-sergeant, and taught to face to the right and to the left, to step out and to step short; the firelock and squad prepared the way for companies and battalion drill; and in less than a month he was reported to his colonel as "fit for duty:" his military education was far advanced.

He was then put on the roster for duty, and had his turn as "orderly officer;" and, led about by the orderly sergeant, he hurried through the soldiers' barrack-rooms at prescribed hours,

visited the hospital and barrack guard, and went through whatever other performances must be detailed by him in the form of a written report, which was exacted from him next morning by his colonel. He was placed on two or three courts-martial, to give him a knowledge of military jurisprudence; if in garrison, he mounted guard, varying the weary twenty-four hours by "turning out" and presenting arms to the field-officer of the day.

He was told that he must provide himself with two books —*The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army*, and *The Regulation Field-exercise Book;* not that he was given to understand that he would be *examined* in these mystic volumes, or that he must necessarily *read* them, but that he must *show* them, as a proof of possession, at the general officer's half-yearly inspection. Every fine day he attended morning parade; and when this was over, he put off his uniform and his military cares together, and amused himself as best he could, and tried to "kill time" till the bugles called him to the grand event of the day—the mess dinner. Here plate and glass, and mess-equipage in an excess, which looked as if they never could be intended for marching, a liberal messman, an accomplished cook, an expensive cellar, and the occasional presence of the regimental band, —all combined to make the mess far too luxurious and expensive. It was ruinous to young officers of small private means: but a clique of young moneyed officers generally ruled there; and if the colonel of the regiment tried to curb this inordinate expense, and recommended economy, he found himself in a minority, powerless as well as unpopular; and, after a vain struggle, abandoned all but nominal mess control, and intrenched himself within his undisputed prerogative of the parade-ground and the "orderly-room."

The mess, abandoned to its own devices, became an *imperium in imperio;* and very often not only the conventional laws of this oligarchy were enacted and enforced, but even promotion, the purchasing of steps, the buying and selling of commissions, were canvassed and settled; and those who could not or would not contribute their quota to buy out old officers who stopped the way, soon felt that their rebellion against mess rule exposed them to dislike and persecution.

Money forced on the young officer, and he was quickly a captain; and now he began to feel some interest in his company. Probably he cared for its appearance on parade, the height and good looks of the men, the splendour of their well-furbished appointments, all that adds to its outward show; but he knew little, or rather nothing, of the wants or the habits, the characters or the discipline of his soldiers. Off parade, in the barrack-room, or in the billet, his pay-sergeant exercised the substantial governing

authority; for the non-commissioned officers were the moving-power of the regiment.

The colonel, the adjutant, and the sergeant-major, controlled and regulated these engines; and the machine worked on with the double set of its ornamental and its working wheels,—its commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

A few more years probably introduced our captain to some colonial service, which he tried to evade by clinging to the regimental depôt at home, or by obtaining lengthened leave of absence. Meanwhile time and purchase forced him on—first to the rank of major, then to that of lieutenant-colonel commanding his regiment; but did not afford him the military knowledge and experience which he now wants to meet his new responsibilities.

He may be of small intellect, or devoid of moral force, or incurably indolent, or careless, or otherwise disqualified by some other failing; and then he did so much mischief, and so quickly did this show itself in the relaxed discipline and conduct of his regiment, that he was soon forced to sell out: or he may have possessed average talents and good intentions, with an earnest wish to do his duty; and then he will have desired to amend the discipline and interior economy of his regiment, to improve its system, and infuse into his officers more knowledge of their companies, more interest in their well-being, and more zeal and energy in encouraging good conduct, selecting and recommending promising material for future non-commissioned officers, and above all, in vigilantly taking care that while the sergeants and corporals are active and watchful in checking irregularity in the ranks, they did not also abuse their power, and become unreasonable and petty tyrants.

To do all this would need not only co-operation, but constant care and trouble and discretion on the part of his officers; and therefore all his efforts to effect it generally failed. *He was powerless to reward usefulness, or to punish indolence or apathy.* He had no influence in accelerating or retarding an officer's promotion. He could indeed get rid of a subaltern whose conduct had been so grossly bad as to amount to an open breach of the "Articles of War," or to flagrant ungentlemanly conduct; but he scarcely ever could punish mere idleness or want of energy, while he never could reward activity, talent, and good conduct. The most promising subaltern in his regiment, if without money, would still remain unpromoted; while the idler, the careless or the useless, mounted the golden ladder.

Under such a system, reliance on the officers, with perhaps a few bright exceptions, must fail. The daily plodding routine of training and disciplining the soldiers of a regiment was in reality mainly administered by means of the non-commissioned officers—

painstaking and anxious men brought forward from the ranks by their energy and good conduct, and who held their position and aspired to further advancement solely on the commanding officer's approval. With these coarse but ready instruments the regimental work was principally performed; and the colonel, after a fruitless effort to make his commissioned officers really serviceable, was forced to be satisfied if they could command their men on parade, get through a field-day without mistakes, be responsible for the finance of their companies, and bear gentlemanly characters in society.

Unless the regiment went to India, our colonel could have had no opportunity of acquiring experience in the movements or encampments of an army. The greater part of his regimental life was passed in the colonies, where his single regiment was broken into detachments. On home service, before the days of Chobham and Aldershott, a camp or a brigade was unknown, with the sole exception of the summer field-days from the Dublin garrison in the Phœnix Park. In due time the brevet made the colonel a general officer; to whom we must now confide the command of a division of our army, and match him in war-time against the trained skill of a continental foe. Probably when the day of trial comes he will succeed in the ordeal of the battle-field; for his instinctive high courage, and the admirable material of his soldiers, will conquer any thing opposed to them. But he will be inferior perhaps to his enemy in strategic skill; and if he have to encounter the difficulties and reverses of a campaign, will not know how to economise the strength, and to provide for the physical wants of his troops. If he is a man of talent he may learn this, but at the bitter cost of experience.

So far we have shown how our officers obtained rank on the broad highway of regimental service. This was not the only road to promotion. There was a shorter and an easier way, but accessible only to a select and privileged class. We mean the staff.

Here, from the grade of aide-de-camp to that of adjutant-general or quartermaster-general, the happy aspirant for military rank was forced on by high-pressure patronage. The aide-de-camp soon found himself a brigade-major, then an assistant-adjutant or quartermaster-general, and then the head of his department was attained; and in half the time that it would take a regimental officer to toil on to the same goal, he became a general officer without having done any *regimental* duty. His interest and his comparative youth secured his employment, and he obtained a command.

We wish we could hope that with it he could get some little knowledge of regimental details, and that the officer henceforth to be charged with the inspection and discipline of the regiments in

his brigade or district could have some knowledge of their organisation, and some experience and sympathy in the feelings and the ways, the merits and the failings, of the admirable soldiers whom he has to command. His uninterrupted staff career has debarred him from this knowledge. We know that it has often happened during the last twenty years that the most difficult thing a lieutenant-colonel commanding a regiment has had to do, when his regiment was undergoing the routine of a half-yearly inspection, was to restrain himself from laughing outright at the absurdly ignorant questions which have been gravely put to him by one of these staff-reared general officers.

If this be a fair representation of the materials out of which our land officers are made, and such the training by which they are fashioned, we have we think performed our promise of accounting for their inferiority to our naval ones.

We now proceed to the second part of our task,—the suggestion of remedies, or at least of palliatives, for these great abuses.

1st. We would prune away that strange relic of mediæval corruption—the purchase of commissions.

2dly. We would gradually open commissions in the army to a larger promotion from the ranks.

3dly. We would have such an examination of the boy candidate for a first commission as would insure his having laid the foundation of a sound liberal education, such as our public schools impart; but we would not absolutely *require* even the rudiments of military science. We might prefer his having mastered Euclid to his having mastered Euripides, or that he could speak and write French and German rather than make Latin verses; but we would not *as yet* insist on the superstructure of *professional* knowledge, reserving the acquirement of the theory as well as the practice of the art of war to *subsequent diligent study:* and to insure this, we would enforce a progressive examination in the various branches of professional knowledge, to precede each step of advancement from the ensigncy up to the rank of field-officer.

It is not necessary to wade through the enormous mass of matter we have prefixed to this article, such as *The Army and Ordnance Expenditure* of 1st August 1850, reaching to the 9401st question, renewed in successive parliamentary committees, and given to the world in ponderous blue-books, to convince us that though war secretaries and eminent generals agree that the existing system of "naval and military promotion and retirement" require amendment, yet that in seeking a remedy opinions are alike conflicting and unsatisfactory. The members of the Royal Commission of 1854 do not even arrive at an approach to a unanimous conclusion. The labours of these commissioners—we

except, of course, the latest and extremely valuable Commission on the Scientific Corps, to which we shall subsequently refer at some length—may find favour with the seekers for precedent, and the worshippers of official routine; but we believe that their practical value is fatally damaged by their overwhelming mass. We envy the diligence and the mental digestion which could enable the reader to wash out much gold from this mass of official rubbish:—the labour of an Australian gold-seeker would be comparatively easy. We cannot find space for extracts from these awful volumes, and will venture to give an outline of our own convictions on this vexed question.

1st. As to the sale of commissions. This we have said should *absolutely cease.*

In justice to those officers who have purchased under the old system, government must refund within a given period the regulation value of their commissions to all who may then desire to sell out *at once* (probably few comparatively will choose to do this); but if they decline, and prefer enjoying their rank, their claim should cease also. Having once refused the offer, we can see no injustice in extinguishing the right to sell *then and for ever.* The service should no longer be sacrificed to personal convenience. Those officers who mean to make the army their profession will remain. These are the only valuable servants. On the other hand, the country can well spare many of a class which had much multiplied before the late war—we mean those young gentlemen who had entered the army without any intention of serving more than a few years, and who talked of the service as a "gentlemanly amusement" for the interval which it may suit them to pass in it. We do not deny that officers of this class, these birds of passage, will generally be distinguished as the most gallant leaders in action; the high courage, the "pluck" of their race, will make them as forward in the charge as in the fox-hunt; but they will not often submit to the drudgery and the irksome details of garrison and barrack life. Here they will be found inefficient and useless; and we may add, that in regiments of the line their expensive habits are a bad example to the poorer officers with whom they must associate. Our army is too expensive. No officer can live on his pay. We know that the poor gentleman's son makes the best officer; but the habits of most of our regiments exclude him or ruin him.

To obtain really good officers, energetic and ambitious men resolved to devote their whole lives to the service, and make it a profession, we ought to give some better reward to our worn-out officers. A regimental lieutenant-colonel on the retired pay, even with the honorary rank of colonel or major-general, after more than thirty-years active service, receives but 310*l.* a-year; and from this inadequate stipend the income-tax is deducted. If

he has purchased his commissions, then his pension barely repays him as an annuity for the outlay of his patrimony. He has indeed sacrificed his whole working life and talents, without receiving any remuneration from his country. If, on the other hand, he has risen to this rank without purchase, then he must have served to attain it forty or fifty years with undeviating fidelity and perseverance; and when years, and tropical climates, and wounds, and the anxieties of constant responsibility, have unfitted him for active service, he finds himself displaced from a position of rank, of influence, and of pecuniary competence, to subsist on a pittance which a government clerk, whose easy home service has probably counted little more than half that of the old officer, would scorn as an adequate retirement. And this too in a country which measures worth and respectability by income; where indigence is avoided like a leprosy, and a poor gentleman must lose caste. The regimental pay of our officers has remained unaltered since the reign of William III.; while the comparative value of money has decreased one half, and now the influx of Californian and Australian gold is slowly but surely depreciating it still further. It is true that the prizes of regiments and good-service pensions reward a favoured few; but they are seldom attainable by the hard-working regimental officer, who has passed most of his life in the colonies and who has no friends in office. We do not doubt that eventually the country will more fairly equalise the rewards of its military and civil servants. Justice and expediency both require it.

We will now venture on that most difficult part of our subject,—promotion from the ranks.

We would throw open a given number, not exceeding at first perhaps one-fifth or one-sixth of the first commissions vacant each year, to the competition of the non-commissioned officers; but subject to a preliminary test of examination, not quite so comprehensive as that exacted from other candidates. Classical accomplishments and modern languages should not positively be required. A good English education, the facility of writing well and grammatically, with a common knowledge of arithmetic, is all that should be absolutely indispensable; and the successful candidate should not be more than thirty years old, and, as a general rule, *not married.**

* This preference of celibacy may at first appear harsh and capricious; but it must be recollected that the wife of the private soldier is not likely to be a lady, and that unless she possesses the distinguished talents which will have elevated her husband, she cannot be expected to re-educate herself. Besides, marriage being once known as a bar to high promotion, young soldiers will remain single if they are ambitious; and thus a great evil, a source of great misery to individuals and of embarrassment to regiments, will be mitigated. No one who has seen a regiment embark for foreign service will ever forget the sufferings of the soldiers' wives, necessarily separated from their husbands probably for ever. A private soldier should never marry.

This patronage must necessarily be in the hands of the lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment, who must be made to feel that he is responsible for the employment of such immense power,—that his own character and future success depend on its faithful exercise; and if this selection is properly made, we hope that the measure will enormously improve the material of our army. Young men of education, of talents, and of energy, will enlist for the short period of service now required, determined to try to force their way up to a commission. The association of numbers of such cadets must elevate the *morale* of the ranks. In a service which offered such prizes, recruiting would become easy in war-time and select in peace. We believe that, with the meagre prospect we now hold out, it is extremely difficult to fill our ranks with really good recruits,—we mean stout able-bodied young men, without physical or mental defect; and this difficulty must increase as emigration enhances the demand for and the wages of labour throughout the United Kingdom. Ireland, once an inexhaustible mine of admirable material, now sends her hardy sons to America or to Australia, and will no longer listen to the wiles of the recruiting sergeant. We shall very soon be compelled to accept "discarded unjust serving-men, revolted tapsters, and hostlers trade-fallen,—the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" or take mere boys, the refuse of our manufacturing districts, weak in mind and body, without energy or hardihood; poor creatures who, if exposed to the ordeal of another war, would break down on the march or in the charge,—will fill the hospitals, but scarcely win another Alma or Inkermann.

Above all, we should gain this—that a proportion of our officers would be chosen by competition, and necessarily distinguished by surpassing merit. The far larger proportion of first commissions would remain as now at the disposal of the Horse Guards or the Government. We hope that in their disposal some preference would be given to the sons of officers, of clergymen, or other public servants, who have a claim on the country. To enable subalterns of this class, as well as those who may rise from the ranks, to live on their income, some addition to their pay is unavoidable. How is it possible for an ensign on five shillings and threepence a-day to maintain himself, live respectably, and keep out of debt? But as any increase of pay must necessarily be small, the scale of regimental expense, which has been for years growing more and more extravagant, must be curtailed. We know many regiments of the line where the allowance of one hundred pounds a-year is considered far too small, and where double that sum is nearer the average amount contributed by reluctant guardians, and then wasted in extravagance and folly. As it is, every garrison in the kingdom is haunted by Jews, who prey on the young

officers. All are tempted. To the richly-connected young men, large sums of money are offered in exchange for their bills or acceptances at long dates. To those who have little or no private means, offers are made of loans to the selling value of their commissions; and so the bill-trade goes on; each renewal, of course, adds more and more extortionate interest, till it ends in the ruin of the victim. And under existing general regulations and regimental rules, we do not see how the subaltern, who has little or nothing but his pay, can on home service avoid this maelstrom. He is compelled by her majesty's regulations to contribute a yearly subscription to the regimental band and to the mess fund, and to live always at his mess. He is also compelled by regimental rules, not only to pay every day for a much more expensive dinner than he can afford, but also to contribute to public mess-entertainments of dinners and balls, often given unnecessarily and extravagantly. At the end of the month he finds that his mess and wine bill amount to more than half of his pay; then his breakfast, his servant, and his washing-bill exhaust the remainder. He has very little left for his dress and all his other expenses; he unavoidably gets into debt, and is threatened with arrest; and then the Jew bill-broker steps in and makes his own of him.

To obviate this great wrong, perhaps it would be wise to allow commanding officers a discretionary power to release every subaltern who has not ample private means from the obligation of living at his mess while serving in an expensive home-garrison. We know that the compulsion, as it now exists, is peculiar to the English service, and is of comparatively modern introduction. To what vicious luxury and expense our regimental messes had attained, none of our readers who do not happen to have seen them as guests can form an adequate idea; they used to rival in luxury, but to exceed in expense, a modern club-house. Happily the good sense and moral courage of his royal highness the commander-in-chief has led him to grapple with this monster evil; and we have read with extreme satisfaction a late Horse Guards' general order, wisely limiting the messman's price to a reasonable sum, and restricting the introduction of expensive wines at the regimental mess-table. This reform will be felt as a general benefit by all sensible officers; will preserve many young men from ruin; and we hope may save parents from the wretched alternative of either suffering their sons to be driven out of the service by debt, or of rescuing them from their difficulties at the sacrifice of funds which had been reserved for the future prospects and comfort of their other children.

We should be very sorry to do away with regimental bands: they are both [illegible] and delightful; but they should be supported

by Government, and not as now by the officers, who pay for the very instruments. These changes will do much in mitigating the difficulties of a subaltern who has to live on his pay; but still the effort, if not absolutely impossible, would require courage and self-denial to an extraordinary amount. We would be merciful, and also increase the subaltern's pay. A very small addition would do all that is required.

We will now show how we think that subsequent preferment should be regulated. We would establish two progressive examinations—in military science, in modern languages, in military topography, in mathematics, and in general knowledge—to be passed successfully and truly before a constituted board at Sandhurst or Woolwich, before an ensign can obtain his lieutenancy, or subsequently his company; and, subject to this ordeal, we would promote *all* subalterns, as far as the grade of captain, *by seniority only*.

All officers, to fit them for future rank, should be thoroughly trained, and go through a long practical experience of regimental duty. Besides that, at the boyish age at which ensigns enter the service, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to select the most valuable recruit from his class. We all know how differently the talents and conduct of *very* young men develop themselves: some are precocious, expand with a showy rapidity, and then all at once stand still or deteriorate; others who are mistaken for blanks at first go on slowly, but steadily, improving, or when some trying emergency occurs suddenly display unsuspected merit. Equally dangerous it would be to decide too rapidly on the comparative desert of the officers who may have obtained their commissions from the ranks. You must give them time, however diligently they may work to acquire the accomplishment in which they were comparatively deficient, to recover their "lee way," and to prove that they have the talents and the perseverance necessary to adopt the manners and the habits of their new position.

We believe that all subalterns, in whatever way they may have been appointed, will become better officers by undergoing some years of this servitude; and none but those who mean to make the army their profession for life will choose to encounter it. With the rank of captain, seniority as the invariable rule of promotion should, we think, cease; and selection by merit commence. Here, again, we believe that the recommendation of the officer in command of the regiment would prove the surest guide to the commander-in-chief of the army in promoting the captains to majorities. It is quite impossible that any one else can know so well both the merits and shortcomings of those with whom he is in daily intercourse. And, besides, to form really good officers,

and to make our regiments work perfectly, you *must* invest the commanding officer with some power of reward. At present, as we have said, he has none; he can only punish, and then only when dealing with very grave offences. The evil to be encountered would be, of course, favouritism. This, we fear, do what we will, must exist. A son, a nephew, a relation of any kind, will find partial favour and be unjustly preferred over higher merit. This is the original sin of all governments and of all administrations; we may be able to scotch it, but cannot hope to destroy it. We think that this evil would prevail far less rampantly under the patronage of the officer commanding a regiment than if vested in the Horse Guards or the minister of war; because the commanding officer is more directly interested, can be controlled, his reasons questioned, and his recommendation reversed. No such impediment would check the higher authorities; and the temptation of yielding to party and to parliamentary interest would be *added* to that of nepotism.

The most important and the most difficult question remains: How is the officer who is to command the regiment to be selected? Every change we have recommended would enormously increase his power and responsibility; every thing within his sphere would depend on his administration. We would intrust this appointment to the commander-in-chief; because we apprehend that though favouritism may often put aside higher merit, yet at the Horse Guards party and parliamentary interest will not be so dominant as at the office of the war-minister. Fortunately for the army, the command is now in the hands of an officer whose position places him above the risk of party prejudices; and judging by what he has already done, and promised to do, we hope his royal highness's advent to the command of the army will, like that of the late Duke of York, mark the commencement of great and important reforms in the service.

Let, then, the commander-in-chief select honestly and carefully the commanding officer of the regiment; let his preference incline towards the succession of the senior regimental major, if he truly deserves it; but wherever chosen, let him not be too old,—there is not too much danger of his being too young; let him possess good sense, temper, and discrimination, in addition to energy and courage; and our regimental organisation will some years hence yield to our minister of war abundant material for the selection of general officers, well prepared, as far as training and weeding will go, for their new position. Above all, let there be, as we have already urged, a graduated examination in subjects of practical importance, as in the navy, exacted from every officer, to be satisfactorily passed, *and to precede promotion* up to the rank of field-officer; let his education be progressive, and save the boy-

subaltern from those worse than idle habits which have hitherto tarnished the profession of arms. Give him a powerful and self-interested motive to improve his general knowledge, to complete his education, to acquire languages and professional science and accomplishments, and we then shall hear no more of grave general courts-martial assembling, as at Windsor a year or two ago, to investigate the practical jokes, the messroom "chaffing," the intemperance, the quarrels, and the ungentlemanly conduct of boy-officers; and scandalising the public by divulging that host of follies and vices which, springing from that root of all evil *idleness*, luxuriate especially in a garrison.

As yet we have confined our attention to regimental officers; we have still to deal with the staff,—a caste envied and disliked by their comrades, often blamed without justice, oftener rewarded without merit, and almost always appointed without discrimination.

We are sure that *all* staff-appointments should be filled exclusively from officers who have passed distinguished, and perhaps competitive, examinations at Woolwich or Sandhurst, or some military college established by Government for that especial purpose, where the standard of qualification should be a high one, and should exact a proficiency in French and German languages, military sketching and reconnoitering, gunnery and field-fortification, military law and finance, military history, and all that especially pertains to the art of war. We think, too, that no staff-officer, not of the rank of field-officer, should hold his appointment for more than three years consecutively, nor be reappointed till after an interval of two years' regimental service. The prizes of the staff would be thus open to competition, and our future general officers would have *practical* regimental knowledge and experience. On the training and selection of our staff-officers there are so many wise recommendations, combined with very valuable evidence, in the "Report on the Education and Training of Officers for the Scientific Corps" which we have prefixed to this article, that we trust they may find favour with Government. We cannot resist making some extracts:

"The points hitherto referred to bear most directly on military education before entering the army, but it is impossible to omit all reference to an institution exercising, in some respects, the strongest influence on military science. A college, or senior department, for the staff is indeed the completion, and may be termed the strongest encouragement, of general military education, although the schools of the special corps may carry their own science to a still higher point.

The chief defect noticed in connection with our own senior department at Sandhurst has been, that its course of study was regarded as no recommendation for promotion. Nor could *two* professors be ex-

pected adequately to discharge functions for which *eighteen* are required in the French staff-school. The contrast presented by all foreign staff-schools is certainly striking. There are differences indeed between these schools in France and Austria, as to the period of admission and other points. But both are alike in *this*, that they are so framed as to give every conceivable premium and encouragement to such military acquirements as the service of the staff is thought to require. In both, the officers enter by competition, and after a laborious course obtain their appointments on the staff as the reward of their distinctions in the school. It seems needless to urge that a college of this kind, opening the door to advancement, and frequented when the mind is in its full vigour, would possess every inducement to call forth the energies of young officers of talent. But a senior department, offering a bare opportunity for military study with no ulterior result, stands in a wholly different position.

It is most important to show the feeling of officers of military experience with regard to the absolute necessity of education for the staff. We are allowed to quote some passages on this subject from a letter of Lieutenant-General Shaw-Kennedy, C.B., written to a member of this commission. His authority will make any comments superfluous:

'I am not an advocate for very sweeping and radical changes of system. The military and all other establishments of a country ought to have reference to the constitution of the country in which they are formed, and to the genius and habits of the people. Our military institutions, according to my view, do not require any great and radical changes; but there is one amendment of a very serious character required—the proper education and training of officers, to fit them for filling staff-appointments; and the establishment of a rule, to be made quite absolute, that no officer shall be eligible to fill a staff-appointment until he has gone through a prescribed course of study and training for the purpose, and obtained the required certificates of success in that course.

We have the finest regiments of cavalry and infantry, and the best artillery in the world. Those are the noble arms with which England can meet and overcome any thing approaching to an equal numerical force that may oppose them; but the machine, to act with due effect, must be properly directed. And by whom must it be directed? Unquestionably by the staff. Here we at once come to the immense national importance that should be attached to the army's having a carefully-educated and well-trained staff, and the necessity of the rule being absolute that none but officers so educated and so trained should be on the staff. * * * *

It is now necessary that I define what I mean by the term staff-officer. By that term I mean officers of the quartermaster-general's and adjutant-general's departments, majors of brigade and aides-de-camp.

It will be a disputed point whether majors of brigade and aides-de-camp should be included as staff-officers who should be required to go through the course of study and instruction that I have pointed out.

But that they should be so included, I entertain not the smallest doubt. They are liable to carry orders on the field of battle, which, if not properly understood, may have the most fatal consequences. Suppose an aide-de-camp sent with an order directing a movement at a critical moment, and that he is not sufficiently instructed to understand the order with which he is intrusted; he must, in this case, merely try to repeat the words in which he received the order; and if this is not clearly understood when he delivers it, he is, if unacquainted with the principles of his profession, totally incapable of explaining what was really meant. It may very well happen in a division that the officers of the quartermaster's and adjutant-general's departments are absent temporarily from the division on duty, in which case the majors of brigade should be able to act for them; besides which, majors of brigade should be eligible to be advanced to the adjutant-general's and quartermaster-general's departments. In addition to these reasons, it is desirable to extend the number of the instructed staff of the army to this extent. * * * *

It should be borne in mind, that some men are so constituted, that although they cannot become students and men of science, they may possess some of the highest qualities of warriors; and that such services are not to be rejected from mere pedantic considerations. This, however, only brings more strongly to view a most important fact, not always observed or acknowledged, that commanders without science, but having other high qualities, can only succeed in important operations in the field when assisted by a highly-intelligent and carefully-instructed staff. And there is a case deserving the greatest consideration: all who have ever seen war will admit that the qualities required by a general officer commanding in the field are very rarely met with, and consequently it must frequently happen, from the very nature of man, that important commands fall into the hands of incompetent commanders. This it is utterly impossible to avoid, for many men do not even know themselves before being tried in such commands. The very great importance of abating or overcoming this most serious evil, is that of having a highly instructed and efficient staff. It may be argued that a commander who is defective and obstinate will not be guided by his staff. This may apply to ordinary circumstances, but will not always be the case in actual operations in presence of an enemy; for then the stake is too great, the responsibility and risk too imminent, for the defective man not to lean upon those who are able to support him.' "

And again, how entirely we agree with Colonel Larcom and Colonel Portlock in their evidence that the professional knowledge of officers will depend on the inducements offered.

"We find in the evidence sent to us many traces of an opinion which is believed to be prevalent in the army, that it is useless to speak of giving education, unless it is to be made to tell upon an officer's advancement. Thus, although none of our questions bore directly on the point, we find Colonel Larcom expressing his conviction that—

'The absence of encouragement has been a greater evil than the want of facilities. Men will always find the means of attaining knowledge if they feel that its possession will advance them. Select for superior duties officers who distinguish themselves by superior acquirements, and you will soon have high attainments.'

Colonel Portlock's words are: 'The great stimulus, however, must ever be the prospect of ultimate success in obtaining the object of labour; and until it shall be felt that acquisition of knowledge leads to a selection for employment in honourable and lucrative posts, it cannot be expected that any system of instruction should be fully successful.' "

We have hitherto said nothing of our artillery and engineers. The officers of these arms, while equal to the line in steady courage in the field, add to this national characteristic the valuable quality of cultivated intelligence, and the peculiar practical and scientific acquirements of their especial branch of the service. Still it needs not the evidence of the Royal Commission of 1857 to show us, that, very good as they are, they too, in common with all human institutions, are imperfect; this is frankly acknowledged by all the ordnance officers examined by the commission.

General Sir Howard Douglas, late of the Royal Artillery, tells us as follows:

" *Q.* Would it be possible, and if possible desirable, to have further instruction given to officers after joining? Of what nature should it be, and what would be the best means of affording it?

A. Further instruction would be possible and desirable; it is even necessary, if the school education at Woolwich is to be rendered available, as far as it might be, for the public service. Most young men, after joining the regiment or corps, neglect to keep up the knowledge they have acquired at the academy, and thus are incapable of applying it to useful purposes. The few officers of artillery and engineers who have distinguished themselves in the scientific world are bright exceptions.

Officers of both branches require a greater amount of mathematics than can be communicated to them during their cadetship. Supposing them to retain all the elementary mathematics which they have acquired then, they need the higher branches of dynamics and hydrodynamics, the knowledge of tactics, with military history, and a more perfect knowledge of the French and German languages. These subjects might be acquired at Woolwich under professors and masters. More practical knowledge is required respecting the strength of materials and the construction of machinery. Artillery officers require a more complete knowledge of chemistry, the tactics of artillery in the field, &c. These subjects would require professors and instructors, and might be obtained at the academy, at the arsenal, and in the dockyard.

The artillery and engineering services should be combined with those of a general staff, by adequate attainments on the part of the officers in the study of military topography and general tactics."

Major-General Chesney, Royal Artillery, has given us his strong opinions in a more detailed evidence; they are so full of practical good sense that we much regret that their length renders it impossible for us to extract them here.

Nor are our engineer officers less convincing in their evidence. Major-General Sir Harry Jones tells us:

"*Q.* As the result of your observations in the Crimea, would you say that in any points of practical or scientific knowledge the education of the officers of the engineers, as at present conducted, is susceptible of improvement?

A. The result of my observations in the Crimea is, that the education of the officers of engineers, as at present conducted, is susceptible of improvement; it should be more practical.

Q. Can you make any suggestions with the view for the improvement of the teaching now given at the academy at Woolwich?

A. Not being sufficiently acquainted with the mode of teaching at the academy at Woolwich, no suggestions are offered.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the amount of mathematical knowledge which, according to the usual system (as pursued prior to the war), is requisite for passing with advantage through the course of study followed at Chatham?

A. The amount of mathematical knowledge, according to the system pursued prior to the war, is sufficient for passing with advantage through the course of study followed at the Royal Engineer Establishment, Chatham.

Q. Do you consider that officers are sufficiently instructed when they join at Chatham, either as regards the extent or the depth and accuracy of their knowledge, to enable them to follow the course with full advantage?

A. Officers who join at Chatham, after having passed through the Royal Military Academy and the Practical Class at Woolwich, are sufficiently instructed, as regards the extent of knowledge, to enable them to follow the course with full advantage. As to the depth and accuracy of their knowledge, no general answer can be given; the questions can be answered only with reference to each officer, the depth and accuracy of knowledge varying with each individual.

Q. Are there any subjects not at present taught at Chatham which you think should be added to the course? Can you suggest any improvement in the general mode of instruction pursued?

A. Architecture, mineralogy and geology, military and landscape drawing and sketching, mechanics, hydrodynamics, railways, steam-engines of various descriptions, and machinery; also a laboratory course. As to the latter question, the Chatham course may be considered too much of an educational nature, and not sufficiently practical.

Q. In case of such improvements being effected, what additional amount of previous mathematical knowledge would become requisite?

A. None; if well grounded in all the branches of it, to the extent professed to have been acquired.

Q. Without reference to what may be the present state of teaching, what do you consider to be the education, both scientific and practical, which would most completely qualify an officer of the engineers for the discharge of his various duties?

A. The duties which officers of engineers are called upon to perform are so numerous and so varied, that it is extremely difficult to define what the education, both scientific and practical, should be to qualify an officer of engineers for the discharge of his various duties.

General science, in a very extended sense, is most necessary and important for an engineer officer, and a practical acquaintance with almost every subject embraced under this head. Mathematics, beyond a certain degree, is not necessary; to that point every person may be beneficially instructed; but no individual can be made a first-rate mathematician unless he possesses an aptitude for the science. The higher branches of mathematics are seldom required in the practical duties of a military engineer."

Lieut.-Colonel Simmons, C.B., Royal Engineers, like General Chesney, prefaces the following clever and important suggestions in answer to the questions of the commission by a modest avowal of his own early professional difficulties from the want of that "*sounder and more extended practical education in military engineering*," which he so ably advocates.

"*Q.* What instruction or assistance in their professional studies is at present supplied to officers in the engineers after joining their respective corps?

A. The instruction and assistance at present supplied to engineer officers in prosecuting their professional studies after joining their corps, is confined to a course of practical military engineering at Chatham, and a very limited course of architecture, with an extension and practical application of the knowledge of surveying which they have acquired at the academy. After completing the course of instruction at Chatham, they assume the duties and responsibilities of officers of engineers, acquiring such knowledge as they may from the performance of their duties, which frequently take them to and detain them in the colonies, where they have but few books or opportunities of studying their profession in its higher and more extended branches; the whole of the military colonies being, so far as I am aware, without military libraries or works of reference, except so far as they may have been obtained by the officers themselves individually, or united for the purpose in mutual association.

Q. Would it be possible, and if possible desirable, to have further instruction or assistance given to officers after joining? Of what nature should it be, and what would be the best means of affording it?

A. It appears to be most desirable, and perfectly practicable, that further instruction and assistance should be given to officers after joining in enabling them to pursue their studies in the higher branches of the profession.

On this subject it appears to me necessary to digress a little, and

revert to the condition of officers of engineers when they first join the corps.

They enter the corps at ages varying from seventeen to twenty or twenty-one, with an education which has been acquired either at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, or at some other school, the extent of that education having been tested by examination. From the nature of things, this education is only theoretical; it remains, therefore, to teach them the practical utility of what they have learnt, and the application of science to practice.

As they are specially destined to become military, and not civil engineers, it is above all things essential, before learning the ordinary application of science to practical military engineering, that they should have a thorough knowledge of military organisation in all its branches, and of the use and effect of the weapons used in warfare. This knowledge is acquired to a certain extent by such officers as have been cadets at the academy at Woolwich; but others, who at once gain their commissions from private educational institutions, can have but very little acquaintance with the subject.

As I consider it to be above all things desirable that officers of engineers should be thorough soldiers, well acquainted with the peculiarities of British soldiers, and capable of distributing them at their work in a manner consistent with the ordinary formation of British troops, as also that they should understand their wants and requirements in camp and barracks, I am of opinion that very much benefit would be derived from attaching them to regiments of the line,—if possible at a camp,—for a period, at the termination of which they should be submitted to an examination as to their knowledge of the formation and internal organisation of regiments, and the effect of the arms used by them.

They might also, with great advantage to the public service, be attached for a time to regiments of cavalry; after which, and above all things, I consider it most desirable, if not absolutely necessary to enable them to perform their duties in the field, that they should be attached to the artillery, and go through a good practical course of artillery, not such as is now gone through by cadets, but more extended and perfect, attending as much practice as possible, and thus obtaining as perfect a knowledge as possible of the application and effect of artillery.

I am induced strongly to urge this point, from the certainty I have of the very imperfect knowledge possessed by officers as to the use and effect of artillery, which I conceive may be productive of great inconvenience, if not disaster, in the field. In fact, I believe instances are not wanting where the undue appreciation of the effect of the arms now in use has been productive of late years of very ill effects; and much of the differences of opinion which have arisen among engineers of various countries of late years, and have led to such diversity in the construction of fortified places, arises from this cause.

By attaching the young engineer officer to the various branches of the services, for a period which, I should conceive, ought not to be less than three years for an officer joining at once from a civil educational

establishment, or than two years for one who has had the benefit of an education at a military establishment, it is to be hoped that the young engineer would bring to his studies of practical engineering the habits and ways of thinking of a soldier, unbiassed by the prejudices of any particular arm; and that he would therefore be capable of turning the engineering knowledge already acquired, or to be acquired by him, to the best account as a military engineer.

Before joining the establishment for practical instruction in engineering, it would appear to be desirable that he should again be carefully examined as to his theoretical knowledge, which he ought rather to have extended than otherwise during the period of his being attached to the various branches of the army, as well as in the knowledge he has attained by being attached to those branches of the service. If found wanting in his examination, he might probably be found fit for appointment to a commission in the infantry or cavalry, which do not require so extensive an education.

A great advantage also, I conceive, to the practical education in military matters thus given to the young officer, would be that he would come to learn the practical application of his theoretical science at a more advanced age, when his mind, instead of learning the practice of his profession by routine, would better appreciate the advantages to be derived from the course of study now opened to him.

To proceed now with the subject of practical engineering, I would observe that the education is, so far as I am aware, at present confined to—

1. A knowledge of sapping and mining, and the practical works of a siege.
2. Pontooning.
3. A very limited architectural course.
4. Surveying and celestial observations.

To these should, I think, be added—

First. A practical acquaintance with the employment and distribution of labour under various conditions, such as an abundance or a very reduced amount of tools, animal labour, or practical means, &c., in making fieldworks or permanent works entailing large excavations and embankments in parapets and ramparts, including the application of modern science as in use in the construction of large earthworks and excavations of all sorts on railways, and in the making of docks and breakwaters.

The best way of acquiring this knowledge is by practical acquaintance with the subject itself, at present only to be acquired upon the large civil works in progress in the country. As civil engineers might possibly evince jealousy in allowing officers to visit and remain upon these works a sufficient time to allow of their becoming practically acquainted with their mode of execution, it might be worthy of consideration whether troops might not be employed, with advantage to themselves and to the country, in executing any such works that may course of construction in the country; or even whether it migh advantageous, on some of the waste lands adjoining som-

permanent camps now being established in the country, to make such works, either in the shape of butts for target-practice, or intrenchments to the camp itself; and so, at the same time, to instruct soldiers and officers of the army generally in that important branch of their service, without the application of which they can scarcely expect to pass through a campaign in actual warfare. It is to be observed, that a knowledge of this description of work is almost as essential to the soldier and officer in the state to which war is now reduced as the use of the particular arm they are called upon to use.

Secondly. A practical knowledge of road-making, with a study of the materials best adapted for metalling.

Thirdly. A practical acquaintance with making both floating and standing bridges, and the adaptation of boats and materials of all descriptions to each. This would include a knowledge of the strength and application of materials under the most variable circumstances.

Fourthly. A far greater practical acquaintance with field-sketching, including the estimation of heights and distances. Upon these sketches the student might be required to indicate the occupation of the ground either for a permanent or temporary camp, due regard being had to drainage and supply of water as well as defence, and the application of fieldworks to strengthen given positions.

Fifthly. It would appear advisable, if engineer officers are to be continued in the construction and charge of barracks, that the architectural course should be extended. On this subject, however, I speak with extreme diffidence, as my acquaintance with the course does not extend beyond the year 1838.

It is probable that the whole of the course here indicated, including the period of service with the various arms, would occupy nearly five years,—a time which I consider not excessive to form an engineer who shall be fit to be intrusted with such large interests as fall to the lot of engineers in the field, with a probability of those works being executed with credit to himself and to his country, and with the utmost advantage and security of the troops and army with which he may be serving."

We could make many more interesting extracts from these instructive evidences; but we want room. No one can read them without feeling their talent and their truth.

With such a wealth of admirable material as these services afford us, if judiciously encouraged, it is impossible to foresee the limit which our scientific corps may attain; we believe that they will become more and more important as science and new inventions yield their aid to war.

We have already added war-steamers, the rail, and the electric wire to our means of attack. This is only the beginning of changes which will be as great as those produced by the invention of gunpowder in the fifteenth century. Our engineer officers will have to direct or repel the extraordinary powers of destruc-

tion which chemistry and science will create. Engine will fight against engine, and skill combined with courage predominate over mere human strength and numbers.

We have now done with the officers, and proceed to a much simpler subject, the improvement of the privates,—the bone and sinew of all armies.

It would be vain to expect that the class of clever and educated recruits, whom we hope to induce to enlist in our ranks, can do so, while our military code is disgraced by corporal punishment. It is true that its infliction is now happily of rare occurrence, and that only hardened and incorrigible culprits, guilty of outrageous and disgraceful crimes, are subjected to it. But with these degraded creatures the punishment is useless as a corrective. They have lost all sense of shame; and the amount of its severity, the mere bodily suffering allowed to be inflicted, is so restricted, that these men no longer dread it. Such criminals had far better be discharged with ignominy, sentenced to transportation or penal servitude; or even, when the crime is atrocious, or subversive of all discipline, and often repeated—to death. For we are convinced that this last alternative is yet more merciful than the old system of retaining wretched men in the service whose lives alternate between the guardroom, the court-martial-room, the punishment parade-square, and the hospital. Worse than useless—they are a continued disgrace and incumbrance to their regiment. The fact that this brutal punishment is retained in the clauses of the Mutiny Act and Articles of War, as applicable too to almost every breach of discipline whether great or small, and *by "regulation"* read aloud to the men at the head of every regiment once a month (on muster-day), must humiliate and disgust a civilised and right-feeling recruit. It tends to lower all self-respect, military pride, and *"esprit-de-corps;"* and, if retained, will do more to discourage recruiting from a better class of men than many more real obstacles. The very name of the thing is hateful. It may have been upheld through ignorance and prejudice by old officers, who were called "disciplinarians" forty years ago, and who believed that soldiers, like spaniels and walnut-trees, "the more you beat them, the better they be;" —but it must be remembered that our ranks were then filled from the refuse of jails, and that felons were allowed to commute their punishment to servitude in the army. Now we have a far different material; and this Muscovite barbarism should be expunged altogether from our military code.

When the late war broke out, while we were priding ourselves on being the richest and the greatest manufacturing country in the world, we were far inferior in our military equipments

not only to the French but even to the Russians. For many years we had thought fit to contrive that the military income which we conferred on our most distinguished general officers should be derived from defrauding the soldiers of the very regiments which they feel so proud to command,—that whereas a fixed sum, proportioned to the number of rank and file, was voted annually for the clothing and appointments of a regiment, only a part of this sum should be really paid by the general's agents for its legitimate purpose, the surplus being confiscated for the general's own profit; this being the acknowledged and only official emolument which he derived from the command of his regiment. The consequence was, that nothing could be worse than the material and the making-up of our soldiers' clothing. Manufacturers and contractors became competitors in this great fraud; they invented a machine for the tearing-up old worn-out refuse woollen cloth, and then re-spinning and weaving the materials—the "devil's-dust" of Leeds—into a new fabric. This, dyed red, was the stuff of which the soldier's coatee was made. Even this vile spongy ravelling material was curtailed in the cutting-out and making-up, so as to fit tight, and to embarrass the free use of the arms. Of course it stood no wear; and hence the raggedness and the nakedness, the cold and the misery during that dreadful winter our soldiers passed in the trenches before Sebastopol; and hence many of the tenants of the hospitals and graveyard at Scutari. Buttoned up tight in his close-fitting coatee; his head aching from the pressure of a cumbrous lacquer-topped ill-fitting shako; his neck impilloried in a choking stock; his lower limbs constrained by ill-made scanty trousers; his feet cramped and lamed by ill-made ill-fitting boots; carrying on his back a great square black-varnished box cramful of superfluous "necessaries," called a knapsack, and strapped on by breast-straps so constructed as to impede his breathing; armed with a heavy musket and bayonet; a pouch containing sixty rounds of ball-cartridges, so hung by shoulder-belts behind him, that he will spill half his ammunition when trying to get at it, you have the picture of one of our overloaded English infantry soldiers, who dropped down apoplectic or fainting on the march to Varna, unable to keep up beside the less encumbered French soldier, and who afterwards (so little did we improve by experience) was far outstripped in the march on Kertch by even Turkish infantry. We seem to think that the uniform which suits our English winter *must* do for all climates; and so we make our soldiers wear the same coat in the snows of Canada, the hot winds of Madras, or the fiery white glare of Barbadoes.

Our way of lodging our army has of late very much improved; space and ventilation have been attended to in all our newly-constructed barracks. We no longer crowd our soldiers into low ill-ventilated sleeping-rooms, filled almost to suffocation, where the bad air brought on that tendency to consumption which used to fill our hospitals and decimate our ranks. But in the colonies the old system yet prevails; and the mortality in a regiment on its first landing in the West Indies is oftener caused by this fatal mistake than by the climate, or the yellow fever, or the new rum, usually blamed for the loss of life really caused by the overcrowded barrack-room. The newly-arrived men die down to the reduced number the barrack-rooms can hold with safety; and then the regiment gets healthy, and is said to be "acclimatised," until the arrival of fresh drafts from home brings back the mortality; and so the waste of soldiers goes on during the whole term of the regiment's colonial service. The officers, who are better lodged, do not die in the same proportion. Since recruits have become costly, the improvement of barracks is as much a matter of economy as of humanity. The mismanagement in the housing, the clothing, and the food of our troops, produces the necessary result; they waste away on tropical service; and then we are told that the imprudence, the intemperance, the bad habits of our soldiers have caused all the mischief, and that official stupidity and routine have nothing to do with it. We must care more for these vital requisites, especially now that so large a force is needed to maintain our Indian empire, if we mean to do justice to our noble soldiers, as well as to keep down "army-estimates."

Reform in the army will, we fear, never be truly and faithfully carried out until it is forced on our Government by the public voice; when that voice is sufficiently loud, we may hope to see our regiments officered by men who know more than the present race of the science of war, led by generals who can be selected from a wider choice by pre-eminent merit. We shall then, too, see a vast improvement in the material and the habits, as well as the discipline and happiness, of our admirable soldiers.

P.S. Just as this article was put into our printer's hands, we have seen an abstract of the last royal commission upon the system of purchase in the army. We think it a very able and valuable exposition, more carefully and candidly worked out than such commissions usually are. We cannot, therefore, but feel complimented in finding that many of the views and inferences the commission has recorded, endorse a large proportion of the opinions and convictions we have just stated. Of course we agree

with Sir De Lacy Evans, that the reforms the commission proposes, though in a right direction, do not go nearly far enough; suggesting only an instalment where we should like to see an unreserved concession.

Our limits do not permit us to criticise the details. We will only protest against the hasty, the unwise, and the illiberal proposal of Sir Charles Trevelyan to clip the small pittance the country has long granted to the widows and orphans of our officers. This little economy resembles one of the fictions a popular novelist would have attributed to his fabulous "Circumlocution Office." It is notorious that while serving in a regiment an officer cannot possibly live *decently* on his pay. It is yet less possible that he can (as he might in the comparatively far higher paid civil service) insure his life, or save up and invest money, or make any posthumous provision for his wife and children. The scale of the pensions to officers' widows and the "compassionate fund" is even now far too low. Fifty pounds a-year to a captain's widow, and seventy pounds yearly to a lieutenant-colonel's widow, is all that can now be given; and this miserable dole is fenced off with provisions and exclusions unworthy of a generous country. Does our assistant-secretary to the Treasury contemplate seeing these ladies candidates for admission to a union poorhouse?

He proposes also to diminish pretty largely the actual official income of officers now serving, by curtailing or abolishing that proportion of it which goes under the denomination of "*regimental allowances.*" Now we happen to know that these allowances are not only well-earned, but absolutely *necessary*, unless a regimental officer's personal pay be very largely increased. This necessity, too, has often been questioned in the recurring annual debate on the army-estimates, and hitherto proved to be unanswerable—even surviving the pruning-knife of the late Mr. Joseph Hume. Does Sir Charles Trevelyan think he can cut closer than our old friend the member for Montrose?

Art. II.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOHAMMEDAN GENTLEMAN.

Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman, and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures; interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal. Edited by Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Smith and Elder, 1857.

This amusing volume is compiled by Lieutenant Eastwick of Haileybury College, from the notes and journal of a Mussulman native of India, who visited England in 1844. In his preface, Lieutenant Eastwick points to Lutfullah's views as indicative of the distaste of the natives of India to progress, and of the alien character in which the English are regarded by the proper inhabitants of Hindostan. To draw this especial inference merely from the opinions of Lutfullah as published, appears to be somewhat hard upon him; but Lieutenant Eastwick speaks also, no doubt, from personal acquaintance.

Lutfullah is one of a class of men not rare in Western India among the native Mussulmans of middle rank, who, shrewd in observation, but of much simplicity of mind and faithfulness of character, by energy and industry, especially in the acquisition of languages, fit themselves to be useful aids to European officers. Though a steady supporter of all befitting a good Mussulman, he does not hesitate to admire, when his means of knowledge suffice to enable him to understand, English superiority. To one acquainted with Orientals, much of the language of the book is clearly that of the compiler, though embodying the sentiments of Lutfullah. There is a dedication by Lutfullah himself, from Surat, to an Indian director; and further to establish his claim to consideration, he prefixes his pedigree, carried back to Adam, in which, of course, he does not forget to state as his peculiar ancestry the several generations between Adam and Noah.

Lutfullah, meaning "the favour of God," was born at Dharanagar in Malwa in 1802. Amongst his immediate ancestors was a saint; and his father, who died in his infancy, was of sacred order; and Lutfullah himself, as a boy, considered himself a sort of saint, doing duty at, and obtaining profits from, an hereditary shrine. His behaviour, however, was by no means uniformly saintly, nor did the treatment he received from others appear always to recognise his saintship. Somewhat after the fashion of Rousseau's Confessions, he relates the mischievous tricks of his early days,—how he introduced croton-oil into his

schoolmaster's coffee in revenge for a flogging; how he placed frogs in his mother's work-basket; and how he fired with gunpowder the beard of an old saint, Shaikh Nasrullah, a family friend, who favoured them with his company too frequently, whilst asleep,—a crime the magnitude of which may be understood when we recall the reverend character attributed by good Mussulmans to a well-grown beard. Lutfullah's revenge on the schoolmaster was perpetrated, he says, "with the tear of sorrow in one eye and the light of satisfaction in the other." He was, however, always diligent and reflective, being treated by his mother, who was his principal guardian in his childhood, with judicious strictness, and his earnest and constant affection for whom forms a pleasant trait in his character. His religious education, as usual with Mussulmans, began early; and although eventually he became firm in his faith, the variety of religions he encountered gave rise in his youth to sceptical thoughts. Having on one occasion been plucked by an old Brahmin out of a tank in which he was nearly drowned through the instrumentality of some cousins, who shared in the profits of his shrine and would have profited by his death, he was, in gratitude, induced to bow to a stone image of the Brahmin's Hindoo deity; at the same time, however, "bending his little mind to the Almighty, the only God, the maker of the stone and all creatures." As a young Moslem, he was early taught to "ridicule the folly of Hindoos worshipping stones fashioned by themselves, and other beings besides the Supreme one." However, he adds, he could not but remember that "if Hindoo shrines are stones, those of Mussulmans are dust and bones," and that Christians too seemed to fall into various opinions of Jesus Christ ("Blessed be his name," he adds in reverence); and he concludes by stating that he was troubled with sceptical doubts till the age of thirty, "when close study set his brain right."

The motto of the book is, "And one man in his time plays many parts;" and Lutfullah in his varied and adventurous life has pursued the several occupations of a saint, soldier, physician, tutor, secretary, and writer. The first notions he conceived of the English as a boy from general report were sufficiently vague; but at that period (about 1810) Europeans were far less known in Malwa than they are now:

"Strange things were said regarding this wonderful people, who, it was affirmed, had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed prophet, and they called themselves Christians; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjîl, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their

worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images, and they ate every thing, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjíl (St. Matthew v. 18, 19); nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They had made three Gods for themselves, instead of one,—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being,—contrary to their first commandment; and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their Prophet and themselves Son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favour, that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice they never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon, the son of David," &c.

His first journey was to Baroda, the capital of the Guicowar's territory, whither his mother's brother, with whom they lived, "tired of the sufferings consequent upon poverty," took him; and on the journey he received tribute to his saintship: the cartmen, "Moslems of the oilmen caste," he says, "regularly worshipping us" while on this his first travel. "The curiosities of nature filled his little mind with uncommon amusement." At Baroda he first saw Englishmen, meeting four of them in the street:

"Their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal. I felt inclined to accost them; but thought myself too young to venture on such an intrusion in a foreign city. I raised my hand, however, to my forehead in token of salutation, without uttering the sacred sentence. 'As salámun alaikum,' to which my mind whispered none were entitled except true believers. They returned my salutation very kindly, which civility greatly softened my prejudices against them."

Having returned home, he underwent the religious rite common to Jews and Mussulmans; but he protests against the rite as contrary to common sense, and not binding by religion on Mussulmans; and he contrasts with its rigid observance the shortcomings of Mussulmans in more important matters, noticing especially addiction to intoxicating drinks, and receiving interest for money lent, both being prohibited by the Koran. However, struck perhaps by the inconvenience of the rule against interest, he adds with philosophical abandonment. "Let me be silent on the subject, leaving things to run their own course; a mortal like myself should not deviate from a path followed by twelve crores (120,000,000) of people for the last more than twelve and a half centuries." The next journey of the family, also induced by poverty, was to Ujjain, with a few manuscripts for sale. Here Lutfullah's uncle urged his mother to marry again; when she, apparently to Lutfullah's

admiration, angrily replied, that she and her son must be cumbersome, and in future would take care to live separately by her industry, adding, "she would rather go to hell than submit to such nonsense again;" doubtless intending to give emphasis to her assertion by the strength of an expression which in Mussulmanee phrase would not contain the vulgarism it does when translated into English. She, however, soon forgets her resolution, and marries again, espousing a subahdar high in the employ of a native ranee, mother of Dowlut Row Scindia. At first the subahdar's "gaudy military appearance" led Lutfullah to believe he was a man of courage; but on trial he found his stepfather "worse than a jackal." The subahdar gets into trouble with the native court on his mistress's death, which is attributed to having shaved his head on an unlucky day. Lutfullah takes this opportunity of pointing out some general superstitions respecting good and ill luck; prefacing his remarks, however, by stating that the law of the blessed prophet rejects every kind of superstition, "whether founded on astrology or Arab traditions of the dark ages;" although, as he laments, Mohammedans in general will still follow the errors of false religion. The Mussulmans of India are greatly under the influence of such superstitions. There are rules for ascertaining lucky days for particular purposes: a cat crossing a person's road prevents his proceeding; peculiar significance is attached to sneezes; and flights of birds, the sight of a herd of wild-deer, and many other things, are considered bad and good omens. Lutfullah himself, though repudiating the theory, which he terms "astrological nonsense," appears to be always more comfortable in starting on a journey on a lucky day. The subahdar having settled at Gwalior, at a distance from his wife, and receiving tidings of the birth of a son, his kindness to Lutfullah ceases, and they quarrel; and Lutfullah, receiving a severe beating, absconds; betaking himself to adventure, and, carrying with him only a loaf, a volume of Hafiz, and his scimitar, he starts for Agra. Receiving kindness from divers wayfarers,—a Hindoo shepherd, who presents him with milk, but, "being a Hindoo, would not allow him to touch his pot;" and from a Rajpoot maiden "of lovely air," with whom he was much struck, and who, giving him water, kindly poured it into a cup made by joining her hands, "in a fine stream, which he found greatly sweetened by the excellent scent of her rosy hand,"—he falls in unawares and joins company with one Juma, a Thug; they proceed together, and Juma, having adroitly ascertained that he possessed nothing worth appropriating, and charming him with his conversation, tenders him an oath of secrecy; and Lutfullah, being a "young impru-

dent creature," swears on the holy book. Juma then discloses his mode of proceeding:

"'We adopt various modes,' said he, 'in making ourselves familiar with travellers, by appearing to them as mendicants, by engaging to be their guides, and even by acting as pimps for them. The woman I mentioned to you is for the last purpose: she attracts a traveller's attention immediately; and fascinating him in her enchanting conversation, she leads him apart from the road, and then, pretending to be tired, she sits under a tree, takes out a tinder-box from her bag to strike fire for smoking. In the mean time one of us arriving there, the traveller naturally dislikes such an intrusion; but the woman pacifies him by telling him "he is my husband or brother, and will soon go away about his business after taking a little fire, and then we will smoke and talk at leisure." During this talk, if the traveller is not enough off his guard in smoking and talking, &c., she, as if by accident, removes such a part of her dress as naturally very soon attracts his whole attention; and then any one of us, throwing a handkerchief like this (exhibiting a long silk handkerchief with a knot) over his neck, gives him a pull, which brings him down senseless; he, however, shakes his hands and legs a little, which are instantly silenced by giving one sound kick upon his scrotum. His person is then searched, and immediately interred at the same spot; and we pursue our way separately, engaging to meet again at a certain place on a certain day.'"

Struck with horror at the company he had fallen into, Lutfullah's "ears became deaf, his eyes motionless, and his blood thrilled in his veins;" but he did not lose his self-possession, and managing to keep awake during the night by burning the tip of his finger (rather more severely than he intended), he succeeded in giving Juma the slip, and apprising the native authorities at the neighbouring town of Gohad, when Juma was forthwith apprehended and executed. Lutfullah then wanders on to Agra, feeding on the grain that he plucks on the way, and observing, "My bread, I may say, had the blessing of Jesus Christ." He dwells with pleasure on the recollection of this journey, its freedom and beauties: "The remembrance of my morning walks, my ablutions in the pure limpid springs of water, my noon prayers in the still jungles, under the shade of the finest tree that I happened to select, on the emerald carpets of verdure supplied by nature, whereon I took my rest after the prayers, still enrich my memory with delight and joy." Those who have travelled leisurely in India will appreciate his delight. There is something exquisitely beautiful in the break of day in the Indian woods, the freshness of the cool morning air contrasting with the sultriness of the night, and the rapid transition from stillness broken by few sounds to the abundant

signs of awakening insect and animal life. In his observations on Agra, Lutfullah takes occasion, while noticing the Emperor Akbar, to lament the passing of India to the English rule; observing, that had Akbar's successors been half as wise as himself, it would not have been the fate of his country to be under foreigners. In eulogising Akbar's rule in times of confusion, he notices that in this peaceful time "three able statesmen of the enlightened land of England" (meaning the governor-general and the governors of Madras and Bombay), "aided by members of council, find it an irksome and difficult task to govern." In 1817, Lutfullah attaches himself at Agra to a Hindoo hakim or doctor, physician to Hindu Rao, brother-in-law of Dowlut Rao Scindia; and interesting himself in the study of physic, gives the result of some of his master's cases, cures of snake-bites, &c., noticing an instance of his skill in curing a severe case of hiccough, of which complaint his master's patron was cured by pieces of sugar-cane sprinkled with rose-water, to be chewed and smoked. The native doctors, we may remark, though often sufficiently acquainted with the properties of the common herbs of India, are for the most part very ignorant, and practise as much through the aid of superstition as medicine; but in the presidency towns the instruction given of late years at the hospitals is effecting a revolution in the practice of physic, many native gentlemen having in those institutions acquired an excellent medical education.

After a time Lutfullah returns to his mother, who, during her life, appears to have possessed his ardent affection; and neglecting, as he informs us, in his impatience the caution of waiting for a lucky day, he found himself in the house of his parent "with the tears of joy running over his face." At this time, when he must have been about sixteen, an English force under Sir Thomas Hislop came into his neighbourhood; and Lutfullah, making acquaintance with some of the soldiers, is struck with an irresistible desire to learn the English language. After remaining for some time with his mother, he became weary of inactivity; and hearing of the wars in the Deckan, determined to proceed thither, thinking he should find there "a ladder to mount to the terrace of distinction." His first attempt, however, in this direction was unfortunate; for, recommencing his wanderings, and being entrapped into joining a company of wandering Affghans, he was led by them unawares into a camp of Bheel robbers, with whom he remained by compulsion for some time; until, a quarrel occurring in the robber-camp on a division of spoil, the party of Affghans was murdered, and Lutfullah, passing through great hardships, effected his escape, and again returned to his mother. This

dreadful adventure made much impression on him; and he relates it, and the proceedings of the robbers, graphically and at much length. In returning homewards, having for safety from wild animals ascended a tree in the night-time, he falls to the ground in his slumbers; but, reascending the tree, he secures himself from repetition of the mishap by tying himself to a branch with his turban unrolled; and this gives him occasion to deliver the following apostrophe in favour of the turban and native dress:

"The reader here will observe the superior advantages of the graceful Asiatic garb over the patchful light pieces of dresses of the Europeans, which can only be used for the one particular purpose of covering the body closely. On the other hand, our convenient long coat may be gracefully put on to command respect; and the same will serve as a bed if we chance to have no other. Our *dopatta*, the waistband, is a zone on respectable occasions; it is a sheet to cover one at night if required, or may be erected as a small tent to protect one from the burning sun. The turban is the most useful part of the Asiatic attire, far superior to the European hat in every respect: it is a handsome ornament to the human head, and repulses the severity of the sun; the hat, on the contrary, attracts it. The turban is the best means to save the life of a thirsty traveller in the deserts and jungles, where there is no water to be had except in deep wells. In such a crisis the precious liquid can be drawn by the aid of the turban with great ease. A silken turban's softness guards the head from the cut of a sharp sabre better than a helmet; it can serve the purposes of bandages for wounds on important occasions, when surgical aid is wanting and not at hand; and many other advantages can be derived from it, which, if described, would take up time and space unaffordable here."

In the East the head-dress is regarded as a matter of some importance. Respect is paid to a turban as it is by Mohammedans to a beard (though in a less degree): both contribute to the dignity of bearing of the Asiatic, and much store is set by dignity of deportment in the East. Asiatic gentlemen, such as Lutfullah, are for the most part gravely courteous individuals, slow and sedate in their demeanour; and the turban befits their solemnity of manner better than a hat or a cap. The head-dress is one of the main distinguishing marks of caste; the various Mohammedan sects being often chiefly known by the style of their turbans, and the Hindoo castes being distinguished mainly by the head-dress and character of paint on the forehead. In speaking of different sects and castes, it must be remembered that, although there are but two principal Mohammedan sects, the Shiahs and the Soonis, subdivided sects and schismatics are numerous—Borahs, Memous, Khojahs, &c.; while the Hindoo community, though originally limited to four

castes, is now split up into a multitude of castes, in many cases dependent merely on the nature of employment or occupation.

On Lutfullah's return home, he is struck with grief at finding his mother in failing health. With his knowledge of physic, he foresees her speedy end; but philosophises on the subject, and does not allow himself to be overcome with despair; "for life and death are mysterious secrets," he says, "in the omnipotent hand of Providence." "It is unwise to fear death on two days—the day doomed, and the day not doomed for death; because in the former as well as the latter case fear must be folly." However much influenced by the usual Mohammedan doctrines of fatalism, he nevertheless made use of all the remedies in his power; but ineffectually. She became worse; and on Friday the 24th April, he says, "whilst her head rested on my bosom, her pure and sacred soul took its flight to the blissful region of eternity. May the blessing of Almighty God shower on her for ever and ever. Amen." He took upon himself all the funeral ceremonies, resolving, he says, that, poor as he was, they should be in a dignified style, and that he would defray the charges liberally. But his feelings appear to have led him to spend more than he could afford; for he concludes shortly with this curious statement, "I" then "began to think of some pretence of deserting the town, where my further stay seemed likely to be both disagreeable and hurtful to my reputation; for the creditors of whom I had borrowed small sums already began to importune me for repayment." The native Indian, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, is prone to allow his feelings at the time of funerals and marriages to carry him far beyond the limits of prudence in the matter of expense; the poor Hindoo clerk or writer frequently on such occasions involving himself for life by ostentatious expenses and presents inconsistent with his means.

Lutfullah, having imparted to an influential friend "his distressful circumstances with tearful eyes," was through his kind offices appointed postmaster in the Company's service at a distant village. He held this office but for a short time, when he again returned home to devote himself to the family shrine; and Sir John Malcolm happening to visit the neighbourhood, Lutfullah was induced to sell him a stone from the shrine, which had upon it a Sanscrit inscription of a Hindoo legend. Though feeling, he says, that it was "improper to have one of the relics removed from the place of worship," he reflected, on the other hand, "that it was inexpedient to reject the demand of the great man, whose one word might dispossess him of the stone without any remuneration at all." So he allowed the general's people to take it, "on the plea that the

pagan inscription must have been placed in that holy receptacle by mistake, and that the sooner it was removed the better." Having now mastered the English language, which took him eight years, and which he calls the most difficult language in the world, Lutfullah, who was already conversant with Hindostanee and Guzeratee, the languages in use in his part of the country, and afterwards acquired a knowledge of Persian and Arabic, appears to have taken up the profession of a moonshee, or instructor in languages, and attached himself from time to time to various European officers as a teacher and assistant. He speaks of many of them with affectionate regard; those only who offended his sense of dignity, of which he seems very tenacious, receiving occasionally a passing word of censure. He does not, however, adopt this mode of life without considering whether he should not make the usual pilgrimage of pious Mussulmans to Mecca; but he concludes, under advice, that his stock of money was insufficient for the trip. Whilst in an unsettled state of mind on this point, he journeys to Mandavi on the coast, "to satisfy my curiosity in seeing the sea for the first time in my life;" and he thus delivers himself on the subject:

"On beholding the immense body of water and its regular ebb and flow, I was struck with astonishment at the unlimited power of the one Supreme Being, before whom the whole of our universe is no more than an atom. Deeply engaged in such meditations, as I stood one evening at the sea-side looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, according to which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism, I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slily behind me, and, after punishing me for my crime, ran away like a shot. I followed him with my stick for a little distance to revenge the injury, but in vain; the animal vanished from my sight, and I returned home with very great pain in the leg."

In the year 1823 Lutfullah first visited the town and island of Bombay *en route* to Satara, whither he proposed to follow the sixth regiment (one of the officers of which had been his pupil in the character of a moonshee). He proceeds across the harbour in the ferry-boat, where he experiences much discomfort; and on landing, "took one day's rest under an umbrageous banyan-tree, enjoying the free air of the Concan combined with the fine sea-breeze," and had all his clothes and self well washed and cleaned after four days' stay "in the filthy town of Bombay, and one day's voyage on board the filthiest of boats." Bombay is much changed and vastly improved since that time; and in lieu of the old ferry-boat there is now a

commodious steamer from Bombay to Panwell. Lutfullah gives but a slight account of the city of Bombay; but he remarks, as distinguishing it from the native states he was accustomed to, "Nobody is pressed to work here without wages." At Satara he passes his time as a moonshee in quietness, without being disturbed by any thing except domestic affairs:

"Such as the neglect of my servants in the performance of their duty and their treacherous conduct, attended with petty larceny in my house, where, on my absence during the day, they had uncontrolled authority. These domestic troubles often embittered my thoughts and disturbed my peace. To remedy such evils, I felt the necessity of having a person to superintend my household and be a companion to me during some of my lonesome hours."

"Thus being compelled by circumstances," he says, he marries a lady he had known in Cutch, and "whose destiny had brought her thither." Under the thraldom of his wife he ejaculates as follows:

"Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble. In overrating small evils, we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor I thought for myself only; but now I had to think for another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of a very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future.

Such inconveniences can be easily obviated by our law in divorcing a wife, not only for crimes, but even if she is disagreeable. But who can have the heart to part with his faithful companion without serious cause? This bad practice prevails only amongst the lower classes of the people. A man of high station in life may marry four wives at once or gradually, and may have as many handmaids as he can support; then from amongst such a number he is sure to find one who gives him every satisfaction, and the rest may be maintained without being repudiated, each knowing that she has only herself to thank for a rival in her lord's affections, as she ought to have made herself so dear to him that he could not have desired a change. Here I drop the grand subject of monogamy and polygamy, controverted between the doctors of Mohammedanism and Christianity. There are many things to be said on both sides; but I will not enlarge my journal with these discussions. I side with my own law, though I have been a monogamist throughout all my life."

At Satara Lutfullah witnessed a suttee, from which he hastened "sad and dejected;" and is led to make the following just remarks on Hindooism:

"Religions, pure in their origin, in course of time beget superstitions, which give birth to such results as we have just described. The religion of the Hindus in its origin is pure and sublime, as will be clearly seen from the books of their Ved, or theological works, which were in existence about 1800 years before our era of the Hijra, or about 1100 years before Christ. They consider the only Supreme Being to be the self-existing ruler of the universe, styled Bramha. His first attributes are the following Trinity: Bramha the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. These attributes have each a peculiar image, as a medium required for the material being to think of the immaterial being, who is one creator of all the visible and invisible worlds. He is the Almighty who rules and governs all his creation by a general providence, resulting from first-determined and pre-established principles.

From so sublime a source of the genuine principles of their religion runs the pure stream of their law, which strictly prohibits all the crimes punishable by the laws of the present civilised world. Besides, suicide, infanticide, and sacrifice of all kinds, not only human, but of any kind of animal, are ranked amongst the heinous crimes. But superstition and fables, and the selfish character of their priests, have in the lapse of ages produced immorality and corruption to this degree, that the generality of the Hindus of this time are no more than infidels in the high opinion of their Vedantees or theologists."

In 1829 he visits Sholapore; and then returns to Surat, where he was received with open arms by his patron Mr. Eastwick, one of his former scholars. His patron becoming sick, Lutfullah puts himself in competition with the English doctor, and instead of strong doses prescribes lemon-sherbet and change of air. The doctor remaining in the house for the benefit of his patient, Lutfullah, to his distress, has to minister to his drinking propensities; and on Mr. Eastwick's departure for change of air, rejoices that he in his own house is no more a furnisher of the forbidden liquor to a Christian drunkard.

In 1833, Lutfullah becomes a practising doctor at Surat, and in fifteen months had 664 patients, of whom 661 recovered and three died; but he modestly states that he took good care not to take any difficult cases in hand, but sent such to the government hospital. A son being born to him, his physician's practice did not appear sufficiently lucrative, and he resumed the occupation of a tutor. About this time he became acquainted with the family of the Nawab of Surat, entering his service as secretary; and continues from time to time connected with that family until the end of his memoirs. He gives a long history of the affairs of the Nawab's family and its intrigues, which have little interest for the general reader. His son died in infancy, and he laments his death as follows:

"Poor boy, he suffered his fever and cough with the fortitude of a

man; he took his doses of physic bravely, but without avail. The lance of grief pierced my heart through and through; but the loss was irreparable, and there was no remedy except patience,—patience, and nothing but patience, under the decrees of Heaven."

Having for the present resigned the Nawab's service, he proceeds to join his friend Captain Eastwick, in Scinde, serving there in a political capacity under Sir Henry (then Colonel) Pottinger. On sailing for Scinde, Lutfullah states his opinion of the part of the country he is leaving as follows:

"I went on board at one p.m., and bade adieu to the peninsula—the land of ignorance, opium-eating, and infanticide, and its one million six hundred thousand inhabitants, and two hundred and forty-four chiefs—in the words of the good ploughman of Scotland,

> 'Farewell, my friends, and farewell, my foes;
> My peace with these, and my love with those.'"

The journal of proceedings in Scinde is in parts interesting, but too lengthy to quote much from. Lutfullah, as an enlightened Mussulman, is frequently asked to lead the prayers of the less-educated Mussulmans he comes in contact with there, giving, as he states, much satisfaction; and he is much attracted by the Mohammedan tombs and remains. Indeed, from his youth upwards, throughout his wanderings, his veneration for Mohammedan tombs and shrines is conspicuous.

While in Scinde we find him visiting a Mohammedan chief, to induce him to take service with the English, and meeting the fears of the chief—"that the English would first take the country and then force the people to embrace their religion"—with a question whether he had ever heard of any compulsory measures towards persons of any religion adopted by the English in India, where they had ruled now for the last hundred years; asking him to see the regiments with his own eyes, in which he would find people of all castes following their own religions without any interference on the part of the Government.

Lutfullah had in Scinde many opportunities of noticing the native troops; and even in those times the Bengal sepoys, it appears, made no favourable impression. He says, "The tall, well-made, and handsome Bengal sepoys have not always a heart corresponding with their outward form." He then gives an instance: some camels having been carried off by Belooch robbers, the drivers ran off; and the guard of Bengal sepoys followed their example. The non-commissioned officer, presenting himself to the political officer, reported, "The thirty-nine camels, sir, are carried off by the robbers—just now, sir; two drivers are wounded, and all is well, sir!" Then follows this dialogue:

"*Political Agent.* What were the numbers of the robbers?

Naik. They were ten; but we discerned a cloud of dust behind them, which indicated a larger number following.

P. A. Why did you not fire at the robbers?

N. Because we were dressing our food under a tree; and seeing the wounded men run, we ran to you.

P. A. You are very nice soldiers.

N. I thank your honour for the good word; I have done my duty.

P. A. Good word and thanks! I have a great mind to give you a court-martial for your unsoldier-like conduct.

N. Then we must thank our own bad luck to get such a reward from your honour's hand for our faithful services.

P. A. Leave my presence. Do not utter another word, and do not show me your face again. Right-about-face; march to the lines."

In Bengal it has been much the practice, erroneously, as late events show, to form the regiments entirely of high-caste men, and to place men of the same caste together. These high-caste men, collected together, relying on the known abstinence of the English authorities from interference with native prejudices, presume upon this abstinence to excuse themselves from discipline and duty, combining to resist authority. In the armies of Madras and Bombay, especially the latter, the policy has been rather to prefer low-caste men, and to mingle in one regiment many castes; which avoids combination, and prevents a multitude of caste-prejudices being constantly urged in excuse for non-performance of duty.

In leaving Shikarpore in Scinde, Lutfullah pays a parting visit to a Mohammedan gentleman, who had, "according to English ideas, attained a great degree of civilisation in permitting his wife to see his friends unveiled;" and he takes the opportunity of delivering his own sentiments on the seclusion of women:

"Seclusion of women from the society of men is considered a fault by the English, but a virtue by us, the true believers. The English leave their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men both in public and private. Poor creatures! naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men! How many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable license! In London alone, eighty thousand females are said to be registered in the black records. If you take an evening walk in one of the quarters of that greatest city of the world, called Regent Street, you will find many ladies of exquisite beauty and high accomplishments, forsaken by their relatives and friends, in the practice and perhaps under the obligation of committing black deeds. Who is to blame for all this? I say, nothing else but the license established by the civilisers.

I do not say that all Mohammedan ladies are virtuous. Virtue and

vice are two sisters, the former fair and the latter black; and no nation has ever been, and shall ever be, uninfluenced by the two ladies. But limits and restraints prescribed by the Mohammedan law and usage in domestic affairs, I am bound to say, at all events prevent increase in vice and decrease in virtue. The time of the Mohammedan ladies being occupied in needlework, in the performance of their religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers. Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would-be husband from a loophole or a window before she is married to him; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding unless the lawfully attested consent of both parties is first obtained, and taken down by the law-officer appointed by the government to solemnise the marriage. Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities which poison the minds of contending rivals are avoided, and marriage-beds are not only free from contamination but from the dread of it. In short, seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while, never having tasted the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circle of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms."

On his way from Scinde, he visits a native governor at Jafirabad, one Sidi Mahomed, once a slave; in reference to whom he expresses the following opinion:

"Slaves, when left to their own free will in their conduct, prove better than freemen in general; for their first subjugation teaches them how to act towards their subordinates. But eunuchs are an exception to this rule. The maltreatment received by them in the commencement works so strongly upon their mental faculties, that they are vicious, vindictive, remorseless, and void of fellow-feeling and sociableness ever after."

Notwithstanding Lutfullah's remarks on the seclusion of women, he is a warm admirer of the female sex, frequently breaking forth vehemently in their praise; as, for instance, on his return from Scinde in one of his journeys when attached to a government-office, he puts up at a miserable Parsee house at Bandora, near Bombay; when, groaning with discomfort, his servant having deserted him, he regains his good humour on finding in the inn a pretty daughter of the landlady: "She had a charming countenance and fascinating air. Begin you to converse with her, and your heart is pierced through by her sweet and subduing glances—in fact, she was a civilised woman;" and he considered it "his good-luck to eat and drink from her sweet hand." And again: "We were received by the

fairy, the landlady's daughter, with an open, sweet, smiling countenance, which made me forget all cares."

The last part of Lutfullah's journal contains the account of his visit to England in 1844, as secretary to the Nawab of Surat, who came to England to endeavour to forward his interests with the English Government. They proceed to Ceylon in a private steamer hired by the Nawab: "Off we went," says Lutfullah, "in the most holy name of the omniscient Being, an atom of whose unlimited wisdom is the source of all our science from eternity to eternity." At Ceylon, landing in haste and confusion, they proceed to a house kept by a Christian (probably a Portuguese); where early in the morning, to their astonishment and disgust, they beheld on awakening a herd of the unclean animal running, grunting, snorting, and roaring about their rooms. They speedily remove to the dwelling of a good Mussulman; and here he remarks, in allusion to the swine:

"The Christians of this time, in reforming themselves, have reformed their religion too. They eat and drink, and do what they like under the acts of their parliaments, without any regard to the Old and New Testaments. (Vide Leviticus, chap. xi. ver. 7; Matthew, chap. v. ver. 17-19.)"

From Ceylon they take passage for Suez in the *Bentinck* steamer, in which they were "more comfortable than at home." "The English," he observes, "are first-rate eaters and drinkers; almost all eat and drank four times, five times, and six times a-day." In the Red Sea his party receive a sharp rebuke from the Arab pilot for their folly in doubting if, in their devotions, they should not, after passing Mecca, still make their obeisances as in India, towards the West: the Arab angrily exclaiming, "If you Indians believe in the same God as we do, please follow our example; if not, prepare yourselves for hell-fire."

Lutfullah gives a short account of Aden, not appearing to consider it a more delightful place than other passengers usually do. His chief difficulty there seems to have been a doubt whether it consisted with the dignity of himself and his party to bestride the ass, according to the custom of the place. He shortly notices Cairo; but misses seeing the pyramids, being occupied instead in running off, "riding on a swift ass," to visit an imaum's tomb; and he laments "in tears" its state of dilapidation in the country of the true believer. At Alexandria he meets two English ladies, whom he rapturously describes as "two fairies of incomparable beauty." They reach England in May 1844; and here again, while lying in quarantine at the Motherbank, his feelings are roused by the sight of the native girls:

"At the same time, there were lying several small boats near our vessel, which, among other spectators, contained several fresh and fair damsels of England, of very dazzling beauty; so it appeared to me at least."

At Southampton they are followed by a crowd; when an old doctor of the party exclaims, "Over-curious white devils, they have no respect for caste or age: I have a great mind to pelt stones at them." But Lutfullah exclaims, "Don't you do so, Hakim Sahib; these people don't fear any one; let well alone." They go to Mivart's Hotel in London; but soon remove to lodgings.

Lutfullah, looking on all with the wonder and delight of a novice, makes but few profound observations on English manners. He is struck with astonishment at the sight of men-servants with powdered heads, conceiving they must in grief have cast ashes on their heads; and wonders at the abundance of iron he sees every where. He considers, "it cannot be without the will of the one Supreme Being that this small island, that seems but like the mole on the body of a man, should command the greater part of the world and keep the rest in awe." He visits St. Paul's, and calls it, "an edifice that in my opinion has not its equal in the world;" but, with the feelings of a Mussulman, he objects to the images in the cathedral. He visits the opera, where he notices the ladies on the stage as indecently dressed: they danced "very expertly," but "their short gowns flew up to the forbidden height." He visits the India House, "where the destiny of my sweet native land," he says, "lies in the hands of twenty-four men;" but his master, the Nawab, gets little comfort there; the "two great men," the chairman and deputy, remarking (after the fashion of the India House) that his coming to this country to obtain justice was an imprudent act, as he might have obtained it in his own country by writing: and on a subsequent visit to the Board of Control the Nawab fares no better; for on feeling the pulse of the president, they found "his lordship to be a very stiff man altogether." Some of the India-House officials attract his notice. The director, to whom he dedicates his book, he compliments as "a tall, thin, handsome-looking man, in appearance more like a noble Arab than an Englishman;" and another learned gentleman there he slily satirises by lamenting that a gentleman who had composed several useful books in Hindostanee could not understand a complimentary speech Lutfullah addressed to him, nor utter a word in that language in reply.

They go to the Asiatic Society, where a speech of a noble lord "acts as a narcotic dose on their brains; his lordship

using language too high for a foreigner to follow him;" and to Westminster Abbey, where they are under the wonderful impression that they are conducted about by the "abbot," who is stated afterwards to have taken them to his house and treated them each "with the best of beverages, a glass of water." He goes to Lord Ashley's, and plays at chess with a peeress, whom he designates as a "nymph of paradise." He says, "I played two games, and allowed myself to be beaten both times to please her." They go to the Diorama in the Regent's Park; where, however, they are only half satisfied, some of the party having it that the house must be under the power of evil spirits. Lutfullah visits the College of Surgeons and St. George's Hospital; and, as a medical man, becomes convinced that "what he had studied in Galen's Anatomy in Persian and Arabic was founded on fancy and conjecture," and that it was impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the study without dissection. Many other sights Lutfullah sees; but his chief having received answers to his petitions from the court of directors "assuring him his business would be satisfactorily settled," Lutfullah prevails on the Nawab to leave this "city of enchantments;" and they returned to India, reaching Bombay all safe, "thanks to the almighty Allah," he exclaims.

Lutfullah thus sums up his opinion of the English:

"I may now sum up the character of the English, by saying they are entirely submissive to the law and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable."

We will briefly refer in conclusion to the views of Lieutenant Eastwick on the aversion of the natives of India to progress; although this can hardly be deduced fairly from the expressed opinions of his *protégé*.

No doubt such aversion exists in some degree. The real foundation of such aversion is ignorance. The bulk of the natives of India, far from the presidency towns or large stations, coming rarely in contact with Europeans, and then only in their character of magistrates, revenue officers, and soldiers, and having little idea of the benefits of English education and civilisation, see in European progress only the overthrow of their time-honoured habits and customs. Religion, with the greater part of the natives of India, enters much into the formation of their characters. It biases their thoughts and influences all their actions, giving rise to motives, wishes, and

habits of mind, widely differing from ours. The two principal religions in India tend to produce characters essentially different from those influenced by Christianity. Mohammedanism, though embodying many exalted principles of social conduct, does not teach the enlarged doctrines of charity peculiar to Christianity, and excites the fanaticism of the Mussulman through the promise of sensual reward. It tends to produce a tyrannical and intolerant character, induces fatalism, fosters slavery, sanctions treachery and persecution in favour of the Moslem faith, and begets enthusiasm from debased motives. Still, being singularly free from worship of material idols, it is in many respects in advance of Hindooism. That ancient religion, though abundance of beautiful sentiments were collected by its early teachers, has in its results worked unmitigated evil. From its false doctrines have sprung the grossest idolatries. Hindooism of the present day, whatever it was in the days of its greater purity, is characterised by the grossest idol-worship, and worship besides of the most degrading kind,—adoration of cows, of trees, shady groves, rivers, of almost whatever is of immediate use and value. Natural objects which confer a visible benefit are on that account worshipped; a practice which gives rise to false and unnatural motives and springs of action. Hindooism also, by setting apart the Brahmin as a being of higher order, produces a large class of imagined superiority; a system destructive of social justice, and producing on the one hand tyranny, and on the other acquiescence in injustice and want of emulation.

Those conversant with the administration of justice in criminal cases in India, are aware how many crimes against society arise in motives *quite unknown* in a Christian community;* and can appreciate how far the principles of Christianity, though abused and neglected, by imperceptibly influencing all the social relations in a Christian country, produce results widely differing from those which arise from systems of right and wrong originally less pure.

Sympathy between the European and the native also is the more difficult because the European rarely attaches himself to the Indian soil. India cannot be colonised; the climate renders colonisation impossible. English children must be sent to be reared to a temperate climate, and the health of Europeans long resident in India for the most part fails. India, therefore, cannot become the *home* of the settler; his children must be in Europe, and he must look forward to passing the days of

* For example, only a few years since a high-caste sepoy was tried in the supreme court at Bombay, convicted, and executed, for murdering a low-caste man by shooting him while the former was on duty as a sentinel; and the only defence of the prisoner was, that the low-caste man had dishonoured him by staring at him.

his advanced age away from India. Besides this, the land is already occupied; and the Indian is of too high a type to fade away before Western settlers.

Besides Hindoos and Mohammedans, the characters of other sects in India are more or less moulded by religion: Parsees (or Zoroastrians), fire-worshippers; Khojahs and Memous* (peculiar sects holding in part Mohammedan and in part Hindoo tenets), Bhuddists, and many others. The Parsees perhaps, as having very slight foundation for their religious views save tradition,—a small portion only of their sacred books, the Zendevesta, being forthcoming, and that portion of doubtful authenticity,—mingle most freely with Europeans, and are most friendly to civilisation, forming therefore a rising and prosperous class in Western India. But the two principal classes, Hindoos and Mussulmans, have, as such, much to lose by English progress. The haughty claims of the Brahmins, unfounded on real superiority, must yield before the social equality incident to Christian civilisation, which would require a sounder title than they can produce for their assumed supremacy to rest upon; while Mohammedans must abandon slavery,† and intolerance must disappear before enlightenment, and give way to liberty of opinion and freedom of action.

The natives of India, however, though much influenced by their false religion, are by no means destitute of noble qualities. Human nature, under whatever evil influences, must always be originally the same. The natives of India feel respect and reverence for superior genius. They admire energy and self-denial, and devoutly respect success, and may be deeply influenced by grateful feelings. Lutfullah speaks of Sir Henry Pottinger as "a real man, wise as Solomon, and enterprising as Alexander;" and the name of Sir Charles Napier is reverenced in Scinde, and that of Sir Charles Forbes revered in Bombay. They are also every where fully open to the incentive of self-interest. The true policy to India must be to impart knowledge to its inhabitants, while it is one of forbearance as to their errors and ignorance. Whilst Christianity must be unflinchingly supported, and all direct countenance to the errors of false religions rigidly abstained from, the prejudices of the people must not be unnecessarily contravened.‡ And

* Some account of these two sects is to be found in Sir Erskine Perry's book of Oriental Cases, pp. 112-115.

† Our Mohammedan ally, the Imaum of Muscat, and, more recently, certain Arab chiefs on the shores of the Persian Gulf, have, to their honour, entered into treaties with the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade.

‡ The Government regulation, No. 14, of 1827, of the Bombay code, is a provision that sentence of death is not to be executed on Brahmins when the religious feelings of the native community would be shocked thereby; and the regulation contai[illegible]emption in their favour from hard labour being coupled with [illegible]

whilst social rights must be firmly sustained on principles of equal justice, improvements must be introduced calculated to attract the native through a sense of self-interest,—roads, railways, the telegraph, steam-power, preservation of the annual supply of water, irrigation, cultivation, the establishment of manufactures. These are improvements intelligible to the comprehension of all, holding out a certain prospect of direct advantage; and beside the intrinsic value of such improvements, they will tend to bring the native into contact with the European, and impress his mind with a sense of the value of knowledge and the superiority of European resources. India willingly acquiesced in the abolition of Suttee and Thuggism (both connected with religion), from a sense of the great advantage to the many by the coercion of the few. Direct education must also be cautiously promoted. There is no aversion to this in the presidency towns, where the value of education is best understood and appreciated. The natives of Calcutta and Bombay are anxious for education, greedy of instruction; and no one acquainted with those cities will deny that as education has progressed the hold of superstition and caste-prejudice has relaxed. In the town and island of Bombay, where the native is in constant contact with the European, Brahminical arrogance has of late years met with an opposition and contempt from the Hindoos which in the interior is rarely or never seen. The English medical schools of Calcutta and Bombay have produced some excellent native medical practitioners (in direct subversion of many prejudices); and in other branches of science, study, in the presidency towns, is in an advanced state. The Hindoo religion, in the end, can never stand its ground against knowledge and science.

The recent afflicting and disheartening occurrences in Bengal and the adjacent provinces cannot, and ought not, permanently to affect the general policy of the English government to India, which has been, and must be, one of instruction and improvement. No doubt the native army,—a well-paid and comparatively idle body, unconnected with trade, cultivation, or manufacture,—may be supposed to be, of all the native classes, the least selfishly alive to the benefit of general progress. Whatever causes have produced the late sad events (and many co-operating causes might be pointed out), the effect, we will hope, when the troubles are overcome by determination and energy, and have passed away, may be, while rendering us more cautious, to make us understand our Indian subjects, with all their faults, ignorance, and claims upon us, better, as well as to reanimate the government to continue to them the policy of improvement and instruction. And though we may not, as a governing

power, teach them Christianity, let us teach them what we can, and hope for the result. It is the more necessary to press these views at the present moment, because many persons, influenced, not unnaturally, by the tale of horrors lately perpetrated by the Bengal army, appear to consider that the reconstruction of the army and revision of the police, on carefully considered principles, must be accompanied by a reversal of the liberal and enlightened policy pursued by England of late years to India in general; a reversal of policy which would at once deprive us of our only *right* to rule in India, and soon end by depriving us also of the *power*.

Art. III.—CHARLES WATERTON.

Essays on Natural History. Third Series. By Charles Waterton, Esq., Author of "Wanderings in South America." With a Continuation of the Autobiography, and a Portrait of the Author. London: Longmans, 1857.

Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology. Second Series. Fifth Edition, 1854. By Charles Waterton, Esq.

Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology. First Series. New Edition, 1854. By Charles Waterton, Esq.

Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles, in the years 1812, 1816, 1820, *and* 1824: *with original Instructions for the perfect Preservation of Birds, &c., for Cabinets of Natural History.* By Charles Waterton, Esq. Fifth Edition. London: A. Fellowes, 1852.

It is just twenty years, if we reckon rightly, since this veteran and friendly naturalist wrote his autobiography, and hung his fiddle on the wall. "Barbiton hic paries habebit," he said; and told us we should see him no more. But he appeared again; and now once more he takes down the cheerful old instrument, this time we fear for really the last time; for a man cannot hope to go on playing his fiddle for ever, and Mr. Waterton is now seventy-five years old. A happy serene old age his seems to be, and such a one he deserves.

He has lived an out-of-doors life, has a courageous spirit, a tender and affectionate heart, and a sound frame. He is a good Catholic, and one of those characters constituted to enjoy the full consoling influences of that religion. He reposes in the arms of his church with a confidence the most implicit, and

would be more likely to question the return of the morrow's sun than the infallibility of any of her dicta. For centuries the Watertons have lived at Walton Hall in Yorkshire; time before that they dwelt at Waterton in the island of Uxholme in Lincolnshire. Cressy and Agincourt and Marston Moor saw them in arms, on the right side of course; for when were Watertons other than good Catholics and stanch king's men? Their adherence to the old faith has been the cause of their decline; and saving one brief gleam in the reign of "good Queen Mary," the sun has never shone on them since the time of Henry VIII. "The cause of our disasters," says the present representative of the family, "was briefly this:"

"The king fell scandalously in love with a buxom lass; and he wished to make her his lawful wife, notwithstanding that his most virtuous queen was still alive. Having applied to the head of the church for a divorce, his request was not complied with; although Martin Luther, the apostate friar and creed-reformer, had allowed the Margrave of Hesse to have two wives at one and the same time. Upon this refusal, our royal goat became exceedingly mischievous: *Audax omnia perpeti ruit per vetitum nefas.* Having caused himself to be made head of the church, he suppressed all the monasteries; and squandered their revenues amongst gamesters, harlots, mountebanks, and apostates. The poor, by his villanies, were reduced to great misery, and they took to evil ways in order to keep body and soul together. During this merciless reign, seventy-two thousand of them were hanged for thieving."

Not even the perusal of Mr. Froude's history would change our author's views on this subject. His prepossessions on the whole matter are stubborn. "I myself," he says, "(as I have already told the public in a printed letter) would rather run the risk of going to hell with St. Edward the Confessor, Venerable Bede, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, than make a dash at heaven in company with Henry VIII., Queen Bess, and Dutch William." This quaint selection of people one would wish to go to hell with, and the notion of writing a letter to inform the public of these preferences, are charmingly illustrative of the curious simplicity which distinguishes Mr. Waterton. He was angry with Professor Rennie for calling him "eccentric," and we should be loth to hurt his feelings; but it is impossible to help feeling that this is no commonplace choice of companions. He complains somewhat bitterly of those persecutions which, unjust and unnecessarily protracted as they may have been, we cannot help smiling to see him protesting against with an air of wondering innocence, as if the idea of theological differences involving penalties and political incapacity were one perfectly new to those of his way of thinking, and invented by Protestants;

but he at the same time candidly acknowledges his enmity to our religious institutions, and has always refused to take Sir Robert Peel's oath.

"In framing that abominable oath" (so he calls it), "I don't believe that Sir Robert cared one fig's-end whether the soul of a Catholic went up, after death, to the King of Brightness, or descended to the king of brimstone: his only aim seems to have been to secure to the church by law established the full possession of the loaves and fishes. But, as I have a vehement inclination to make a grab at those loaves and fishes, in order to distribute a large proportion of them to the poor of Great Britain, who have an undoubted claim to it, I do not intend to have my hands tied behind me: hence my positive refusal to swallow Sir Robert Peel's* oath. Still, take it or refuse it, the new dynasty may always make sure of my loyalty, even if any of our old line of kings were still in existence; for

> 'The illustrious house of Hanover,
> And Protestant succession,
> To these I have allegiance sworn
> While they can keep possession.'"

There is nothing of rancour in this feeling. Never was enmity that flowed more freely to the surface or evaporated more gently. Mr. Waterton would as little harm a Protestant as my Uncle Toby a blue-bottle fly. He is very full of his religious opinions, though. They break out at the most unexpected places. He has had, he tells us, towards the close of his autobiography, "an adventure or two of singular import;" but before he tells them, he attacks Queen Elizabeth to the tune of "Cease, rude Boreas," condemning her to the lower regions with a graceful apology to kind-hearted Protestants for so doing.

"Previously to their introduction, I would kindly ask permission to say a word on the Gorham case,—an ecclesiastical affair which has set all England by the ears except us Catholics, who are not in the least astonished at what has taken place; knowing, as we know by awful precedents, that those who repudiate unity of faith have seldom any fixed faith to steer by. In fact, surrounded on every side by the dense mist of religious innovation, they can no longer discern their long-lost northern star.

I own that I am not prone to revere the church by law established: her persecutions and her penal laws together having doomed my family long ago to pick up its scanty food in the barren pastures allotted to Pharaoh's lean kine; she keeping possession of all the clover-meadows.

Thus kind-hearted and benevolent Protestants will make due allowance if I give her a thrust from time to time in these memoirs.

* "I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment within this realm," &c. (See Sir Robert Peel's oath.)

Seeing the Bishops of Exeter and Canterbury hard at work in doing mischief both to their own new faith and to our old one, I bethought me to borrow good (?) Queen Elizabeth, in order to remind these two potent ecclesiastics that they had better look at home rather than spend their precious time in condemning or in supporting a delinquent pastor of their own new fold.

So being in a poetical humour one morning at early dawn, I composed the following lines for insertion in our much-valued *Tablet* newspaper. It goes to the sweet and solemn tune of 'Cease, rude Boreas,' and also of 'When the rosy morn appearing.' The measure, in my opinion, is by far the most melodious in the English language.

APPARITION OF OLD QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST TO THE PRELATES OF CANTERBURY AND EXETER.

Church and state, in conflict raging,
Filled the realm with dire alarms;
Exeter his chief engaging,
Canterbury fierce in arms.

As their mother law-church staggers
Underneath each cruel wound,
Suddenly their murderous daggers
Drop innocuous to the ground.

For, behold, in brimstone burning,
From below a phantom rose;
And its eyeball fiercely turning,
Thus addressed the mitred foes:

'Whilst you bishops here are boasting
Of the reformation-tricks,
My poor soul is damned and roasting
On the other side of Styx.

See me punished for the measures
Which I followed here on earth,
When I stole the sacred treasures,
And to church by law gave birth.

O, that in earth's farthest corner
I had hid my wanton head,
Ere I first became the scorner,
Then the scourge of our old creed.

Villains, bent on holy plunder,
Strove to drive from Albion's shore
What had been her pride and wonder
For nine hundred years and more.

Vain have proved their machinations;
Vain each tyrant act of mine;
Vain all impious protestations,
Raised against that faith divine.

Still in Albion's sea-girt regions,
Just as when I first began,
This firm faith defies hell's legions,
And dispenses truth to man.

Ours, alas, for ever changing
From the period of its dawn,
Through what lands, no matter, ranging,
Nothing leaves save error's spawn.

Warn'd by my sad condemnation,
Hasten to St. Peter's rock;
There alone you'll find salvation
For yourselves and for the flock.'

This was all.—The royal spectre
Sank again to endless night,
Leaving each law-church director
Dumb with horror at the sight."

But it is less as a devoted son of the Cathclic Church than as a traveller and an observer of animal life that we Protestants, his "good dissenting brethren," as he condescendingly calls us, are concerned with Mr. Waterton. Nature never meant him for a theological disputant or a polemical poet. From the turmoil of English life, in which his religion prevented his mingling on an equal footing, she bore him away to the tropical woods of Demerara, to charm him with her freshest novelties and most luxuriant beauties. He is the last of men to be able consciously to meet or to record her finer influences; but the *Wanderings* is a delightful book, partly for this very reason, that though always pretty full of himself, the writer looks at the external world as something different, describes it as if it existed independently, and not simply for the sake of its bearing on his own moods and states of mind. And perhaps this is one of the great uses of natural history as a study and occupation for the mind. A man who gazes only on the external features of inanimate nature, lovely and awful in her various aspects and absorbing in her influence, is apt to become brooding and self-engrossed. He can identify what he sees too closely with himself and his own emotions; he can confound what he gives and what he receives. The vaporous streaks, or white cumulated towers of cloudland; the rippling of green waves on the shingle; the soft refreshing rushing of long-awaited rain; the morning aspect of the winter hills, white and motionless, when the moon, paler than her wont, shrinks westward with the crowding stars, and soft dawning yellow spreads above the eastern heights;—such sights as these, or the sound of the wind among foliage, the running of streams, or the muttering of distant storm, speak through the senses to the emotions; they rouse memory and hope, joy and sadness, but not thought. If we think at all, it is of their influence on ourselves: they raise our hearts upwards, but do not expand our minds; they may cause us to mingle our own existence with that around us, but they never carry us out of ourselves; we may be self-diffused, but are never self-lost. Not so when we come to contemplate

life even in its meanest forms; we do not easily confuse ourselves with this; it is something which moves too much on another axis. When in our solitary musings we see a weasel creep out of a heap of stones, we forget our own troubles, and ask ourselves where *he* is going, what *he* is about, what cares *his* may be, and how *he* provides for his family; we long to converse with him like Xailoun with the Kardouon. The chattering of an alarmed squirrel or the plunge of a water-rat is a sovereign recipe to some happily-constituted minds against melancholy. Sounds are more capable than sights of being drawn in as ministers to our own reigning sentiment of the moment; and the poet never summoned up a more truthful and forcible illustration of sadness in passion-weakened minds than,

> "In dark summer dawns
> The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
> To dying ears."

Yet who that, after a night of anxiety or labour, hears the clear strong note of the thrush anticipating the summer day-break, but feels diverted from himself, and in consequence stronger; and if you see him perched on the topmost twig of some tall poplar, swelling his speckled breast and rejoicing in the freshness of morning, your cares must be deep if he do not betray you into a temporary oblivion of them. And Mr. Waterton no doubt owes much of the sound mental texture and happy disposition which are apparent throughout his writings, to his having been always occupied by external living interests.

As he roamed through the luxuriant forests of South America, he was not insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scene; but he was much more deeply engrossed with the particular forms of life which they contained. He describes the trees one by one; and he marks his day by the cries of the birds or other animals.

"He whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds in the woods, will be delighted in passing up the river Demerara. Every now and then the maam or tinamou sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forest, and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes like the distant convent-bell. From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this they gradually die away. From eleven to three all nature is hushed as in a midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard saving that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the

birds retire to the thickest shade and wait for the refreshing cool of evening.

At sundown the vampires, bats, and goat-suckers dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frogs almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow-sounding croaking, while the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long.

About two hours before daybreak, you will hear the red monkey moaning as though in deep distress; the houtou, a solitary bird, and only found in the thickest recesses of the forest, distinctly articulates, 'houtou, houtou,' in a low and plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise; the maam whistles about the same hour; the hannaquoi, pataca, and maroudi announce his near approach to the eastern horizon, and the parrots and the parroquets confirm his arrival there."

No man perhaps has ever lived more completely in this sort of interest than Mr. Waterton. We all know how, after his return from Demerara, he made Walton Hall a city of refuge for all wild creatures flying from the vengeance of the gamekeeper. It is the characteristic of his writings to be always a plea in defence. There is no creature, however keenly pursued for his real or imputed transgressions, that does not furnish Mr. Waterton with something to urge in its favour,—either against the justice of his condemnation, or at least in mitigation of punishment. The starling never dreams of robbing dovecots; the rook is a true friend of man; the carrion-crow, though, when his young family is importunate, he may be a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, makes amends by destroying thousands of noxious insects; the owl is a harmless and delightful neighbour; the heron eats frogs and water-rats enough to earn his wages in fish; neither the titmouse nor the woodpecker interfere with sound wood; the jay is a "truly British bird," whose pilferings are too trivial to cause a moment's uneasiness; and the magpie at Walton Hall is protected "perhaps with greater care than any other bird, because it has got nobody to stand up for it." His religion and his birds are all in all to him. He is fond of Horace; but more so of Ovid, because he was an excellent ornithologist. "I never tire," he says, "of reading the old fables in which birds are introduced." At Rome he attends Mass and the bird-market. At Venice he saw a "sleek and well-fed Hanoverian rat basking in a sunny nook." There, too, he found cats and dogs scarce, and pigeons plentiful. On the way to Mensilice he "observed a fair sprinkling of carrion-crows, but nothing more." Going on to Bologna, dogs seemed scarce, and the party had at that city the finest opportunity of examining with great attention the incorrupt body of St. Catharine of Bologna. "At Rimini, now celebrated for its miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, we could see the larger and the

smaller species of bat on wing as the night set in." Sometimes his observations are very minute. His entrance into Italy is chronicled by seeing an elderly lady discharging the office of a comb for a young one. In another place he notes, "The weather was now remarkably fine. Fleas were vigorously skipping about; but we neither saw nor felt a bug."

Natural history—we use the phrase in its narrower sense—differs from the study of inanimate nature. It is not necessarily scientific. A man can't find a pleasure in looking at stones or inhaling gases for their own sakes; but in beasts and birds, even in plants, he may be interested for themselves. Some of them give scope even to personal affection, and at any rate are quite independent of their place as subordinate elements in a body of connected science. Thus we have two sorts of naturalists; one of which studies animals to gratify his personal predilection for the creatures and his curiosity as to their modes of life, while the other is concerned with the bearing of the facts connected with them upon the general field of knowledge. The two must coalesce in one man to form the higher order of inquirer, but they are apt to exist too much apart. The field naturalist despises closet students, and has too little taste for sedentary pursuits to acquire that wider view of his subject which would double the value of his observation by giving it a systematic direction; and the man of science relies too much on second-hand information, often lacking even the degree of knowledge necessary to judge of its accuracy, and wanting that personal sympathy which sustains the patience and sharpens the insight. Hence, while we are tolerably well informed as to the anatomical structure of animals, and, indeed, as to all that can be gained from the mere study of their frames, and, on the other hand, know something of their habits, we have yet made but few and feeble steps in what may be called the philosophy of animal life; a study in its higher branches only secondary to that of man and his relations.

Mr. Waterton has nothing of the theorist in him; he makes a bad hand at sustained reasoning, and his information is all fragmentary and disconnected. He boasts of not being a man of science, and sneers at the bookmen's credulity and ignorance; he is fond of asking them irrelevant questions,—such as, why the pheasant claps his wings after he has crowed and not before, while the common cock claps first and crows after; why some cows have horns, and others not; why dogs lap water, and sheep drink it,—and seems to think that until they have solved these and similar intricate problems, zoologists have little claim to our attention. He is at war with Mr. Swainson, and complains not without justice that that gentleman's nomenclature gives him the

jaw-ache. Gampsonix Swainsonii, Lophophorus, Tachipetes, Pachycephala, Thamnophilinæ, Dendrocolaptes, Myagra rubiculoïdes, Ceblepyrinæ, Phalocrocorax, &c., among the birds; and Cereopithecus, Oristile, Subpentadactylus, Hypoxanthus, Platyrrhini, Pygerythræus, &c., among the monkeys, are hard words, no doubt, and Swainson's complicated circular theory may be admitted to be more ingenious than tenable; still the classification of knowledge has its uses, and one cannot help regretting that the exertions of a man of Mr. Waterton's adventurous spirit, keen powers of observation, and warm love of his subject, should not have had something more of systematic direction to give them an additional value. It would be unreasonable enough, however, to blame Mr. Waterton for not possessing a union of faculties to which he lays no claim; all we protest against is, an unnecessary contempt for men who discharge a useful office in classifying the knowledge which others may have obtained. If such men are apt to get more than their share of credit in scientific circles and *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, let Mr. Waterton console himself with the reflection that the out-of-door observers are always the pleasanter reading, and moreover furnish the permanent materials for the science: the classification connecting them, or the theories accounting for them, may or may not be false; but though these may crumble away, a correctly observed fact, however minute, remains an imperishable possession. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to help smiling at Mr. Waterton's *résumé* of what he has accomplished in a life devoted to natural history.

"To say nothing of the zoological communications to be found in the *Wanderings*, I have presented to Mr. Loudon's invaluable *Magazine of Natural History* above sixty papers of original observations, made with the greatest care in nature's lovely garden.

After years of attention to the economy of birds, I have succeeded in getting the barn-owl, the brown owl, the heron, the jackdaw, the magpie, the carrion-crow, the mallard, the pheasant, the starling, the woodpecker, the ox-eye titmouse, the waterhen, the thrush, and the blackbird, to build their nests, and take away their young in safety, at a stone-throw of each other.

I have pointed out the duck and the drake clothed in the same plumage only for a very short time in summer. I have noted down the morning and the evening flight of the rook in this district, which evolution may be seen every day for six months in the year; and I have cleared up the mystery of the loss of feathers which this useful bird experiences at the base of its bill. I have shown which birds cover their eggs, and which birds never cover their eggs at all, on leaving the nest. I have shown that one hawk never molests the feathered tribes; and that another (scarcely to be distinguished from this when on the wing) destroys them indiscriminately. I have shown that the widgeon feeds by day, eating grass like a goose; whilst its congener

the mallard invariably refuses this food, and seeks for its sustenance by night. I have given to the public an entirely new method of preserving the eggs of birds for cabinets; and I have pointed out a process for preparing insects so that they will never corrupt, or be exposed to the depredations of the moth, or be affected by damp.

I have written on the landing, the career, and the depredations of the Hanoverian rat in this country. I formerly delivered in Leeds a very long lecture to show the necessity of reform in museums both at home and abroad; proving, at the same time, how specimens might be prepared on scientific principles. I have shown *how* a man ought to fight the feline, and *how* the canine, tribe of animals. All this, and much more, has been conveyed in language so plain and simple, that a schoolboy in rudiments can understand it."

But Mr. Waterton does himself very scanty justice in this summary of his labours. Some of his discoveries may seem trivial, others certainly are not so. Not only has he discovered and drawn attention to the value of the solution of corrosive sublimate in the preservation of dried skins and insects; his simple yet eloquent directions have given an entirely new standard to the art of taxidermy, which hitherto has been, and we fear, in spite of his example, is long doomed to remain, at a very low level. It is not enough for him to run wires through a bird, fill it up with cotton, and stick it on a bit of wood in any attitude the fancy may suggest; ornament it with moss and shaking grass, and put a glass frame over it; he denies that any one can stuff a bird who is not familiar with its living attitudes and appearance; and though perhaps somewhat dogmatic as to the mode by which his ends are to be attained, his ideal is infinitely more refined and perfect than ever before was recognised. The simplicity of his mechanical means is in strong contrast with the large demands he makes on the mental acquirements of the operator.

"In dissecting three things are necessary to insure success, viz. a penknife, a hand not coarse or clumsy, and practice. The first will furnish you with the means; the second will enable you to dissect; and the third cause you to dissect well. These may be called the mere mechanical requisites.

In stuffing you require cotton, a needle and thread, a little stick the size of a common knitting-needle, glass eyes, a solution of corrosive sublimate, and any kind of a common temporary box to hold the specimen. These also may go under the same denomination as the former. But if you wish to excel in the art,—if you wish to be in ornithology what Angelo was in sculpture,—you must apply to profound study and your own genius to assist you. And these may be called the scientific requisites.

You must have a complete knowledge of ornithological anatomy. You must pay close attention to the form and attitude of the bird, and

know exactly the proportion each curve, or extension, or contraction, or expansion of any particular part bears to the rest of the body. In a word, you must possess Promethean boldness, and bring down fire and animation, as it were, into your preserved specimen.

Repair to the haunts of birds, on plains and mountains, forests, swamps, and lakes, and give up your time to examine the economy of the different orders of birds.

Then you will place your eagle in attitude commanding, the same as Nelson stood in, in the day of battle, on the *Victory's* quarter-deck. Your pie will seem crafty, and just ready to take flight, as though fearful of being surprised in some mischievous plunder. Your sparrow will retain its wonted pertness by means of placing his tail a little elevated, and giving a moderate arch to the neck. Your vulture will show his sluggish habits by having his body nearly parallel to the earth; his wings somewhat drooping, and their extremities under the tail instead of above it—expressive of ignoble indolence.

Your dove will be in artless fearless innocence, looking mildly at you, with its neck not too much stretched as if uneasy in its situation, or drawn too close into the shoulders like one wishing to avoid a discovery; but in moderate perpendicular length supporting the head horizontally, which will set off the breast to the best advantage. And the breast ought to be conspicuous, and have this attention paid to it; for when a young lady is sweet and gentle in her manners, kind and affable to those around her,—when her eyes stand in tears of pity for the woes of others, and she puts a small portion of what Providence has blessed her with into the hand of imploring poverty and hunger,—then we say she has the breast of a turtle-dove."

We cannot say we ever heard this said of a young lady under similar conditions. However, this little confusion between the physical and moral charms of a young beauty is of subordinate importance. Quadrupeds are more difficult to do justice to even than birds; but Mr. Waterton has mastered the impediments here also by a complete dissection; and by a patient moistening renders the parts so docile that they can be moulded like plastic clay to the required expression, and a faithful image of the animal be produced in the place of those drawn and withered scarecrows which now render hideous our museums. These discoveries had well-nigh been lost to us in consequence of the umbrage taken by their author at the illiberal conduct of the Custom-house with regard to the collection of dried skins and other specimens brought by him from Demerara. He withheld his information; and at the same time stimulated curiosity by the picture of an awful face, half-monkey, half-human, which figured in the frontispiece of his work under the title of "A Nondescript," and was described as the head of an animal which the writer had met with. This figure is no doubt a specimen of the plastic powers of the new process, and of the extent to which it

may be carried in giving any desired form and expression to the features; but it led to somewhat unexpected consequences. Some readers took it for a portrait of the author; and a matter-of-fact baronet, who surely must have been (by descent at least) Scotch, remarked, "What a singular-looking person Mr. Waterton must be!" This was a mistake which the naturalist found it necessary to correct in his next work; and in his last book of Essays he has put the matter beyond a doubt by furnishing us with his *vera effigies* from a picture by an American artist. His native good-temper also soon resumed its dominion, and he did not persist in a refusal to benefit mankind because he had been shabbily treated at the Liverpool Custom-house. On the contrary, he has given every facility to the extended publication of his system. When Mrs. Lee was preparing the sixth edition of her book on Taxidermy, she applied to him on the subject and received an invitation to Walton Hall, where he personally explained and exemplified his mode of procedure. She bears witness to the great beauty of the results, and to the complete preservation of his specimens after a lapse of more than twenty years; so that the solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol seems to justify all that Mr. Waterton has said in its favour, as at once a better preservative than the arsenical soap, and a much less dangerous one to the operator.

"It would be irrelevant to the purport of this book," says Mrs. Lee, "if I were here to enumerate every proof of the beauty of this system which I saw at Walton Hall, or if I were to attempt to describe the other wonders of Mr. Waterton's 'Island Home;' suffice it, then, to say, that whether I turned my eyes upon the feathered tribe or quadrupeds,—upon animals with thick fur or with close, with spiked or with horny coverings,—upon reptiles, crustacea, or insects,—or watched the magic touches which seemed to restore the dead to life, or considered the genius which dictated and the keen observation which guided every operation,—my admiration was equally excited. To the eye of a close and accurate observer, Mr. Waterton adds extreme dexterity; and both may, perhaps, be acquired by practice; but few are gifted as he is with a cool judgment of nature's works, which is not easily deceived, and which prefers common sense to romance. On these has he based his conclusions; and from his decisions I should say that there is no appeal. He has, as it were, created an atmosphere of natural history round his singularly beautiful dwelling; and in the undisturbed asylum which he offers to the inhabitants of the air, he has an opportunity of still gratifying those propensities which led him to wander through the forests of South America."

Though Mr. Waterton's strictures on the present condition of museums, and the higher standard he has raised and instructed us how to attain to, may be deemed the most important practical

contribution made by him to science, it is very far indeed from exhausting the good service he has done. The unadorned simplicity and directness with which he has conveyed the results of his observations to his readers may cause them to be underrated by those who value what may be called the martinetism of science, and on one occasion gained him a sneering allusion as an "amateur;" a title which seems to have annoyed him, though why it should have done so we are unable to see. He *is* an amateur, or *amator*, who pursues his subject from no secondary objects, but from the pure love of it for its own sake, and who has had in its fullness the best side of the special education it requires—a life-long acquaintance with its manifestations in the open woods and fields. And it is because this loving spirit is so deep and true that it shines in every page he writes on his favourite theme, and gives it a grace and charm which we too often seek in vain in the cold writings of the professed man of science. How insensibly and how pleasantly do we become acquainted with the woods of Guiana, and the varied forms of life which they contain, through the medium of his *Wanderings;* and what a noble picture they contain of a resolute spirit of adventure, a quiet contempt of pain and difficulty, and a manly and compassionate heart! Without any sentimental abhorrence for taking life, he has the greatest disgust of killing for killing's sake; no living creature rouses his fear, nor on the other hand his antipathy; and his life in the forests forms a strong contrast to the boastful and murderous records of some of our South-African heroes. Alone, or only accompanied by an old negro, he penetrated into the untravelled woods which lie at the back of our Guiana settlements; with bare feet, and armed only with his gun, or a long stick with a bayonet at the end, his sole *impedimenta* a hammock and a sheet, he walked through the tropical forests, ascended the rivers, and bivouacked under the open sky. He tells his adventures with candour, enhancing them neither by bravado nor hypocritical depreciation. "Some of my encounters," he says, modestly speaking of them at a later time, "may appear hairbreadth escapes, and very alarming things, to readers at their own fireside, but to me in the forest they appeared not so. . . . I was well fitted out for adventures. I went expressly to look for wild-beasts; and having found them, it would have been impossible for me to have refrained from coming in actual contact with them." "It may appear a difficult task at a distance," says he in another place; "but look close at it, and it is nothing at all: provided thou hast but a quiet mind, little more is necessary; and the genius which presides over these wilds will kindly help thee through with the rest. She will allow thee to slay the fawn and to cut down the mountain-cabbage for thy support, and to select

from every part of her domain whatever may be necessary for the work thou art about; but having killed a pair of doves in order to enable thee to give to mankind a true and proper description of them, thou must not destroy a third through wantonness, or to show what a good marksman thou art; that would only blot the picture thou art finishing, not colour it."

Insects, he tells us, do but cause more or less pain; and venomous serpents only require caution and coolness to deal with them. He laughs at the idea which some writers have formed of their numbers; and though constantly on the look-out for them, found them not always very easy to meet with. When he does come across them, he has some curious adventures, which few readers will envy him, most of us agreeing rather with the native sentiment on the subject; for, says Mr. Waterton, "when I was in the forests of Guiana I could never coax an Indian to approach a snake with composure, although I showed him that no danger was to be apprehended if he only went the right way to work." The last volume of Essays contains a paper in vindication of snakes, which affords one or two instances of the sort of composure in which we are not surprised to find the Indians deficient:

"I was once put to my wit's-end as to whether the snake before me was armed with poison-fangs or not. It lay reposing on the branch of a bush about four feet or so from the ground, and was of marvellous beauty. It showed a vivid green throughout the whole of its body, which was chequered with markings of ivory-white. This puzzled me much; and for the life of me I could not pronounce whether it were of good or of evil parentage. So I laid hold of it with all possible caution. It proved to be eight feet long, and venomous."

Not very long ago, at Leeds, he set himself the task of removing eight-and-twenty rattlesnakes from a box to a glass-case. On the appearance of the first of these uninviting reptiles gliding through the opening when the lid was raised, the professional gentlemen, who had assembled to see them kill rabbits and guinea-pigs, rushed headlong out of the room, "as though the apparition of death were present among them." The experienced and fearless friend of snakes, however, replaced the truant, and reassured the company; after which he quietly opened the door, softly placed his hand behind the head of the snake which was nearest to him, and silently transferred it to the other cage; and in the same manner disposed of the remaining seven-and-twenty. Talking of rattlesnakes, he laughs to scorn the story of the American farmer's boot, which, from having a fang imbedded in it, proved fatal to three successive wearers; a story which most of us were required to believe in our youth. He does not speak without a warrant; for on one occasion, when engaged

in dissecting the head of a rattlesnake, his hand slipped, and the fang pierced his thumb so as to draw blood. No evil consequences ensued. With all deference, however, to Mr. Waterton, and without any wish to defend the absurd anecdote of the boot, we should be very unwilling to try the effect of a puncture by the fang of a poisonous snake at all recently killed: the venom being transferred to the wound by the mechanical pressure of the root of the fang on the bag containing it, there seems no reason why it should not flow after death until the supply is dried up, which was probably the case with the snake Mr. Waterton operated on. To compare small things with great, most of us can bear witness that the sting of a wasp retains its efficiency after the death of the insect.

The early adventure with the coulacanara snake, a species of boa, demanded a more aggressive temper than the imprisoned rattlesnakes. Mr. Waterton's account of it is the model of a forest story. From himself with his Horace, to the little dog looking on, all is so lively and picturesque that it rivals his more famous adventure with the cayman:

"The sun had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shade: all would have been like midnight silence, were it not for the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounding from a distant tree. I was sitting, with a little Horace in my hand, on what had once been the steps which formerly led up to the now mouldering and dismantled building. The negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the Bush-master, a rare and poisonous snake.

I instantly rose up; and laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well then, daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat and check-shirt and trousers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass; and as we ascended the hill, another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us; and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to the fallen tree. All was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre.

I advanced up to the place, slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker in proportion to his length than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four.

After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

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On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.

I had been at the siege of Troy for nine years; and it would not do now to carry back to Greece *nil decimo nisi dedecus anno*. I mean, I had been in search of a large serpent for years; and now, having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it.

When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement.

I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance; and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me, in case of need.

After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of the body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in.

I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. The dog was sitting at a distance in mute observance. I could now read in the face of the negroes that they considered this as a very unpleasant affair; and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun. I smiled in a good-natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy.

It must be observed, we were now about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained

to take their cutlasses from them; for I was sure, if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant-vessel in war-time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours.

We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss; and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake now, finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm; one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom; but it was all in vain."

He was put in a bag, and spent the night in his captor's bedroom; and was killed and dissected next morning.

Tastes differ as to snakes. We were once called on by a gentleman who set down a small basket on a side-table, incidentally mentioning that it contained vipers; that his little brother in the country, hearing there was a brood of young rattlesnakes at the Zoological Gardens, had begged him to bring him one; that he had been there for the purpose, but found they were not to

be sold, and was going to try and content the little fellow with some vipers. On another occasion we met a young gentleman in a railway-carriage on the South-Western line, holding his coat-pocket very tight, with an anxious expression of countenance. He confided to us that he had just purchased a snake from a man on Waterloo Bridge, who had assured him it was worth a 'bob' to put in any gentleman's garden; that since he had taken his seat a story had occurred to his memory of a venomous foreign snake having been found in one of the London sewers; and though pretty well convinced of the absurdity of the story, he could not quite shake off the impression that the captive so restlessly twisting about in his pocket might be no common English snake, as he had imagined, but some

> "Asp, or amphisbæna dire,
> Cerastes horned, hydras, or elops drear;"

though some of these, indeed, might prove rather large for pocket editions. These fears, however, as we were afterwards happy to learn, proved unfounded.

The results of Mr. Waterton's observations on snakes may be summed up in a few words. They all move from left to right, with the head a little raised, never in curves up and down, as our pictures so often represent them; the eye, which they have no power of moving, seems to be looking towards you in whatever direction you view it; they have none of the nauseous smell, or fœtor, commonly ascribed to them; they never attack except for the purposes of food or in self-defence—*Noli me tangere* is their motto. They feed by night. He is disposed to believe the poison-fang is rarely, if ever, used in killing animals for subsistence, but only against aggressors. He is at a loss to account for the ill-will they have so universally obtained, unless, indeed, the "sad affair in paradise" may have entailed these consequences on the family. For himself, he found them much less numerous and less troublesome than he had anticipated, and on his part was not disposed to injure them. "I have seen more monkeys in one day than I have found snakes during my entire sojourn in the forests. When I did fall in with them (and they were not wanted for dissection), whether they were poisonous or harmless, I would contemplate them for a few minutes ere I proceeded, and would say, 'Gentlemen of rainbow-colours, be not alarmed at my intrusion; I am not come hither to attempt your lives, nor to offer wanton molestation. This boundless territory affords an ample range to both yourselves and me. Our interests can never clash, as though we were in commerce; so pray enjoy yourselves, and let me do the same.'" The hues of their skins he has found it impossible to preserve in their native splendour; and his ill-success in this respect draws

from him a little burst of pathos, and a quotation the appropriateness of which is unimpeachable.

"I can restore the exact form and features of dissected animals. But there I stop. Scales of snakes, and those of fishes, after death must infallibly lose their metallic splendour; do what you choose, a skin will assume the hue of parchment.

Could these sad changes by the hand of death be obviated with success, then, indeed, our specimens for museums would be as though in life, saving the loss of motion. But on viewing them, after all has been done that can be done, we are forced to exclaim with poor Margaret in Mallet's inimitable ballad,

> 'That face, alas, no more is fair,
> That lip no longer red;
> Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
> And every charm is fled.'"

A considerable part of the last volume of Essays is occupied by a "new history of the monkey family." Altogether new it can scarcely be called; for it is in great measure an amplification of matter which, in a more concise form, has appeared in one or other of the former volumes. A good deal of what is here told us is what may be called negative statement. Mr. Waterton will not hear of fights between monkeys and wild-beasts, or of pongos clubbing elephants or stealing negro-girls: he says, they cannot throw cocoa-nuts or any thing else at us, and with the solitary exception of the apes at Gibraltar, whom some strange vagary of fate has imprisoned there, they are inhabitants of the vast tropical forests; never dwell on the ground, or even visit it, except occasionally, but live wholly in trees: and he puts in a very clear and simple form their physical adaptation to this mode of life. He tells us, moreover, that they have no fixed haunts, no homes or nests, still less build huts, the young always being carried about clinging to the body of the mother. "You will no more," says Mr. Waterton, "find a monkey stationed in a hollow tree, than myself in a pew in the parish-church." He maintains that one monkey will never be found preaching to a collection of others; but that one individual, of a particular variety, can make noises so loud and various as to sound not only like a preacher, but a large and widely-dissenting congregation into the bargain. He enlivens his pages by a dialogue between one of these monkeys, called in Demerara the "Howler," and the ant-bear; of which we must say that, though their conversation is instructive, it is scarcely conducted with so much vivacity as we should have expected from the howling monkey.

"'I thought that you inhabitants of the trees, Mr. Howler,' said the ant-bear, 'never troubled the ground?' 'I thought so too,' replied the preacher monkey, 'until very lately. But I fancy that I must

have got drunk one night at a party of our preachers. All I remember was, that I came whack to the ground; and that soon after daylight I found myself on a man's shoulders, and he was carrying me off. When I had recovered my senses sufficiently to know what was going on, I made my teeth meet in his ugly cheek. So he threw me down, and left me to myself. All this was pure accident; but here, alas, I am with my back broken, and for ever incapacitated from returning to the trees, which are my native haunts.' 'I see clearly,' replied the ant-bear, 'that you are out of your element; but pray, Mr. Howler,' continued he, 'how many of you howler monkeys assemble together, when you have determined to give the woods a benefit of your preaching? We are gravely told by an author that you assemble for that purpose.' 'The idea of our howling in concert,' rejoined the preacher monkey, 'is most absurd. 'Tis the invention of a wag, believed and handed down in writing by some closet-naturalist or other. Gentlemen of this last description seldom possess discrimination enough to distinguish truth from error. They will just as soon (most unintentionally, no doubt) offer husks left by swine for sound corn. Had one compiler not referred his readers to a work written by a man whom he styles, "an eccentric writer," the public would still be ignorant of my true history. Now that "eccentric writer," disdaining information acquired in the closet, dashed boldly into the heart of our tropical forests, and there convinced himself that one solitary individual of my tribe produces by his own efforts alone all those astounding sounds which naturalists have attributed to a whole bevy of monkeys assembled on the trees to howl in concert. But you, Mr. Ant-bear, if reports be true, are said to get your daily food from ants' nests, high up in the forest trees?' 'Mr. Howler,' replied the ant-bear, 'if writers on natural history bring *you* to the ground from the tops of the trees, in order that you may find your daily food, I don't see why these gentlemen should not elevate *me* to the tops of trees in quest of mine.'

'Now, good Mr. Howler, pray look at my hind-feet, and examine them well. They are just like those of a dog, totally unfit for climbing, whilst the fore-ones are most unlikely for that purpose. The curvature of the three long claws, added to the inward bending of the foot itself, ought to convince any body, one would think, that we ant-bears draw no nutriment from ants' nests in the high trees of the forest. 'Tis quite true that huge ants' nests are seen amongst the trees; but it does not follow from this that we are to place our lives in jeopardy by attempting to draw our food from them. The ground itself swarms with millions upon millions of insects, fat and healthy, through the whole extent of our wooded empire. Upon these ants I exist. Neither am I in fear of an enemy. My skin is tough enough to resist the teeth of a hungry tiger, whilst my claws are the dread of every rushing foe.'

'Then,' remarked the howler monkey, 'our respective customs are opposite in the extreme. You draw your nutriment from the ground, whilst I procure mine from the trees. You would perish in the trees, and I should die on the ground for want of food. Were I to abandon the trees, and be attacked on the ground, my death would be certain; for I can neither save myself by flight nor by fight. In the trees alone

I am safe; whilst you, Mr. Ant-bear, would be awkwardness itself in a tree, and would soon wish yourself down again.'"

The sloth, too, with his "flat hair that puts you in mind of grass withered by the wintry blast," has been as much misrepresented, or more so, than the apes and monkeys. Nature meant him to live suspended under the branches of trees; and though if you put him on the ground he is helpless enough, yet in his own place he has no lack of active powers of motion, and enjoys life in a way which renders the pity which has been showered on his uncouthness and misery a mere waste. He is not compelled to strip one tree before he goes to the next, but takes a mouthful or two of foliage and passes on; he can descend if he likes, though it is more to his purpose to cross from one tree to another, and he is never reduced to the expedient of falling heavily to the ground from the top of one tree preparatory to ascending the next. He is an animal who, though his sphere is limited, is perfectly adapted to it; and this restriction to a special mode of life he shares with many other animals. Indeed, Mr. Waterton knows of only two animals capable of accommodating themselves to every climate and condition of life, and possessed of ingenuity enough to command a livelihood in every exigency. These are man and the Hanoverian rat; a creature whose destructive propensities, and traditional connection with Protestantism and the arrival of that "sordid foreigner" William III., single him out as the one living creature which Mr. Waterton hates, and which is denied the kindly and wide-embracing hospitality of Walton Hall. To be plundered in moderation by the genuine English black rat "of the olden time," whom he apostrophises as "poor injured Briton!" he would not, we think, greatly object; but to be infested by one at once insatiable in appetite and prolific beyond reason—a heretic, a foreigner, and a supplanter of the Stuarts—this is *un peu trop fort*. Cannibals, indeed, he denies them to be; but that is in support of a theory; and he declines to accord them even the very few virtues which their warmest supporters have discovered. He contemptuously disposes of the story told him by one of his farmers of his having seen a young "ratten" leading an infirm one by a straw; though similar stories have come from two or three such different sources that it is not easy to refuse the animals credit for some feeling for the infirmities of age. Rats have had such ample justice done them lately in the *Quarterly*, that the topic is pretty well exhausted for the present; yet we will add one more testimony to the resoluteness and audacity of their behaviour under difficulties.

A gentleman, worthy of all credit, and who may be the more readily trusted as his story acknowledges his own defeat, was roused one night by a heavy bumping noise on the stairs. Un-

able to account for it, he rose, donned his dressing-gown, and with his candle in his hand proceeded to investigate the cause. Halfway down-stairs he perceived a large rat employed in facilitating the descent of a half-loaf by pushing it down from one step to another. Anxious to redeem his property, the owner descended after it. The rat at first continued his exertions, but as the enemy gained upon him he changed his tactics, and turning his front upwards, began to climb towards his opponent. This was just such an intruder as might with all justice have been kicked down-stairs; but so stern was his air and so menacing his aspect that the gentleman hesitated, and hesitation ended in retreat. His feet being armed only with slippers, he lost heart and began slowly to ascend backwards; while the rat deliberately mounted after him, and thus steadily drove him back to his bedroom, the door of which he shut in the face of his foe, and terminated the adventure by retiring to bed, while the rat returned to his well-earned booty.

The author of the *Wanderings* has been accused by one of his detractors of a tendency to "dress truth in the garb of fiction." By this judiciously-selected figure he means to convey, not that the object of his animadversion conveys his information in parables, but that he is guilty of false statements. We mention his accusation only to draw attention to the conscientious accuracy of all Mr. Waterton's accounts of his own experiences. When he speaks of what he has himself seen, he may be implicitly trusted; nor, we believe, has his accuracy in such matters ever been successfully impugned; and every candid reader will find throughout his writings a vein of honourable feeling and a careful observance of exact limits in all that he advances on the warranty of his own experience, which furnish in themselves a sufficient evidence of his trustworthiness; and when Swainson contradicts his account of the size and fierceness of the cayman, his *animus* and his insufficient knowledge are apparent, and no one can doubt where the truth lies. Even Mr. Waterton's religious predilections, though they may lead him to very wrong conclusions, never suffice to bias his statements. In one of his books he has given a long account of how he witnessed the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Nothing can exceed the fervour of his devotion, or the intensity of his conviction. He remained in the cathedral eight hours, kissing the case containing the two vials five times at hourly intervals after the liquefaction had taken place; he humbly praises Almighty God "for this signal mark of His favour in the stupendous miracle which had just taken place;" and he concludes by saying: "Nothing in the whole course of my life has struck me so forcibly as this occurrence. Every thing else in the shape of adventures now appears to me to be trivial and of no amount. I here state in

the most unqualified manner my firm conviction that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is miraculous beyond the shadow of a doubt. Were I to conceal this my conviction from the public eye, I should question the soundness of both my head and heart, and charge my pen with arrant cowardice." Yet he never for a moment professes to have seen more than the most sceptical heretic must have seen on the same occasion. The newly-published volume of Essays contains the narrative of a visit to the Ecstatica of the Tyrol, marked by the same unquestioning faith and conscientious statement. He believes implicitly all that is told him; but he himself only felt the cicatrix on her left hand, and saw her attitude of ecstatic devotion and her sudden resumption of the kneeling from the recumbent posture. It is true, he thinks her mode of rising could be rivalled by no other human being; but he states this, not absolutely, but as his own conviction: and unexceptionable witness as we esteem him, we should by no means like to tie ourselves to his deductions. He is no very strict reasoner, and arrives at somewhat arbitrary results. Often his scepticism is as remarkable as his capacity for belief, and his reasons for not believing are not always conclusive. He is somewhat too fond of seeking occasion to correct errors. When he can set us right in a moment by his personal knowledge of a fact, we are grateful to him. When he insists on reasoning us out of our mistake, we don't always follow him with conviction, and sometimes his prejudices have too full play. He is apt to make his own experience the measure of all truth. Because he has never seen monkeys out of trees, he will not believe any of the tribe ever dwelt elsewhere. Yet we know not why we should discredit the accounts of the African baboons living on the mountains; and, if we are to judge by the external conformation of the feet,—a test which Mr. Waterton as contemptuously rejects in the case of birds as he confidently appeals to it in that of monkeys,—we might urge that some baboons seem to carry about with them cushions especially adapted for sitting down in stony places. His wide assertions that carnivorous animals are never in any sense gregarious, and that even wolves and wild-dogs never hunt in packs, might be adduced, among other instances, to show how loosely and dogmatically he sometimes reasons. He of all men ought to avoid employing *à priori* arguments upon ascertainable facts.

Occasionally he insists on telling us at some length things which we knew before. In his last volume, for instance, he devotes an Essay to Cannibalism, which savours somewhat of book-making. He admits that wrecked seamen perishing from hunger have now and then drawn lots for their lives, and that savages occasionally feast upon their prisoners of war; yet he cannot believe that men are what he calls "real" cannibals. He is convinced

we were not created to eat one another, and finds strong support for this view in Scripture.

"If man," he argues, "had originally been formed by his Maker to be a cannibal, that is, as I have just observed, to feed upon his fellow-man, in order to satisfy the craving of his hunger, there does not seem to have been any particular objection why Cain, after his murder of Abel, should not have had a joint out of him for his own dinner.

Still, there is no mention made that Cain, on this occasion, did treat himself to a feast on any part of his brother's body. Wherefore we may safely infer that man was not created to feed upon his own species."

Even brute beasts do not devour their fellows: "Tigers, known to be so sanguinary, never feed on tigers." The Roman poet, he goes on to tell us,—and we bow at once to the authority,—"has justly given man a character which raises him far above the level of all animals." That worst of beasts, the "Hanoverian rat," only eats its congeners under the pressure of necessity; and even a sow must be depraved by domestication before she devours her litter. Shall man take a lower place than these? Besides, look at it in another point of view:

"Were man a real cannibal, he would make use of his superior powers of mind to plot against the lives of his fellow-creatures in order to gratify his appetite. He would be for ever bent on their destruction, and they on his, until the race of uninstructed men, generally known by the name of savages, became entirely extinct.

Moderation would be out of the case. A cannibal could not think of confining himself once in a way to a festive dinner on his tender sister, or to a single dish of soup made out of his old grandmother. He would want more of the delicious nutriment; and he would continue to long after human flesh wherever there was an opportunity of obtaining it."

This is the argument of the Kilkenny cats, a sort of *reductio ad caudas*, or worse, as we are considering the reciprocal devourings of a tailless species. We agree with all this. Mr. Waterton has convinced us that we were not meant to prey on one another in any other than a metaphorical sense; and that the inconveniences of the father of a family beginning, like charity, at home, and eating outwards to the verge of his remotest connections, would be complicated and endless. We think, too, that if we had space sufficient at our disposal, we could convince the most sceptical that lions will be among the last to join the vegetarian movement, and that no horse in a state of nature sits down to boiled mutton and capers. Whether among some nations, as the ancient Mexicans, cannibalism, under the sanction of religion, has not been a somewhat widely observed custom; and whether again, among some races of islanders, the simple gust

for flesh-meat has not been the actuating motive for the slaughter of a stranger or a slave,—is a question which we are not disposed to discuss, and which Mr. Waterton's discursive essay flies wide of. But this is not to be taken as a specimen of Mr. Waterton's writing, only as a proof that he does unwisely to stray off his own ground. His earlier books are better than his last, because he adhered more strictly to it.

He often appears as a controversialist in matters of natural history; and has this formidable advantage, that he generally knows more about the matter in question than his adversary. The grand dispute of his life has been with Mr. Audubon, as to whether the vulture has a nose or not. All the world agrees that he has got large nostrils. Mr. Waterton thinks they are to smell with. Mr. Audubon thinks not. If they have any use, he imagines it to be to enable him to breathe more freely while gorging himself. The vulture, he maintains, owes his skill in detecting carrion at great distances to the keenness of his eyesight. This view he first promulgated in a paper read before the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh; and "felt proud," as he tells us, "on having at last broken the charm by which men had so long been held in ignorance respecting the history of our vultures; assured that the breach which I had made upon a general and deeply-rooted opinion must gradually dissolve it, as well as many other absurdities which have for ages infested science, like the vile grub beneath the bark of the noblest forest-tree, retarding its growth until happily removed by the constant hammerings of the industrious woodpecker."

But in this breach Mr. Waterton presented himself; and set himself, not without a good deal of acrimony, to wring the neck of this industrious woodpecker. Audubon endeavoured to substantiate his view, indeed mainly founded his theory, upon two or three experiments; and a further set of trials corroborating his results were made in concert by a number of American gentlemen, who signed their names to a memorandum on the subject. If credit is to be attached to these experiments,—and we see no reason why credit should be refused them,—they seem, as far as they go, to establish the fact that food, in however advanced a stage of putrefaction, will not be discovered by vultures if entirely concealed from sight; and that they may be so far deceived by the stuffed figure of a dead animal, or even the picture of a carcass on canvas, as to attempt to satisfy their appetite on them. This last experiment goes far, as Mr. Waterton observes, to deprive the vulture of his sight as well as of his smell, and leaves him destitute of all but his appetite. Zealous and enterprising a naturalist as Mr. Audubon was, his authority on any matter

requiring extended observation must be deemed inferior to that of Waterton. The former visited among the birds, often somewhat hastily, and mainly with the object of taking their portraits after they were killed; the latter has lived among them almost all his life. It is difficult to place the results of a few isolated and narrow experiments against the convictions of so experienced and accurate an observer, and against the consent of common opinion in those countries in which the vulture most abounds. If Mr. Waterton, instead of stigmatising his opponent as "the American who is not to be trusted," and attempting to discredit his experiments by rather rough raillery and not very convincing argument, had chosen to accept the results, he might, we think, have shown them to be not incompatible with his own view of the subject. It is quite possible that the vulture may be attracted from long distances by the scent of food, and yet not have the power which the dog has of tracking along the smell to the actual object from which it proceeds. Our own faculty is of the former kind; we can smell a bad smell in the house, we can say it comes from this room, and seems to be worse in this part of it; but no man in the world can walk up to a particular spot in the wainscot, and flattening his nose against it, say, Here is a dead rat. There is nothing difficult in supposing that the vulture, like ourselves, as it approaches the tainted object, becomes in some degree dependent on its sight. When Mr. Audubon hid his dead hog in a ravine, and covered it so that it was impossible to see it, he tells us that many vultures in search of food sailed over the field and ravine in all directions; but none discovered the carcass. Is it unreasonable to suppose that they were attracted by the smell, which he found insufferable within thirty yards; but not being able to discern the object from which it proceeded, were forced to retire disappointed? When we are told that a blinded vulture took no notice of food held within an inch of his nostrils, the experiment, if it proves any thing, proves that these birds are utterly destitute of smell; which is proving too much. But pain and captivity would no doubt, as Mr. Waterton urges, sufficiently account for his behaviour. "I myself," says that gentleman very feelingly, "have been unable to eat when in the gripes." It gives one, however, some measure of the good sense of the congregated American gentlemen, on whose evidence so much reliance is placed, to find that "the medical gentlemen who were present made *a number of experiments* to test the absurdity of a story widely circulated in the United States through the newspapers, that the eye of the vulture, when perforated, and the sight extinguished, would in a few minutes be restored in consequence of his placing his head under his wing, the down of which was said to restore his sight."

If it were possible to caricature this, we might imagine these same gentlemen announcing that they had taken without success hairs of dogs that had bitten them, and establishing beyond a doubt, by subtle chemical investigations, that the moon is *not* made of green cheese.

Another of Mr. Waterton's hard-fought controversies is as to whether the so-called oil-gland is given to birds for the sake of lubricating their plumage and rendering it water-repellant. This he denies with vehemence and endless iteration; and not without reason, as it seems to us. It is just possible, though there is no evidence capable of supporting the hypothesis, that the substance secreted by the gland may be used in minute quantities by birds in preening and dressing their feathers; but that ducks, sea-eagles, and other birds should be in the habit of covering their whole plumage with this oil, and that to this application they owe their power of diving under the surface of the water and emerging dry, seems to be as baseless a theory as was ever invented, though one gentleman does profess to have seen a sea-eagle covered with a substance like a thin clear solution of gum arabic. Mr. Waterton asks pointedly enough whether there was a distinct absence of this coating on parts, such as the head and neck, which the bird could not possibly reach with its bill; whether the oily nature of the substance was not apparent to the touch; and why, moreover, the small land-birds are supplied with this gland as well as water-fowl; and particularly why in all the duck tribe the gland is covered with "a very thick downy plumage, which would totally prevent the bird from obtaining any liquid from that quarter." It is not in the least necessary to account in this manner for the water-repellant power possessed by the plumage of many birds. It is simply a question of the arrangement of surface; and it seems probable, from the fact that some water-birds have been seen when under water to present a silvery appearance, that a coating of air remains attached to the plumage, and prevents any actual contact with the water. It has been lately shown that the surface of many plants possesses a similar power, and the lotus-leaf is said to present a curious instance of it; the lower side of the leaf being always wet, while the upper surface is never so, water gliding from it like quicksilver; and that this is due to the presence of a sheet of air entangled in the minute papillæ which cover the leaf, and not to oiliness, is proved by the brilliant reflecting-power possessed by the upper surface when immersed in water.

We like Mr. Waterton best, however, when he is out of his controversies and in good humour with himself and his readers, chatting cheerfully on his favourite themes. For his writing is less like writing than any other man's; it is like talking to you

in a garden. There is an irresistible frankness about his way of telling about himself, a reliance on your regard for him, that makes every reader of his autobiography feel as if a special confidence were reposed in him. All the little details of his life are noted down; all his feelings, his prepossessions, his dislikes, his convictions, his prejudices, flow as freely from his pen as if the public to whom he intrusts them were in good faith the "kindly reader" of the old prefaces. His notes on animals and birds will always remain, not only useful to scientific inquirers, but attractive to the general reader; and some time, we trust, the great doctrine they preach will have a wider observance—that the patient study of living things, and not the collecting of dead ones, is the true mode of advancing in the higher branches of natural history. No man has impressed this truth more strongly than Mr. Waterton has done by the whole example of his life. "Faunists," as a not less zealous and more widely cultivated scholar in the same school, White of Selborne, observes,—"faunists are too apt to acquiesce in bare descriptions, and a few synonyms; the reason is plain, because all that may be done at home in a man's study: but the investigation of the life and conversation of animals is a concern of much more trouble and difficulty, and is not to be attained but by the active and inquisitive, and by those that reside much in the country."

Just such a one is Mr. Waterton; and let none say his life has been wasted. The power which we have before noted as characterising his favourite pursuit, that of taking us out of ourselves and of nourishing a kindly interest in other living beings, gives it value; and the fact that it concerns itself with the highest of all phenomena, life, and life in its highest form next to ourselves, gives it dignity.

A man may forget himself in nobler occupations, no doubt,—in the higher forms of science, in philosophy, in polity, in war; but all men are not born to be great, and to be humbly wise with nature is better than to be greatly foolish; bird-nesting in the country is better than lion-hunting in town, and a day in the woods is as improving as one on the Stock Exchange. The lesser branches of knowledge never in themselves deserve contempt; it is when they serve as excuses to indolence and neglect of higher and more laborious occupations in minds of power and capacity for higher things that we regret to see them taken up. When Gray, without even any apparent object of attaining to general results, is found chronicling the weather and cataloguing the flowers, it is difficult not to despise the indifference which could excuse high faculties from high tasks by finding for them so petty a field of activity; and we are thrown back on what is no doubt a truth, that as fine gold is too soft for most practical pur-

poses, so an indolence of temperament seems often to be a necessary limitation to the working of some of the highest kinds of genius. But it is not easy to blame Mr. Waterton when, shut out, as he himself complains, from the public service of his country by his religious convictions, he falls back upon the pursuits most congenial to his tastes, and for which he is by nature so peculiarly adapted, and devotes himself with singular energy and fidelity to a study which, as we have said, is certainly not in itself to be despised, and has for him so special an attraction. May his last little book prosper.

Art. IV.—THE ULTIMATE LAWS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology. Edited by Robert B. Todd.

Principles of Comparative Physiology. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. London: John Churchill.

The Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society. No. 49, February 1857. London: Longmans.

The Annals and Magazine of Natural History. Nos. 102 and 103. London: Taylor and Francis.

Reports of the Royal Institution of Great Britain: T. H. Huxley, Esq., "On Natural History, as Knowledge, Discipline, and Power."

We might have more briefly termed the present Paper an essay on Transcendental Physiology. As used in Philosophy, the term *transcendental* is applied to inquiries of the most abstract character,—to such as deal, or endeavour to deal, not with special phenomena, but with the fundamental conditions of thought and existence. In Mathematics, the transcendental analysis is one which, passing beyond those particular relations of numbers dealt with by arithmetic, and passing beyond those general numerical relations which form the subject-matter of ordinary algebra, concerns itself with the still higher generalities underlying these general relations. Turning from these abstract sciences to concrete ones, we find the title Transcendental Anatomy used to distinguish that division of biological science which treats, not of the structure of individual organisms, but of the general principles of structure common to vast and varied groups of organisms,—the unity of plan, the constancy of type, discernible throughout multitudinous genera and orders which are more or less widely different in appearance. And

here, under the head of Transcendental Physiology, we purpose putting together sundry laws of development and function which apply, not to particular kinds or classes of organisms, but to all organisms: laws, some of which have not, we believe, been hitherto enunciated.

By way of unobtrusively introducing the general reader to this highest class of biological truths, let us begin by briefly noticing one or two with which he is already familiar. Take first, the relation between the activity of an organ and its growth —the fact that the more active any organ, the more it expands. This is a universal relation. It holds, not only of a bone, a muscle, a nerve, an organ of sense, a mental faculty; but of every gland, every viscus, every element of the body. It is seen, not in man only, but in each animal in which we have adequate opportunity of tracing it; and not in animals only, but in plants. Always providing that the performance of function is not so excessive as to produce disorder, or exceed the repairing powers either of the system at large or of the particular agencies by which nutriment is brought to the organ,—always providing this, it is a law of organised bodies, that, other things equal, development varies as function. On this law are based all maxims and methods of right education, intellectual, moral, and physical; and when statesmen are wise enough to see it, this law will be found to underlie all right legislation.

Another of these truths which are co-extensive with the organic creation, is that of hereditary transmission. It is not, as commonly supposed, that hereditary transmission is exemplified merely in the perpetuation of the family peculiarities seen either in immediate or remote progenitors. Nor does the law of hereditary transmission comprehend only such more general facts as that modified plants or animals become the parents of permanent varieties; and that new kinds of wheat or potatoes, new breeds of sheep or cattle, new races of men, have been thus originated. These are but minor exemplifications of the law. Understood in its entirety, the law is, that each plant or animal produces others of like kind with itself: the likeness of kind consisting not so much in the repetition of individual traits as in the assumption of the same generic structure. This truth has become by daily illustration so familiar as almost to have lost its significance. That wheat produces wheat,—that existing oxen are descended from ancestral oxen,—that every unfolding organism ultimately takes the form of the class, order, genus, and species from which it sprang,—is a fact which by force of repetition has assumed in our minds almost the character of a necessity. It is in this, however, that the law of hereditary transmission is principally displayed: the phenomena

commonly referred to it being quite subordinate manifestations. And the law, as thus understood, is universal. Not forgetting the apparent, but only apparent, exceptions presented by the strange class of phenomena known as "alternate generation," the truth that like produces like is common to all races of organisms.

Let us take next a universal physiological law of a less conspicuous kind, and one of but recent establishment. To the ordinary observer, it seems that the multiplication of organisms proceeds in a variety of ways. He sees that the young of the higher animals are born with a general likeness to their parents; that birds lay eggs, which they foster and hatch; that fish deposit spawn, and leave it. Among plants, he finds that while in some cases new individuals grow from seeds only, in others, as in that of the potato, they grow from tubers; that by certain plants layers are sent out, take root, and develop new individuals; and that many plants are produced from cuttings and buds. Further, in the mould that makes its appearance on stale food, and the infusoria that soon swarm in water exposed to air and light, he sees a mode of generation which, seeming, as it does, inexplicable, he is apt to consider "spontaneous." The partially instructed naturalist thinks the modes of reproduction still more various. He discovers that whole tribes of creatures multiply by gemmation—by a development from the body of the parent of buds, which, after unfolding into the parental form, separate and lead independent lives. He learns that among the microscopic forms of both animal and vegetable life, the ordinary mode of multiplication is by spontaneous fission—by a splitting-up of the original individual into two or more individuals, which by and by severally repeat the process. Still more remarkable are the cases in which, as in the *Aphis*, an egg gives rise to an imperfect female, from which other imperfect females are born viviparously, grow, and in their turns bear other imperfect females; and so on for eight, ten, or more generations, until finally perfect males and females are viviparously produced. But now under all these, and many more, modified modes of multiplication, the advanced physiologist finds that there is at bottom complete uniformity. The starting-point, not only of every higher animal or plant, but of every clan of organisms which by fission or gemmation have sprung from a single organism, is always a spore, seed, or ovum. The millions of infusoria or of aphides which, by subdivision or gemmation, have proceeded from one individual; the countless plants that may be successively propagated from one original plant by cuttings or tubers; are, in common with the highest creature, primarily descended from a fertilised germ. And in all cases—in the humblest alga as in the oak, in the

protozoon as in the mammal—this fertilised germ results from the union of the contents of two cells. Whether, as in the lowest forms of life, these two cells are of seemingly identical nature, or whether, as in higher forms, they are distinguishable into sperm-cell and germ-cell, it remains throughout true that from their combination results the mass out of which is evolved a new organism or new series of organisms. Here we have another of the truths of Transcendental Physiology: a truth which *transcends* all distinctions of genus, order, class, kingdom, and applies to every living thing whatever.

Yet another generalisation of like universality is that which formulates the process of organic development. To the uninitiated this seems variable. No very obvious parallelism exists between the unfolding of a plant and the unfolding of an animal. There is no manifest similarity between the development of a mammal, which proceeds without break from its first to its last phase, and that of an insect, which is divided into strongly marked stages—egg, larva, pupa, imago. Nevertheless it is now an established fact that all organisms are evolved after one general method. At the outset the germ of every plant or animal is homogeneous; and every advance towards maturity is an advance towards greater heterogeneity. Every organised thing commences as a structureless mass, and progresses towards its ultimate complexity by the establishment of distinctions upon distinctions,—by the divergence of tissues from tissues and organs from organs. Here, then, we have yet another biological law of transcendental generality.

Having thus indicated the scope of Transcendental Physiology by presenting its leading truths, we have prepared the way for the considerations that are to follow.

And first, returning to the last of the great generalisations above given, let us inquire more nearly how this change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is carried on. Usually it is said to result from successive differentiations. This, however, we conceive to be a very incomplete account of the process. As every physiologist knows, there occurs, during the evolution of an organism, not only separation of parts, but coalescence of parts. There is not only segregation, but aggregation. The heart, at first a large, long, pulsating blood-vessel, by and by twists upon itself and becomes integrated. The layer of bile-cells constituting the rudimentary liver, do not simply diverge from the surface of the intestine on which they at first lie, but they simultaneously consolidate into a definite organ. And the gradual concentration seen in these and other cases forms an essential part of the developmental process.

This progressive integration, which is seen alike in tracing up the several stages passed through by every embryo, and in ascending from the lower organic forms to the higher, may be most conveniently studied under several heads. Let us consider first what may be called *longitudinal integration.*

The lower *Annulosa*—worms, myriapods, &c.—are characterised by the great number of segments of which they consist, reaching in some cases to several hundreds; but as we advance to the higher *Annulosa*—centipedes, crustaceans, insects, spiders—we find this number greatly reduced, down to twenty-two, thirteen, and even fewer; and accompanying this there is a shortening or integration of the whole body, reaching its extreme in the crab and the spider, which stand at the head of this sub-kingdom. Similarly if we watch the development of an individual crustacean or insect. The thorax of a lobster, which in the adult forms, with the head, one compact box containing the viscera, is made up by the union of a number of segments which in the embryo were separable. The thirteen distinct divisions seen in the body of a caterpillar become further integrated in the butterfly: several segments are consolidated to form the thorax, and the abdominal segments are more aggregated than they originally were. The like truth is seen when we pass to the internal organs. In the inferior annulose forms, and in the larvæ of the higher ones, the alimentary canal consists either of a tube that is uniform from end to end, or else bulges into a succession of stomachs, one to each segment; but in the developed forms there is a single well-defined stomach. In the nervous, vascular, and respiratory systems a parallel concentration may be traced. Again, in the development of the *vertebrata* we have sundry examples of longitudinal integration. The coalescence of four vertebræ to form the skull is one instance of it. It is further illustrated in the *os coccygis*, which results from the fusion of a number of caudal vertebræ. And in the consolidation of the sacral vertebræ of a bird it is also exemplified. But inasmuch as a vertebrate animal does not, like an annulose one, fundamentally consist of a number of segments that repeat each other in all particulars, longitudinal integration cannot be so variously exhibited.

That which we may distinguish as *transverse integration*, is clearly illustrated among the *Annulosa* in the development of the nervous system. Leaving out those most degraded forms which do not present distinct ganglia, it is to be observed that the lower annulose animals, in common with the larvæ of the higher, are severally characterised by a double chain of ganglia running from end to end of the body; while in the more perfectly formed annulose animals this double chain becomes more or less completely united into a single chain. Mr. Newport has described

the course of this concentration as exhibited in insects; and by Rathke it has been traced in the crustaceans. In the early stages of the *Astacus fluviatilis*, or common cray-fish, there is a pair of separate ganglia to each ring. By and by the first six pairs severally unite in the median line, while the rest remain separate. Afterwards the four anterior pairs coalesce into one mass, and the fifth and sixth pairs into another mass. Here we see longitudinal and transverse integration going on simultaneously; and in the highest crustaceans they are both carried still further. The *Vertebrata* clearly exhibit this transverse integration in the development of the generative system. The lowest of the mammalia—the *Monotremata*—in common with birds, to which they are in many respects allied, have oviducts which towards their lower extremities are dilated into cavities, severally performing in an imperfect way the function of a uterus.

"In the *Marsupialia* there is a closer approximation of the two lateral sets of organs on the median line; for the oviducts converge towards one another and meet (without coalescing) on the median line; so that their uterine dilatations are in contact with each other, forming a true 'double uterus.' .... As we ascend the series of 'placental' mammals, we find the lateral coalescence becoming more and more complete..... In many of the *Rodentia* the uterus still remains completely divided into two lateral halves; whilst in others these coalesce at their lower portions, forming a rudiment of the true 'body' of the uterus in the human subject. This part increases at the expense of the lateral 'cornua' in the higher herbivora and carnivora; but even in the lower quadrumana the uterus is somewhat cleft at its summit."*

And this process of transverse integration, which is still more striking when observed in all its details, is accompanied by parallel though less important changes in the opposite sex. Once more; in the increasing commissural connection of the cerebral hemispheres, which, though separate in the lower vertebrata, become gradually more united in the higher, we have another instance. And further ones of a different order, but of like general implication, are supplied by the vascular system.

Now it seems to us that the various forms of integration here exemplified, which are commonly set down as so many independent phenomena, ought to be generalised, and included in the formula describing the process of development. The fact that in an adult crab numerous pairs of ganglia originally separate have become fused into a single mass, is a fact only second in significance to the differentiation of its alimentary canal into stomach and intestine. That in the higher articulata a single heart replaces the string of rudimentary hearts constituting the

* Carpenter's Prin. of Comp. Phys. p. 617.

dorsal blood-vessel in the lower articulata—reaching in one species to the number of one hundred and sixty—is a truth as much needing to be comprised in the history of evolution, as is the formation of a respiratory surface by an involution of the skin. A right conception of the genesis of a vertebral column, includes not only the differentiations from which result the *chorda dorsalis* and the vertebral segments imbedded in it; but quite as much, or more, it includes the coalescence of numerous vertebral processes with their respective vertebral bodies. The changes in virtue of which several things become one, demand recognition equally with those in virtue of which one thing becomes several. Evidently, then, the current statement which ascribes the developmental progress to differentiations alone is incomplete. Adequately to express the facts, we must say that the transition from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is carried on by differentiations and subordinate integrations.

It may not be amiss here to ask what is the meaning of these integrations. The evidence seems to show that it is in some way dependent upon community of function. The eight segments which coalesce to make the head of a centipede, have the common purpose of protecting the cephalic ganglia, and affording a solid fulcrum for the jaws, &c.; as also have the many bones which unite to form a vertebral skull. In the consolidation of the several pieces which constitute a mammalian pelvis, and in the anchylosis of from ten to nineteen vertebræ in the sacrum of a bird, we have kindred instances of the integration of parts which transfer the weight of the body to the legs. The more or less complete fusion of the tibia with the fibula and the radius with the ulna in the ungulated mammals, whose habits do not require any rotation of the limbs, is a fact of like meaning. And all the instances lately given,—the concentration of ganglia; the replacement of many pulsating blood-sacs by fewer, and finally by one; the fusion of two uteri into a single uterus,—have the same implication. Whether, as in some cases, the integration is a mere consequence of the continued growth which eventually brings into contact adjacent parts performing similar duties; or whether, as in other cases, there is an actual approximation of these parts before their union; or whether, as in yet other cases, the integration is of that indirect kind which arises when, out of a number of like organs, one, or a group, discharges an ever-increasing share of the common function, and so grows while the rest dwindle and disappear,—the general fact remains the same, that there is a tendency to the unification of parts having similar duties.

The tendency, however, has limiting conditions; the recognition of which will explain some apparent exceptions. Let us

take instances. In the human fœtus, as in the lower vertebrata, the eyes are placed one on each side of the head. In the process of evolution they become relatively nearer, and at birth are in front; though they are still, in the European infant as in the adult savage, proportionately further apart than they afterwards become. But this approximation shows no signs of further increase; and is in all probability checked by the needs of binocular vision. Inasmuch as the two eyes, being directed to the same object, have a common function, they tend to become one; but inasmuch as they are directed to different sides of the same object, and so have different functions, they tend to remain two; and possibly their ultimate positions depend on the balance of these opposing tendencies. Again, if we trace up the external organs of smell through fishes, reptiles, ungulate mammals and unguiculate mammals, to man, we perceive a general tendency to coalescence in the median line; and on comparing the savage with the civilised, or the infant with the adult, we see this approach of the nostrils carried furthest in the most perfect of the species. But since the septum which divides them has the function both of an evaporating surface for the lachrymal secretion, and a ramifying surface for a nerve ancillary to that of smell, it does not disappear entirely; the integration remains incomplete. These and other like instances do not however militate against the hypothesis. They merely show that the tendency is sometimes antagonised by other tendencies. Bearing in mind which qualification, we may say, that as differentiation of parts is connected with difference of function, so there appears to be a connection between integration of parts and sameness of function.

Intimately related to the general truth that the evolution of all organisms is carried on by combined differentiations and integrations, is another general truth, which physiologists appear not to have recognised. When we look at the organic creation in its *ensemble*, we may observe that, on passing from lower to higher forms, we pass to forms which are not only characterised by a greater differentiation of parts, but are at the same time more completely differentiated from the surrounding medium. This truth may be contemplated under various aspects.

In the first place, it is illustrated in *structure*. The advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous itself involves an increasing distinction from the inorganic world. In the lowest *Protozoa*, as that structureless speck of jelly the *Amœba*, we have a homogeneity nearly as great as that of air, water, or earth; and the ascent to organisms of greater and greater complexity of structure, is an ascent to organisms that are in that respect more strongly contrasted with the structureless environment.

In *form* again we see the same fact. One of the characteristics of inorganic matter is its indefiniteness of form; and this is also a characteristic of the lower organisms, as compared with the higher. Speaking generally, plants are less definite than animals, both in shape and size—admit of greater modification from variations of position and nutrition. Among animals, the *Amœba* and its allies are not only structureless but amorphous: the form is never specific, and is constantly changing. Of the organisms resulting from the aggregation of amœba-like creatures, we find that while some, as the rhizopods, assume a certain definiteness of form, in their shells at least, others, as the sponges, are very irregular. In the zoophytes and in the *Polyzoa* we see compound organisms, most of which have a mode of growth not more determinate than that of plants. But among the higher animals, we find not only that the mature shape of each species is very definite, but that the individuals of each species differ very little in size.

A parallel increase of contrast is likewise seen in *chemical composition*. With but few exceptions, and those only partial ones, the lowest animal and vegetable forms are inhabitants of the water; and water is also their chief constituent. Dessicated *Protophyta* and *Protozoa* shrink into mere dust; and among the acalephes we find but a few grains of solid matter to a pound of water. The higher aquatic plants, in common with the higher aquatic animals, possessing as they do much greater tenacity of substance, also contain a greater proportion of the organic elements; and so are chemically more unlike their medium. And when we pass to the superior classes of organisms—land plants and animals—we find that, chemically considered, they have little in common either with the earth on which they stand or the air which surrounds them.

In *specific gravity* too we may note the like truth. The very simplest forms, in common with the spores and gemmules of the higher ones, are as nearly as may be of the same specific gravity as the water in which they float; and though it cannot be said that among aquatic creatures superior specific gravity is a standard of general superiority, yet we may fairly say, that all the superior orders of them, when divested of the appliances by which their specific gravity is regulated, differ more from water in their relative weight than do the lowest. In terrestrial organisms, the contrast becomes extremely marked. Trees and plants, in common with insects, reptiles, mammals, birds, are all of a specific gravity considerably less than the earth and immensely greater than the air.

Yet further, we see the law similarly fulfilled in respect of *temperature*. Plants generate but an extremely small quantity

of heat, which is to be detected only by very delicate experiments; and practically they may be considered as having the same temperature as their environment. The temperature of aquatic animals is very little above that of the surrounding water: that of the invertebrata being mostly less than a degree above it, and that of fishes not exceeding it by more than two or three degrees, save in the case of some large red-blooded fishes, as the thunny, which exceed it by nearly ten degrees. Among insects, the range is from two to ten degrees above that of the air; the excess varying according to their activity. The heat of reptiles is from four to fifteen degrees more than the heat of their medium. While mammals and birds maintain a heat which continues almost unaffected by external variations, and is often greater than that of the air by seventy, eighty, ninety, and even a hundred degrees.

Once more, in greater *self-mobility* a progressive differentiation is traceable. The especial characteristic by which we distinguish dead matter is its inertness: some form of independent motion is our most general test of life. Passing over the indefinite border-land between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we may roughly class plants as organisms which, while they exhibit that species of motion implied in growth, are not only devoid of locomotive power, but with some unimportant exceptions are devoid of the power of moving their parts in relation to each other; and thus are less differentiated from the inorganic world than animals. Though in those microscopic protophyta and protozoa inhabiting the water—the spores of algæ, the gemmules of sponges, and the infusoria generally—we see locomotion produced by ciliary action, yet this locomotion, while rapid relatively to their size, is absolutely slow. Of the *Cœlenterata*, a great part are either permanently rooted or habitually stationary, and so have no self-mobility but that implied in the relative movement of parts; while the rest, of which the common jelly-fish will serve as a sample, have but very little ability to move themselves through the water. Among the higher aquatic *Invertebrata*,—cuttle-fishes and lobsters, for instance,—there is a very considerable power of locomotion; and the aquatic *Vertebrata* are, considered as a class, much more active in their movements than the other inhabitants of the water. But it is only when we come to air-breathing creatures that we find the vital characteristic of self-mobility manifested in the highest degree. Flying insects, mammals, birds, travel with a velocity far exceeding that attained by any of the lower classes of animals; and so are more strongly contrasted with their inert environment.

Thus, on contemplating the various grades of organisms in

their ascending order, we find them more and more distinguished from their inanimate mediums in *structure*, in *form*, in *chemical composition*, in *specific gravity*, in *temperature*, in *self-mobility*. It is true that this generalisation does not hold with complete regularity. Organisms which are in some respects the most strongly contrasted with the environing inorganic world, are in other respects less so than inferior organisms. As a class, mammals are higher than birds; and yet they are of lower temperature, and have smaller powers of locomotion. The stationary oyster is of higher organisation than the free-swimming medusa; and the cold-blooded and less heterogeneous fish is quicker in its movements than the warm-blooded and more heterogeneous sloth. But the admission, that the several aspects under which this increasing contrast shows itself bear a variable ratio to each other, does not conflict with the general truth enunciated. Contemplating the facts in the mass, it cannot be denied that the successively higher grades of organisms are severally characterised, not only by a greater differentiation of parts, but also by a greater differentiation from the surrounding medium in various other physical attributes. It would seem that this peculiarity has some necessary connection with superior vital manifestations. One of those lowly gelatinous forms, so transparent and colourless as to be with difficulty distinguished from the water it floats in, is not more like its medium in chemical, mechanical, optical, thermal, and other properties, than it is in the passivity with which it submits to all the influences and actions brought to bear upon it; while the mammal does not more widely differ from inanimate things in these properties, than it does in the activity with which it meets surrounding changes by compensating changes in itself. And between these two extremes, we shall observe a constant ratio between these two kinds of contrast. Whence we may say, that in proportion as an organism is physically like its environment does it remain a passive partaker of the changes going on in its environment; while in proportion as it is endowed with powers of counteracting such changes, it exhibits greater unlikeness to its environment.

Thus far we have treated our subject inductively, in conformity with established usage; but we are of opinion that much is to be done in this and other departments of biologic inquiry by pursuing the deductive method. The generalisations at present constituting the science of physiology, both general and special, have been reached *à posteriori;* but certain fundamental data have now been discovered, starting from which, we may reason our way *à priori*, not only to some of the truths

that have been ascertained by observation and experiment, but also to some others. The possibility of such *à priori* conclusions will be at once recognised on considering a few familiar cases.

Chemists have shown that a necessary condition to vital activity in animals is oxidation of tissue. The oxygen requisite for this oxidation is contained in the surrounding medium—air or water, as the case may be. If the organism be some minute protozoon, mere contact of its external surface with the oxygenated medium secures the requisite oxidation; but if the organism is bulky, and so exposes a surface that is small in proportion to its mass, any considerable oxidation cannot be thus secured. One of two things is therefore implied. Either this bulky organism, receiving no oxygen but that absorbed through its integument, must possess but little vital activity; or else, if it possesses much vital activity, there must be some extensive ramified surface, internal or external, through which adequate aeration may take place—a respiratory apparatus. That is to say, lungs, or branchiæ, or their equivalents, are predicable *à priori* as possessed by all active creatures of any size.

Similarly with respect to nutriment. There are *entozoa* which, living in the insides of other animals, and being constantly bathed by nutritive fluids, absorb a sufficiency through their outer surfaces, and so have no need of stomachs and do not possess them. But all other animals inhabiting media that are not in themselves nutritive, but only contain masses of food here and there, must have appliances by which these masses of food may be utilised. Evidently mere external contact of a solid organism with a solid portion of nutriment could not result in the assimilation of it in any moderate time, if at all. To achieve this end, there must be both a solvent or macerating action, and an extended surface fit for containing and imbibing the dissolved products; that is, there must be a digestive cavity. Thus, given the ordinary conditions of animal life, and the possession of stomachs by all creatures living under these conditions may be deductively known.

Carrying out the train of reasoning still further, we may infer the existence of a vascular system, or something equivalent to it, in all creatures of any size and activity. In a comparatively small inert animal, such as the hydra, which consists of little more than a sac having a double wall—an outer layer of cells constituting the skin, and an inner layer forming the assimilating surface—there is no need for a special apparatus to diffuse through the body the absorbed aliment; for the body is little more than a wrapper to the food it encloses. But where the bulk is considerable, or where the activity is such as to involve much waste and repair, or where both these characteristics exist

there is a manifest necessity for a system of blood-vessels. It is not enough that there be adequately extensive surfaces for assimilation and aeration; for in the absence of any means of conveyance, the absorbed elements can be of little or no use to the organism at large. Evidently there must be channels of communication. When, as in the *Medusæ* and *Rhizostomes*, we find these channels of communication consisting simply of branching canals opening out of the stomach and spreading through the disk; or when, as in the *Pycnogonidæ*, we find them to be nothing but prolongations of the stomach carried one into each limb,—we may know *à priori* that such creatures are comparatively inactive; seeing that the nutriment thus partially distributed throughout their bodies —chylaqueous fluid, as it is termed—is crude and dilute, and that there is no efficient appliance for keeping it in motion. Conversely, when we meet with a creature of considerable size which displays much vivacity, we may know *à priori* that it must have an apparatus for the unceasing supply of concentrated nutriment and of oxygen to every organ—a pulsating vascular system.

It is manifest, then, that setting out from certain known fundamental conditions to vital activity, we may deduce from them sundry of the chief characteristics of organised bodies. Doubtless these known fundamental conditions have been inductively established. But in this they do not differ from the ground truths of deductive science in general; all of which are inductions. What we wish to show is, that given these inductively established primary facts in physiology, we may with safety draw certain general deductions from them. And, indeed, the legitimacy of such deductions, though not formally acknowledged, is practically recognised in the convictions of every physiologist; as may be readily proved by citing a few illustrations. Thus, were a physiologist to find a creature exhibiting complex and variously co-ordinated movements, and yet having no nervous system, he would be less astonished at the breach of his empirical generalisation that all such creatures have nervous systems, than at the disproof of his unconscious deduction that all creatures exhibiting complex and variously co-ordinated movements must have an "internuncial" apparatus by which the co-ordination may be effected. Or were he to find a creature having a rapid circulation and a rapid respiration, but yet showing a low temperature, the proof so afforded that active change of matter was not, as he had inferred from chemical data, the cause of animal heat, would stagger him more than would the exception to the constantly observed relation between these characteristics. Clearly, then, the *à priori* method already plays a part in physiological reasoning: if not ostensibly employed as a means of reaching new truths, it is at

least privately appealed to for confirmation of truths reached *à posteriori*.

We think, however, that the illustrations above given go far to show that it may to a considerable extent be safely used as an independent instrument of research. The necessities for a nutritive system, a respiratory system, and a vascular system in all animals of size and activity, seem to us legitimately inferrable from the now-ascertained conditions to continued vital activity. Given the physical and chemical data, and these structural peculiarities may be deduced with as much certainty as may the hollowness of an iron ball from its power of floating in water.

Let us not, however, be understood as supposing that the more *special* physiological truths can be deductively reached. Our argument by no means implies this. Legitimate deduction presupposes adequate data; and in respect to all the *special* phenomena of organic growth, structure, and function, adequate data are unattainable, and will probably ever remain so. It is only in the case of the more *general* physiological truths, such as those above-instanced, where we have something like adequate data, that deductive reasoning becomes possible.

And here we arrive at the point to which the foregoing considerations are introductory. We propose to show that a controversy now going on among zoologists may be greatly elucidated, if not set at rest, by pursuing the deductive method.

The controversy to which we refer, is that respecting the alleged *necessary correlation* subsisting among the several parts of any organism. Cuvier, who first asserted this necessary correlation, professed to base his restorations of extinct animals upon it. Geoffroy St. Hilaire and De Blainville from different points of view, contested Cuvier's hypothesis; and the discussion, which has much interest as bearing on palæontology, has been recently revived under a somewhat modified form: Professors Huxley and Owen being respectively the assailant and defender of the hypothesis.

Cuvier says, "Comparative anatomy possesses a principle whose just development is sufficient to dissipate all difficulties; it is that of the correlation of forms in organised beings, by means of which every kind of organised being might, strictly speaking, be recognised by a fragment of any of its parts. Every organised being constitutes a whole, a single and complete system, whose parts mutually correspond and concur by their reciprocal reaction to the same definitive end. None of these parts can be changed without affecting the others; and consequently each taken separately indicates and gives all the rest." And he then gives sundry illustrations: arguing that the carnivorous

form of tooth necessitating a certain action of the jaw, implies a particular form in its condyle,—implies also limbs fit for seizing and holding prey, and therefore implies claws, a certain structure of the leg-bones, a certain form of shoulder-blade; and winds up by saying, that "the claw, the scapula, the condyle, the femur, and all the other bones, taken separately, will give the tooth or one another; and by commencing with any one, he who had a rational conception of the laws of the organic economy could reconstruct the whole animal."

It will be seen, that the method of restoration here contended for is based upon the alleged physiological necessity of the connection between these different peculiarities. The argument used is, not that a scapula of a certain shape may be recognised as having belonged to a carnivorous mammal because we always find that carnivorous mammals *do* possess such scapulas; but because they *must* possess them—because carnivorous habits would be impossible without them. And in the above quotation Cuvier asserts that the necessary correlation which he considers so obvious in these cases exists between all parts of the system: admitting, however, that in consequence of our limited knowledge of physiology we are unable in many cases to trace this necessary correlation, and are obliged to base our conclusions upon observed coexistences, of which we do not understand the reason, but which we find invariable.

Now Professor Huxley has recently shown, that, in the first place, this empirical method, which Cuvier introduces as quite subordinate, and to be used only in aid of the rational method, is really the method which Cuvier habitually employed—the so-called rational method remaining practically a dead letter; and, in the second place, he has shown that Cuvier himself has in several places so far admitted the inapplicability of the rational method, as virtually to surrender it as a method. But more than this, Professor Huxley contends that the alleged law of necessary correlation is not true. Quite admitting the physiological dependence of parts upon each other, he denies that it is a dependence of a kind that could not be otherwise. "Thus the teeth of a lion and the stomach of the animal are in such relation that the one is fitted to digest the food which the other can tear, they are physiologically correlated; but we have no reason for affirming this to be a necessary physiological correlation, in the sense that no other could equally fit its possessor for living on recent flesh. The number and form of the teeth might have been quite different from that which we know them to be, and the construction of the stomach might have been greatly altered; and yet the functions of these organs might have been equally well performed."

Thus much is needful to give our readers an idea of the controversy as it at present stands. It is not here our purpose to go more at length into the evidence cited on both sides; we simply wish to show that the question may be settled deductively. Before going on to do this, however, we must briefly notice two collateral points.

In his defence of the Cuvierian doctrine, Professor Owen avails himself of the *odium theologicum*. He attributes to his opponents "the insinuation and masked advocacy of the doctrine subversive of a recognition of the Higher Mind." Now, saying nothing about the questionable propriety of thus prejudging a point in science, we think this is a somewhat unfortunate accusation. What is there in the hypothesis of *necessary*, as distinguished from *actual*, correlation of parts, which is particularly in harmony with Theism? The maintenance of the *necessity*, whether of sequences or of coexistences, is commonly thought rather a derogation from divine power than otherwise. Cuvier says, "None of these parts can be changed without affecting the others; and consequently, each taken separately indicates and gives all the rest:" that is to say, in the nature of things the correlation *could not* have been otherwise. On the other hand, Professor Huxley says we have no warrant for saying that the correlation could not have been otherwise; but have not a little reason for thinking that the same physiological ends might have been differently secured. The one doctrine limits the possibilities of creation; the other denies the implied limit. Which, then, is most open to the charge of covert Atheism?

On the other point to which we have referred, we lean to the opinion of Professor Owen. We agree with him in thinking that where a rational correlation (in the highest sense of the term) can be made out, it affords a better basis for deduction than an empirical correlation ascertained only by accumulated observations. Premising that by rational correlation we do not mean one in which we can trace, or think we can trace, a design, but one of which the negation is inconceivable (and this is the species of correlation which Cuvier's law implies), then we hold that our knowledge of the correlation is of a more certain kind than where it is simply inductive. And we think that Professor Huxley, in his anxiety to avoid the error of making Thought the measure of Things, does not sufficiently bear in mind the fact, that as our notion of necessity is determined by some absolute uniformity pervading all orders of our experiences, it follows that an organic correlation which cannot be conceived otherwise, is guaranteed by a much wider induction than one ascertained only by the observation of organisms. But the truth is, that

there are scarcely any organic correlations of which the negation is inconceivable. If we find the skull, vertebræ, ribs, and phalanges of some quadruped as large as an elephant, we may indeed be certain that the legs of this quadruped were of considerable size—much larger than those of a rat; and our reason for conceiving this correlation as necessary, is, that it is based, not only upon our experiences of moving organisms, but upon all our mechanical experiences relative to masses and their supports. Not only, however, are there very few physiological correlations really of this order, but there is danger in pursuing this line of reasoning, in consequence of the great liability to include within the class of truly necessary correlations those which are not such. For instance, there would seem to be a necessary correlation between the eye and the surface of the body: the function of the eye being vision, and light being needful for vision, it might be supposed absolutely requisite that every eye should be external. Nevertheless it is a fact that there are creatures whose eyes (not very efficient ones, it may be) are deeply imbedded in the substance of the body. Again, a necessary correlation might be supposed to exist between the dimensions of the mammalian uterus and those of the pelvis. It would appear *à priori* an impossibility that in any species there should exist a well-developed uterus containing a full-sized fœtus, and yet that the arch of the pelvis should be so small as not to allow the fœtus to pass. And were there no mammal but a fossil one having a very small pelvic arch, it would have been inferred, on the Cuvierian method, that the fœtus must have been born in a rudimentary state, and that the uterus must have been proportionally small. But there happens to be a living mammal having an extremely small pelvic arch—the mole—which presents us with a fact that saves us from this erroneous inference. Anomalous as the fact is, the young of the mole are not born through the pelvic arch at all, but in front of it! Thus, granting that some quite *direct* physiological correlations may be necessary, we see that there is great risk of including among them some that are not so.

With regard to the great mass of the correlations, however, including all the *indirect* ones, we agree with Professor Huxley in denying that they are necessary; and we now propose to show this deductively. Let us begin with an analogy.

Whoever has been through an extensive iron-works, will have seen a gigantic pair of shears worked by machinery, and used for cutting in two, bars of iron that are from time to time thrust between its blades. Supposing these blades to be the only visible parts of the apparatus, any one observing their movements

her the movement of one, for the other is commonly

fixed), will see from the manner in which the angle increases and decreases, and from the curve described by the moving extremity, that there is of necessity some centre of motion round which the action takes place—either a pivot or an external box equivalent to it. This may be regarded as a necessary correlation. Further, he might infer that beyond the centre of motion the moving blade was produced into a lever, to which the power was applied; but as another arrangement is just possible, this could not be called any thing more than a highly probable correlation. If now he went a step further, and considered how this reciprocal movement was given to the lever, he would very likely conclude that it was given by a crank. But if he knew any thing of mechanics, he would know that it might possibly be given by an eccentric. Or again, he would know that the effect could be achieved by a cam. That is to say, he would see that there was no necessary correlation between the shears and the remoter parts of the apparatus. Take another case. The plate of a printing-press is required to move up and down to the extent of an inch or so; and it is further requisite that it shall exert its greatest pressure when it reaches the extreme of its downward movement. If now any one will look over the stock of a printing-press maker, he will see half a dozen different mechanical arrangements by which these ends are achieved; and any clever machinist would tell him that as many more might readily be invented. And further, he would learn from the same authority that in proportion to the complexity of a machine is the number of possible arrangements of its other parts which may be made without altering some one part. If now any objection is made to the analogy between a machine and an organism, it cannot be on the ground that the constituent parts of a machine are *less* rigorously correlated than those of an organism; for the reverse is the case—they are *more* rigorously correlated. An organism will continue to act when it has lost one or two of its limbs, or when one of the lungs is gone; but the abstraction of such important parts from either of the machines above described would immediately stop it. If, then, there is no necessary correlation between the special parts of a machine, still less is there between those of an organism.

From a converse point of view the same truth will be manifest. Bearing in mind the above analogy, it will be foreseen that an alteration in one part of an organism will not necessarily entail *some one specific set of alterations in the other parts.* Cuvier says, "None of these parts can be changed without affecting the others; and consequently, each taken separately, indicates and gives all the rest." The first of these propositions may pass; but the second, which is alleged to follow from it, is not true;

for it implies that "all the rest" can be severally affected i only one way and degree, whereas they can be affected in many ways and degrees. To show this, we must again have recours to a mechanical analogy.

If you set a brick on end and thrust it over, you can predic with certainty in what direction it will fall, and what attitude i will assume. If, again setting it up, you put another on the to of it, you can no longer foresee with accuracy the results of a overthrow; and on repeating the experiment, no matter hov much care is taken to place them in the same position, and t apply the same degree of force in the same direction, the effect will on no two occasions be exactly alike. And in proportion as the aggregation is complicated by the addition of new and unlike parts will the results of any disturbance become more va ried and incalculable. If, instead of bodies placed in this loos mechanical dependence, you take a group held in more perma nent connection—say tied together by strings, as the bones are tied by muscles and ligaments—it will be equally manifest tha a disturbing force applied to one part will affect the others, no in a definite, but in an indefinite way; and that no second grou could be made so perfectly like the first that an equivalent dis turbance would produce exactly the same results. In organisms themselves this indefiniteness of mechanical reaction is clearly traceable. Two boys throwing stones will always more or less differ in their attitudes; as will two billiard-players, or two persons dealing out cards. The familiar fact that each individua has a characteristic gait illustrates the point very clearly. The rhythmical motion of the leg is simple, and on the Cuvierian hypothesis, should react upon the body in some uniform way. But in consequence of those slight differences of structure which consist with identity of species, no two individuals move the trunk and arms in exactly the same way: there is always a peculiarity recognisable by their friends.

When we pass to disturbing forces of a non-mechanical kind, the same truth becomes still more conspicuous. Expose several persons to a drenching storm; and while one will subsequently feel no appreciable inconvenience, another will have a cough, another a catarrh, another an attack of diarrhœa, another a fit of rheumatism. Vaccinate several children of the same age with the same quantity of virus, applied to the same part, and the symptoms will not be quite alike in any of them either in kind or intensity; and in some cases the differences will be extreme. The quantity of alcohol which will send one man to sleep will render another unusually brilliant—will make this maudlin, and that irritable—will here excite feelings of kindness, and there feelings of enmity. Opium will produce either drowsiness or

wakefulness: so will tobacco. And without further multiplying illustrations familiar to every one, we may repeat what we recently heard asserted by one of our most scientific physicians, that there is scarcely an influence brought to bear on the body but what may, under different circumstances, produce quite opposite effects.

Now in all these cases—mechanical and other—some force is brought to bear primarily upon one part of an organism, and secondarily upon the rest; and, according to the doctrine of Cuvier, the rest ought to be affected in some quite specific way. We find this to be by no means the case. The original change produced in one part does not stand in any necessary correlation with every one of the changes produced in the other parts; nor do these stand in any necessary correlation with each other. The functional alteration which the disturbing force causes in the organ directly acted upon, does not involve some *particular set* of functional alterations in the other organs; but will be followed by some one out of various sets. And it is a manifest corollary, that any *structural alteration* which may eventually be produced in the one organ, will not be accompanied by *some particular set of structural alterations* in the other organs: there will be no necessary correlation of forms.

The flaw in Cuvier's principle lies in assuming too specific a mutual dependence between the several parts of an organism. It is doubtless true, as he says, that "none of these parts can be changed without affecting the others." And were the members of any species *absolutely* alike in their minutest details, and always in *absolutely* the same constitutional state, then a change in any part must in every case be followed by one specific set of changes in the rest. But the absence of this absolute similarity vitiates his inference. The fact that no two individuals are exactly alike either in structure or state, involves the fact that the changes produced by any disturbing force will not be alike, but may be totally unlike. Just as delicately poised scales may, when shaken, preponderate either way, in virtue of some quite inappreciable difference; so, the organic equilibrium in two creatures of the same kind may, by the same disturbance, be overthrown in opposite directions, in consequence of those minute unlikenesses which exist in every case. And having had their organic equilibrium thus overthrown in opposite directions, a persistence of the disturbing cause may produce in them quite different sets of permanent organic changes.

Thus Palæontology must depend upon the empirical method. Necessary correlation cannot be substantiated. A fossil species that was obliged to change its food or habits of life, did not of necessity undergo the particular set of modifications exhibited; but under some slight change of predisposing causes—as of sea-

son or latitude—might have undergone some other set of modifications: the determining circumstance being one which, in the human sense, we call fortuitous.

We venture to think, then, that the deductive method greatly elucidates this vexed question in physiology; while at the same time our argument collaterally exhibits the limits within which the deductive method is applicable. For while we see that this extremely *general* question may be satisfactorily dealt with deductively, the conclusion at which we have arrived itself implies that the more *special* phenomena of organisation cannot be so dealt with.

With a brevity necessitated by our fast-diminishing space, we must draw attention to yet another method of investigating the general truths of physiology—a method to which physiology already owes one luminous idea, but which is not at present formally recognised as a method. We refer to the comparison of physiological phenomena with social phenomena.

The analogy between individual organisms and the social organism is one that has in all ages forced itself upon the attention of the observant. And though modern science does not countenance those crude ideas of this analogy which have been from time to time expressed since the days of the Greeks; yet it more and more tends to show that there *is* an analogy, and a very remarkable one. While it is becoming clear that there are no such special parallelisms between the constituent parts of a man and those of a nation as have been thought to exist; it is also becoming clear that the general principles of development and structure displayed in all organised bodies are displayed in societies also. The fundamental characteristic both of societies and of living creatures, is, that they consist of mutually dependent parts; and it would seem that this involves a community of various other attributes. Most men who have any acquaintance with the broad facts of both physiology and sociology, are beginning to recognise this community of attributes, not as a plausible fancy, but as a scientific truth. And we are strongly of opinion that the parallelism will by and by be seen to hold to an extent which few at present suspect.

Meanwhile, if any such parallelism exists, it is clear that physiology and sociology will more or less interpret each other. Each affords its special facilities for inquiry. Relations of cause and effect clearly traceable in the social organism may lead to the search for analogous ones in the individual organism, and may so elucidate what might else be inexplicable. Laws of growth and function disclosed by the pure physiologist may occasionally give us the clue to certain social modifications otherwise difficult to understand. If they can do no more, the two

sciences can at least exchange suggestions and confirmations; and this will be no small aid. The conception of "the physiological division of labour" which political economy has already supplied to physiology, is one of no small value. And the probability is that it has others to give.

In support of this opinion, we will now cite cases in which such aid is furnished. And, in the first place, let us see whether the facts of social organisation do not afford additional support to a doctrine set forth in the foregoing part of this article.

One of the positions we have endeavoured to establish is, that in animals the process of development is carried on, not by differentiations only, but by subordinate integrations. Now in the social organism we may see the same duality of process; and further, it is to be observed that the integrations are of the same three kinds. Thus we have integrations that arise from the simple growth of adjacent parts that perform like functions: as, for instance, the coalescence of Manchester and its calico-weaving suburbs. We have other integrations that arise when, out of several places producing a particular commodity, one monopolises more and more of the business, and leaves the rest to dwindle: as witness the growth of the Yorkshire cloth-districts at the expense of those in the west of England; or the absorption by Staffordshire of the pottery-manufacture, and the consequent decay of the establishments that once flourished at Worcester, Derby, and elsewhere. And we have those yet further integrations that result from the actual migration of the similarly-occupied parts: whence result such facts as the concentration of publishers in Paternoster Row, of lawyers in the Temple and neighbourhood, of corn-merchants about Mark Lane, of civil engineers in Great George Street, of bankers in the centre of the City. Finding thus that in the evolution of the social organism, as in the evolution of individual organisms, there are integrations as well as differentiations, and moreover that these integrations are of the same three orders, we have additional reason for considering these integrations as essential parts of the developmental process, needing to be included in its formula. And further, the circumstance that in the social organism these integrations are dependent on community of function, confirms the hypothesis that they are thus dependent in the individual organism.

From a confirmation thus furnished by sociology to physiology, let us now pass to a suggestion similarly furnished. A factory, or other producing establishment, or a town made up of such establishments, is an agency for elaborating some commodity consumed by society at large; and may be regarded as in some measure analogous to a gland or viscus in an individual organism. If now we inquire what is the primitive mode in which one of these

producing establishments grows up, we find it to be this. A single worker, who himself sells the produce of his labour, is the germ. His business increasing, he employs helpers—his sons or others; and having done this, he becomes a vendor not only of his own handiwork, but of that of others. A further increase of his business compels him to multiply his assistants, and his sale grows so rapid that he is obliged to confine himself to the process of selling; that is, he ceases to be a producer, and becomes simply a channel through which the produce of others is conveyed to the public. Should his prosperity rise yet higher, he finds that he is unable to manage even the sale of his commodities, and has to employ others, probably of his own family, to aid him in selling; that is, to him as a main channel are now added subordinate channels; and so on continuously. Moreover, when there grow up in one place, as a Manchester or a Birmingham, many establishments of like kind, this process is carried still farther. There arise factors and buyers, who are the channels through which are transmitted the produce of many factories; and we believe that primarily these factors were manufacturers who undertook to dispose of the produce of smaller houses as well as their own, and ultimately became salesmen only. Under a converse aspect, all the stages of this development have been within these few years clearly exemplified in our railway contractors. There are sundry men now living who illustrate the whole process in their own persons—men who were originally navvies, digging and wheeling; who then undertook some small sub-contract, and worked along with those they paid; who presently took larger contracts, and employed foremen; and who now contract for whole railways, and let portions to sub-contractors. That is to say, we have men who were originally workers, but have finally become the main channels out of which diverge secondary channels, which again bifurcate into the subordinate channels, through which flows the money (that is, the nutriment) supplied by society to the actual makers of the railway. Now it seems well worth inquiring whether this is not the original course followed in the evolution of secreting and excreting organs in an animal. We know that such is the process by which the liver is developed. Out of the group of bile-cells forming the germ of the liver, some centrally-placed ones, lying next to the intestine, are transformed into ducts through which the secretion of the peripheral bile-cells is poured into the intestine; and as the peripheral bile-cells multiply, there similarly arise secondary ducts emptying themselves into the main ones; tertiary ones into these, and so on. Recent inquiries show that the like is the case with the lungs,—that the bronchial tubes are thus formed. But while analogy suggests that this is the *origi-*

nal mode in which the organs of vegetative life are developed, it at the same time suggests that such does not necessarily continue to be the mode. For as we find that in the social organism manufacturing establishments are no longer commonly organised through the series of modifications above described, but now mostly arise by the direct transformation of a number of persons into master, clerks, foremen, workers, &c.; so the approximative method of forming organs, may in some cases be replaced by a direct metamorphosis of the organic elements into the destined structure, without any transitional structures being passed through. That there are organs thus formed is an ascertained fact; and the additional question which analogy suggests is, whether the direct method is substituted for the indirect method.

These parallelisms might be multiplied. And were it possible here to show in detail the close correspondence between the two orders of organisation, our case would be seen to have abundant support. But, as it is, these two illustrations will sufficiently justify our opinion that the study of organised bodies may be indirectly furthered by the study of the body politic: hints, at least, may be expected, if nothing more. And thus we venture to think that the Inductive Method, usually alone employed by physiologists, may not only derive important assistance from the Deductive Method, but that it may further be supplemented by what may be termed the Sociological Method.

Art. V.—UNSPIRITUAL RELIGION: PROFESSOR ROGERS.

Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of the "Eclipse of Faith." 2 vols. Longmans, 1857.

Mr. Rogers,* as a thankful critic tells us, has added many new weapons to the "defensive armory of Christendom." "Offensive" would have been as correct a term; but whether by his offensive or by his defensive guardianship of Christendom, we fear that he must, to all doubters, have very materially increased the difficulty of *getting in*. It is the great aim of this clever writer's books to defeat, countermine, and otherwise foil the assailants of Theism and Christianity. And for this end, professing to assail them with their own weapons, he does, in

* The reader will perceive at once, even if it were not implied in the preface, that R. E. H. Greyson is but an anagrammatic variation of Henry Rogers.

fact, assail them with what he has persuaded himself *would* his own weapons, if he could ever occupy their negative p tion. We need not say that the result is a war of the n barren, shallow, and weary kind. Mr. Rogers clearly has so where, in a secret and too often carefully-hidden corner of mind, some deeper springs of faith which attach him to Ch tianity. But in judging of his opponents and their position carefully chokes up this one outlet from his own mind i what is deeper and diviner; and then shows ostentatiou to the world what a close, narrow, shallow, quibbling, vul scoffing contentious remnant of human nature the mind t is thus robbed of its one deeper spring can become. No do the spectacle is impressive in the highest degree, nay, if take it rightly, extremely instructive. But when he prese this painful parody on scepticism as the only possible stand of all scepticism, he wins the natural reward of misrepresen tion, by making sceptics feel that it would be a dead spirit loss to change their weary doubt with any thing at least t is *apparent* in his confident Christianity. And we must a we should quite concur in this conclusion. We should t away perfectly hopeless from any form of scepticism in wh the horizon was so narrow, the thought so superficial, the de so small and clear, and the logic so shrill and triumphant where there were, in short, such poor shadows and such p lights,—as in the apologetic system which Mr. Rogers sets The "eclipsed" faith of his own controversial world is far m oppressive than the distress and perplexity of the grop minds he proposes to crush.

When we say, therefore, that we propose to take Mr. Roge book as an illustration of the most *unspiritual religion* of day, we do not mean by that phrase to convey any va notion that Mr. Rogers is not ideal enough for our tastes, t he looks too much to the historical side of faith, that he is philosophical and mystical, but concrete and easy to be unc stood; for we attach no such notions to the words 'spiritual' a 'unspiritual.' We simply mean this, that whatever religi subject he touches, he is tainted by the worst controversiali of the day in that he uniformly shows us how completely a successfully the lower currents of his own mind overpower *characteristic* tendencies of his theme; the most sacred in ences being deprived of their sacredness, that is, being, in most literal sense, *desecrated* by the individual treatment t receive. We regard that as the most spiritual religion wh takes its colouring most immediately from the spiritual c racter of God, and permits the least disturbing effect to private influences of individual self-will; in which the c

flicting passions and egotisms of human nature are most completely surrendered to the personal guidance of the Divine Spirit. We regard that as the most unspiritual religion in which the Spirit and power of God are most merged in the mere *idea* of God; in which the Divine character most seems a passive *conception* in the mind of the believer; in which religious ideas are most at the mercy of irreligious impulses; in which all the currents of reason and feeling are most completely independent of, and out of harmony with, the religious theme;—in one word, in which the Divine image is most completely a mere image, and not a power or a Life,—an image ruffled and tossed by every wave of human unrest, like the sun's disk upon a stormy sea. And it is strictly in this sense that we say Mr. Rogers's book approaches sadly near to a *type* of unspiritual religion, so far at least as the *effect* on the reader's mind goes; for of any thing deeper it would be as absurd as it would be presumptuous to judge. There are a few letters in it in a far better tone, which prove to us that Mr. Rogers's own faith is a great deal deeper than the arguments on which he would have others believe. But such letters are few; and the remainder of the work is on this account also more nearly a complete type of unspiritual religion, that there does not seem to be much, if any thing, in Mr. Rogers's system of belief of that merely *traditional* doctrinal delusion which represents a correct creed as a sufficient safeguard against a hard and arrogant faith. The unspiritual character of the book does not apparently arise from blind reliance upon any sort of orthodoxy as such, but from a self-confident temper, which seems to assure the author that on the sole condition of adopting Christianity he is at once justified in letting loose all his favourite habits of mind to bark in its defence, without waiting for any controlling power, or word of command, from the Master they profess to own.

We do not object to this book because it illustrates religious subjects in familiar and unexpected ways. All characteristic intellectual and moral powers may assuredly have full exercise under the influence of Religion, may be the highest organs of its expression. There was no lack of characteristic capacities in the great prophets and apostles of the Jewish nation; there has been no lack of characteristic capacities in the great Christian writers who have devoted every shade of genius and talent to the illustration of an influence which strove for voice within their hearts. Imagination and insight, logical reason and the genius for practical government, the powers of science and the powers of art, nay, in its turn, even the genial humour of powerful minds, have been employed by all great religious teachers—by Isaiah and St. Paul, Augustine and Bernard,

Raffaelle and Handel, Leibnitz and Newton, Luther and Co
ridge—to express and deepen their intense consciousness of t
personal Spirit of God. But all these powers, when religiou
employed, have been employed in one temper of mind,—
temper essentially belonging to the conviction that the groun
of spiritual life are in God, not in man; that our religion mu
overrule us, not we our religion. And it is this wide divergen
between the spiritual and unspiritual mode of using the sa
weapons that we intend to illustrate in the present paper.

Spiritual and unspiritual religion both consist in a tra
formation: the former, in a transformation of the various i
tractable impulses and desires of man into the likeness of Go
will; the latter, of the image of God's will into the likeness
the intractable impulses and desires of man. And the point
divergence occurs wherever men take their own faith as t
final transforming power, instead of looking directly to t
Spirit of God as the power which works the transformation—
power of infinitely wider reach, and of infinitely deeper infl
ence,—a power which can, indeed, work through our belief, b
often works without it, and, again, is often absent where huma
belief is in some sort most triumphantly present. Nay, so f
as we believe in our own belief, and let it take equal ra
amongst the other forces of our nature, it not only does n
elevate them, but adds to their disorders: as a kind of weal
of which the supply is not equal to the demand, a special gra
distinguishing the chosen few, it inspires holy exclusiveness
and while covering, to the private conscience, discovers alike
divine and human spectators "a multitude of sins." Faith
conceived, acts, in fact, as a kind of spiritual diploma, in th
serene consciousness of which a man has no fear of becoming
detected impostor; but there, on the calm heights, may co
spicuously kneel in prayer for the as yet unaccepted world. I
short, this delusion, that our human belief is commensura
with the spiritual influences of God,—nay, is a sure pledge, an
the only pledge, of those influences,—constitutes not merely th
essence of bigotry and pride, but almost all the other far fro
capricious peculiarities which distinguish the inquisitori
school of theological controversy. This it is which makes the
logians so eager to find, in marks of *bare power*, some ground
for God's authority quite distinct from His *character;* becaus
having an idolatrous regard for faith, they want to find som
iron foundation for it sufficiently unspiritual to remain u
shaken when God Himself is hidden from the heart. This to
it is which, by the imaginary gulf it opens between belief an
unbelief, between the stronghold of conviction and the desol
tion of doubt, engenders the scoffing spirit in the place of tha

genial laughter which interprets the weakness of others by the weakness not yet subdued within. And this, again, it is which, by narrowing the field of God's providence, and the infinitely various modes of His access to man's spirit, replaces the full considerate thought of comprehensive wisdom by the petty pride of logical alternative and the shallow raptures of ostentatious dilemma.

Mr. Rogers's book exemplifies, as we have said, very painfully all these characteristics of unspiritual religion. It is devoid of charity and humility. It sets up *belief* in the place of God. It teems with the implied notion that God is really non-existent wherever He is not recognised,—that He cannot deal with any one in any way without bringing him by such paths as those Mr. Rogers's understanding approves to the point that Mr. Rogers's understanding has reached. Spiritual doubts spring only from the weak and evil parts of man's nature according to this writer; none from the good. Now all large and genuine charity arises, and can only arise, from an intense depth of conviction that God is greater than man, and that what seems to us at first sight poor and evil in our fellow-men, may be, and often must be, in some way bound up with threads of good invisible to us. That is but spurious and maudlin charity which hesitates to condemn what it distinctly knows, and knows to be wrong. But it is of the essence of charity to *presume* that all the faith which men profess honestly and with cordial conviction is more or less a result of God's influence over their mind. If we believe in the Spirit of God, we must presume this; if we believe only in our own belief, we shall presume the contrary, unless what they affirm seems in accordance with that belief. Now, as a large part of what men express honestly and with a cordial sincerity, tested by much persecution, is of the nature of doubt, we ought to find that men's doubts, or at least what are doubts *in appearance*, spring very largely from the direct teaching of God. And accordingly we firmly believe that more false faith is removed by insight into doubt, more spurious confidence thereby sapped, more true trust eventually engendered through learning not only to hear but to sympathise with many of its grounds, than can ever be gained by entrenching yourself timidly or insolently in your own position. This is only another way of saying that the better part of all human doubt is only a latent species of moral trust, which is staggered by the rash and presumptuous formulæ of artificial theological systems. It is from the want of this conviction that thinkers like Mr. Rogers, *practically* at least, substitute belief in their own belief for belief in the universal influence of the Spirit, who ought to be the object of it. They prize their own belief; they be-

lieve it unassailable; they think that wherever God acts at all, they should recognise Him by this mark; they look out for that mark; if they do not see it, they scold and say, "God is not with you; on the contrary, corrupt human nature is with you; what you struggle to express is wholly opposite in nature to what I have attained; my belief is even more certain to me than any conviction I could possibly have that God has any part in your belief or no-belief; you are either a liar or an idiot." This is no exaggeration of the—uncharitableness, we will not say—but rather unlimited insolence, of temper which characterises this unspiritual religion. It is an insolence almost impossible to *mere* nature, an insolence essentially due to the artificial combination between natural arrogance and this evil idolatry of belief. It is the exaggerating of the native dogmatism of human nature, caused by fancying for oneself a private monopoly in God. It cannot but spring up, if one holds with equally absolute certainty that He is *not* present with another, and that He *is* endorsing one's own opinions. We quote the following letter from Mr. Rogers's new work in illustration of what we have been saying:

"My dear Sir,—I cannot offer a single word of apology to your 'secular' guest for what I said. You know he distinctly affirmed, in consistency with some of the 'secularist' authorities of our time, that he believed it was desirable to get rid of the conception of a presiding Deity under any possible modifications!—and that the absence of any such notion was more favourable to human virtue and morality than its presence. This opinion is asserted, as in some other atheistical works (all obscure enough, to be sure), so in a little one which proposes it as the 'task of to-day' to annihilate the—Deity! No doubt it will be the task of to-morrow also, and, I should think, the day after that. You will recollect, that when your 'secularist' acquaintance affirmed the above strange dogmas, I gave him a fair opportunity of retracting, by saying that if he merely meant that *such* a God as millions had worshipped,—a Belial, a Moloch,—an obscene and cruel Deity,——even a Venus or a Bacchus,—might possibly be as bad as none (or worse), many might agree with him; but if he meant *such* a Deity as implied perfection of wisdom, justice, power, and goodness, none but a liar or a madman would. He positively re-affirmed, however, his opinion that, under *any* modification, the idea of a God was pernicious; that Atheism was better than Theism; and particularly appealed to those great 'authorities' M. Comte, Mr. —— and Miss ——. It was then I said, if you recollect (what I still say, and am prepared to maintain), that I hold myself absolved from arguing with any one who can affirm that the idea of a perfectly holy, invisible, ever present, infallible Governor (sincerely entertained), is *more* unfavourable to virtue than the notion that there is no God at all; or that, so far as it has any conceivable bearing on human conduct, it can be other than auxiliary

to every imaginable motive to morality; that I was convinced, so long as the human intellect was constituted as it is, that the man who asserted such a paradox must be regarded by ninety-nine men out of every hundred as a liar, and that the hundredth would only shield him from *that* by supposing him *mad*. I still hold to every syllable of that declaration. It is impossible, constituted as we are, that we can believe any man other than a hypocrite or an idiot, who tells us that, if you *add* a motive or two motives *coincident* with ten others to these last, the whole will be diminished in force: that the supposition of an unseen judge over the *thoughts* as well as *actions*, and who will infallibly reward or punish them in accordance with what even your 'secularist' acquaintance himself *believes* to be true principles of human conduct, will be an impediment to right-doing! Would it not be just as easy to believe that two and two make five? . . . . . I am quite ready to argue with any candid atheist, if such there be (of which I have my doubts), as to whether there is a God or not; I am sure he will not descend to this sort of knavish or idiotic paradox. If sincere, he will say, 'Well, if there be *no* such God as you have described, so much the worse for the world. I admit *that;* one must confess that it is *desirable* there should be such a one; but that does not prove that there *is* one.' This is what I should call intelligent and candid; and the argument might go on. As to what he says of my want of charity—but let the man say what he pleases. If he be a liar, who would, and if an idiot, who could, reason with him? And that he is either one or the other, is beyond doubt with me. . . . . Yours very truly,

R. E. H. G."

Now did it ever occur to Mr. Rogers, that if almost all great minds have passed through a stage of the darkest scepticism, there must be not only a discipline in such scepticism, but such a discipline, that to some, at some periods of their career, it might well seem to be true that religion is wholly hurtful? Nay, are there not stages of mental and moral life in which religion *must* disappear altogether in order to become real and living in the future? If, instead of proclaiming from the heights of his supposed Christianity that this atheist was either a "liar or an idiot," Mr. Rogers had taken the pains to elicit the state of mind which could alone render such a paradox honest and real, might he not have gained something of valuable conviction, even for his own Christianity? At least we have met with those who, being neither liars nor idiots, have enunciated the same astounding paradox; and who, we deeply believe, were at that very time under the mysterious pressure of a Divine discipline. We could even conceive it most natural that the passage from a narrow and confidently selfish system of belief to that large and tasking form of Christianity, whose only infinite certainty is the unveiled holiness and love of God, should lie through such a period of vehement scepticism as this. For is

it not, in fact, good that some men should know what it is to the heart to believe itself *alone?* is it not even desirable that *if* man could find his highest purity and virtue in self-reliance, he should do so? is it not a most Divine discipline that he should be robbed, not only of the "motives" to virtue which religion gives, but of the living help which trust gives, if he can indeed fancy himself a self-dependent being? Is he not even *better* when he is trying for himself how firmly he can walk alone through the dark mystery of life, than when leaning only on the false supports of a selfish and degraded theology? And may not the destined experiences of that "dim and perilous way" teach him something truer far of the spiritually-dependent nature of man,—of what he has falsely mistaken for God,—of what God really is,—than Mr. Rogers himself can ever learn while he kicks against the pricks of Atheism, and instead of striving to see whether that too may not sometimes be a Divine as well as a Satanic discipline, brutally offers an opponent his choice between the epithets of a "liar" or an "idiot"?

To us Mr. Rogers and his school seem to evince a most melancholy ignorance of the true meaning and history of doubt, when they meet it as they do. Were they devil's advocates, they could do no better. To jeer and taunt a doubter with the shallowness of his thoughts, even if they be shallow, can have but one of two effects—to scare him into apparent concession without solving his real perplexity; or to fortify him in his resistance, not from any deeper appreciation of his own position, but from irritation at yours. The insolent method proceeds, as we have said, from complete distrust that God's realities are any wider or more various than the self-confident understanding of man. Now the method which is really pursued with our minds, if dogmatists would only take the trouble to note it, is totally opposite. Often, no doubt, temporary scepticisms do arise in moral weakness, as well as in moral strength. But in all cases we are made to feel and sound the whole depth of our doubts before there is any progress to their removal. We are not dragged away from them, or mocked out of them, by the spiritual providence of God. We are taught *all* they mean before we are taught the true solution. Superficial doubt becomes real and searching before it passes away. Real and searching doubt itself often brings on, or else is guided into, a practical crisis in the outward life before it is laid to rest. At the very time when the coarse and insolent theologian is telling the sceptic that his brains "must be a mere lump of cotton-wool,"* or that his difficulty is of no account whatever "in the estimation of any body who does not deserve to be shut

* Vol. ii. p. 328.

up in Bedlam,"* the spiritual experience of life may often be expressly adapted to exhaust and then solve the problem by which He whom the theologian professes to confess and defend has tasked and disciplined the sceptic's mind; and it is well if the arrogance of man do not counteract, or at least weaken, the efficacy of the inward experience prepared by God. It is this mean assumption, that the petty moulds of our own faith define and limit the spiritual activity of the Divine object of faith, which makes us so eager to check and punish, instead of adopting and pursuing, the line of thought by which for the first time the doubter's mind has been brought into any real contact with the spiritual world. If we really believed that God had any intercourse at all with the sceptic's mind as well as with our own, we should look upon genuine doubt as the first stirrings of genuine trust; and instead of practising the stifling art of such controversialists as Mr. Rogers, should learn from Socrates that the first great step is to make a man hold his doubts clearly and seriously, to bring them into really articulate life, to let him see their full depth, and be fairly haunted by their practical urgency; and then perhaps, but not till then, might we be able to help him to realise where the answer to those doubts had been revealed. The scolding theology of modern orthodoxy is mainly engaged in striving against the very Spirit for whose honour it is so bitter—in resisting the spiritual unfolding of difficulties which it is, in truth, its duty to assist. The reason why half the faith of Christendom is so hollow and valueless, is to be found in the mistrust of theologians lest no sounding-line, however divine, should be able to fathom the depths of honest doubt. At least they act as if the kingdom of God depended on their penning-in intellects of every kind and depth between some miserable and wearisome logical alternatives, by which they fancy their own convictions have been guided. That is, they believe in a God as large and no larger than their own capacity for faith; and hence they are never led to see whether or not, perhaps, that small capacity might be enlarged.

Mr. Rogers apparently has a conviction that the reception of Christianity is not caused by a Divine Spirit working *with and in* human nature,—subduing it into its most perfect harmony,—answering its own deepest wants,—bracing with new strength its own highest powers; but working *against* it, as he himself does,—irritating its pride, browbeating its natural faiths, disappointing its hopes with the bitterest irony of Providence, and silencing by the mere stentorian force of loud omnipotence its indigenous doubt. This is what he says of the Bible:

* Vol. ii. p. 329.

"You cannot say that 'The Book has not given you every *advantage*;' for never was there one which more irritates the pride and prejudices of mankind, which presents greater obstacles to its reception, morally and intellectually;—so that it is amongst the most unaccountable things to *me*, not that it should be rejected by some, but that it should be accepted by any. 'It is, I grant,' said an old Deist, 'a very strange thing that Christianity should be embraced; for *I* do not perceive in myself any inclination to receive the New Testament.' *There* spake, not Deism only, but HUMAN NATURE."

The same doctrine he repeats with emphasis in other places. Christianity, he tells us, goes "desperately against the grain of human nature;" and his own writings seem in this respect to be a humble attempt to imitate this feature in his conception of Christianity. "The theories," he tells us in another place, "of Christianity and Deism are *antipodal;*" and hence clearly his attempt to identify himself exclusively with that form of Christianity which recognises least truth, and least desire for truth, in every system which it regards as extra-Christian. He seems to think that Christianity was given, not "that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed," but that they might be suppressed and suffocated; and assumes in all his controversy that it must be by choice and of set purpose, not from any inward constraint, if any man find difficulties in the Christian evidences,—a purpose which must be put down by "strong" measures.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—That the writer of the note you have enclosed should talk of the 'dry repellent character' of the discussions involved in the question of the truth of Christianity, and say that they are more likely to make infidels than to reclaim them, is not wonderful; for he is evidently almost an infidel already—at least inclined to be one; and I never knew any young gentlemen so inclined that could not, like most people whose wills have bribed their understandings, find arguments to suit them. But that *you* should seem to give any countenance to the nonsense that is talked on the subject in the present day does, I confess, surprise me. You fear, you say, that so much 'thorny' argument as to the 'evidences,'—canvassing the historic truth of the miracles, replying to objections, harmonising 'discrepancies,' and so forth,—tends rather to nurse scepticism than to cure it; and that you 'half feel' with him on the subject. It is very natural that *he* should endeavour to evade the only mode in which, in his present condition, you can reach him;—I say the only mode; for try the other arguments on which you, and I, and every other Christian lay so much more stress than on *any* external evidence, and you will soon see how easily he will turn their edge aside. Meantime there are others he cannot evade; and he is, of course, for getting rid of them, very naturally, by this *coup-de-main;* and, by the way, *if* those arguments are thorny and intricate, he and those like him have, for their own purposes, mainly contributed to render them so. I never knew a sceptic who,

in discussing the general historic evidences, did not instantly take refuge in minute 'objections' and petty 'discrepancies;' which, however little they can affect the main points at issue, necessitate, of course, plenty of wrangling, nay, all the more for their very minuteness; and the more of such objections your adversary can discover, and the greater the intricacy of the statements which his own pertinacity renders necessary, the better he is pleased."

We do not wonder, therefore, that this being Mr. Rogers's own conception of his antagonists, he should attribute the same relative position to the revealing Spirit and the receiving minds of human beings,—that, in fact, he should consider Christianity in the light, more of a disagreeable medicine than a Gospel, administered by the benevolent compulsion of God to reluctant humanity. But the day when such a conception could have been generally accepted, if it ever were, is now long past. To the Jew, no doubt, the revelation of the purposes of God was conceived of as, in a measure, *absolute*,—as independent of his own fears or cravings,—as a Voice from the great darkness of Omnipotence, to be listened to and obeyed. But even the Jew had the strongest feeling that this voice did not merely overrule but refreshed the true nature within him, *answered* rather than silenced his questionings when he was overpowered by the mysteries of the national destinies, and made him feel that nothing true within him was crushed, but every thing elevated by the life of obedience to that Divine teaching. And assuredly St. Paul expressed the general yearning of both Jew and Gentile when he said, that the "creation groaned and travailed" for the birth of Christianity; that its new knowledge and its new power were not useful and wholesome remedies forced on reluctant minds, but a Divine fountain, springing up after long expectation to assuage the burning thirst of nations and of centuries. Had St. Paul thought with Mr. Rogers that in the words, "I perceive in myself no inclination to receive the New Testament," HUMAN NATURE itself was speaking, he would scarcely have spoken with so much confidence, to an audience of Greek philosophers, of all nations as "seeking the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him," or have proved that confidence by his eagerness to proclaim, alike to the rude idolaters of Lycaonia, the trained intellects of Athenian schools, the Jewish people and king, Roman præfects, the Roman emperor, and the Spanish barbarians, truths which Human Nature, as such, had neither longing nor inclination to accept. And if this were so *then*, assuredly every century of the subsequent eighteen has made it more and more, not only true, but obvious, that the deepest evidence of all Divine truth is in the intimations and cravings of the ordinary human heart. As human history un-

folds, it becomes more and more obvious that wants which seem completely finite and earthly often break their limits by the force of an inward and irrepressible inspiration, and give their witness for a spiritual world,—that the most patient and plodding industry will burst into the most passionate excitement if denied the sense of a spiritual freedom it would never practically desire to *use*,—that the disinterested social and political ties for which men suffer and die absorb a larger and larger proportion of the most ordinary daily duties,—that even the lowest and commonest of human appetites acquire by their association with politics and science countless associations and ties with deathless Art, with the ceaseless success and endeavour of the human intellect, with the greatness of spiritual virtues and spiritual sins, with the belief in infinite suffering, the agony of despair, and the joy of trust. It is literally true that, as human history goes on, spiritual disorders and wants descend deeper and deeper into the core of physical life; responsibilities are distributed over society at large which were concentrated on one or two points,—and are not only distributed, but more generally understood and felt; the social and political bearings of individual selfishness or unselfishness are more and more deeply realised; spheres of life that were formerly conceived as totally unconnected with the spiritual world, are now seen to be poisoned by spiritual rather than physical diseases; poetry and art penetrate more and more homely retreats, drawing out every where the latent forces of voluntary evil and good, and the full expressiveness of human beauty and deformity: even our very laughter comes from fuller springs than that of the ancient world, and has in it a deeper consciousness of all that human nature seeks to be, and all that it is. In short, the craving for a Divine religion that arises in *strictly* human inclinations—in the unsatisfied tossings of human desire and want and emotion—in the fever of restless thought, driven on to ask for infinite satisfaction, and finding only finite—in the gnawing sense of unreality and insincerity that accompanies all temporary pleasures and all temporary aims,—was never so deeply felt as in the present day. If ever there were a time when it was simply false to say that human nature, as such, has "no inclination" to receive Christianity, it is now. And certainly there never was a time when it was so hopeless to force any revelation on it from without that is not first dimly shaped forth within; for there never was a time in which, taking it in its largest sense, human nature had so much faith in *itself*. Even Atheism clings vainly and passionately to this faith; and glorifies and worships the *Etre Suprême* of humanity,—the *Einheit des Menschengeschlechts*,—after it has discarded God. And this is no sign of mere degra-

dation, but the last remnant of a true devotion. It is because even Atheism sees that a spirit draws men into one national or universal unity, of a diviner and *more* human kind than any which divides and sets them at variance, that it desires to worship humanity at large, and recoils from the notion that each should separately worship himself. And we are perfectly sure that no religion, and no so-called phase of Christianity, has the slightest chance of universal reception in the present day, which strives to bear down and silence, as Mr. Rogers would, the spiritual testimony of human nature, taken in its strictest sense, to the religious wants and pains and hopes which are already fermenting there, and which only need to be quickened into clear responsible knowledge by Divine affirmation given through the external history of man. Unless a universal Divine spirit be recognised as living *in* man, there will be no chance of recognising any as living *above* man; no revelation would be credible from a Divine king that did not reveal also the long-brooding thoughts of a Divine humanity. We do not know whether Mr. Rogers could not find some way of providing room for this concession; but we do know that almost all his writings in spirit contradict it. In his "Eight Letters to a Deist," for instance, in the present volume, his sole object is to insult Deism by an exposure of its imbecility; and to a perplexed Deist who should answer, "All this may be very true; but by showing me that I don't believe enough to have any influence with the world, you do not show me that the influence which more popular faiths have is *legitimate*,"—the natural and practical difficulty that any profound sceptic would feel,—no answer is either made or attempted. Mr. Rogers cares not at all to start from common ground, and bring men on to a higher level; his only care is to make them feel as uncomfortable and wretched as possible on the ground they occupy. He scoffs at an atheist in the vulgarest manner for affirming that "truth never in the end did any body any harm," and that "instinct tells him so;" whereas any theologian who believed more deeply in the Spirit of God than in his own patent for demonstrating that Spirit would have seen at once in such an assertion the stirrings of a diviner faith, and the point of departure from which a diviner faith might have been elicited. Had Christianity been really revealed in the way in which Mr. Rogers would now help to reveal it, it would have begun by enforcing on all men, except the Jews, that they believed nothing at all, and had no capacity for judging even of what they wanted to believe,—in fact, by asking contemptuously for the surrender of all the groundless faith they had; and would then have presented them, as offensively as possible, with a series of confessedly offensive truths, demonstrated by thunder-claps of power

and by an appeal to their coming preternatural success. Was it thus, or by the fascination and development of all the faith that the world still retained, that Christ and his apostles riveted the ears of Jew and Greek and Roman? Had they argued with the unbelieving nations in the *spirit* in which Mr. Rogers argues with deists and atheists, and yet with the marvellous *force* they actually displayed, they would have produced a mighty recoil into passionate and rebellious Atheism instead of the renovation of the whole western world.

What we have, termed unspiritual religion has commonly another characteristic, which is, in truth, only a deeper form of that want of faith, and consequent want of large spiritual charity, of which we have been speaking. A belief which narrows the spiritual agency of God to the narrow channels it has already sounded and marked out for itself, has neither power nor patience to estimate anxiously the deeper grounds of other men's difficulties, or to go with them their full mile of common road before breaking off into the diverging path of private opinion. But this narrowness of spiritual trust often generates a still more marvellous characteristic of theological discussion. It shows the excessive unreality of much religious conviction, that, even in discussing the grounds of all reality,—the very nature and living influences of God,—nothing is more common than to catch eagerly at the mere accidental weaknesses of an opponent's *statement*, as distinguished from his *meaning*, so as to achieve a logical victory over his form of expression without touching the body of his thought. That sane men should profess to believe in the universal Spirit of God, and yet in controversy concerning that Spirit should ever be glad to stop short of encountering an opponent's *fullest* thought, is perhaps the most extraordinary example in existence of the power which men possess to distort the spiritual world into the image of their own littleness. Of course there is no full consciousness of the self-deception; a logical fencer strikes too eagerly at the weak point to consider whether the victory he gains is one of words or of thoughts. But this is just the very sign that his creed is in fact only a beaten track of thought in his own mind, not a trust which goes *out* of himself into a real reliance upon God. If the object be to measure intellectual strength with an adversary, of course the detection of a deficiency in *expression* is of some moment. But if the object be, by comparing mutually a real mental experience, to obtain a clearer insight into what God's ways with us are, a theologian would be eager to strengthen by every means in his power the force of his opponent's case, that he might as fully as possible reach that mental reality in which alone the Divine Spirit could have had any pr[illegible]on. It is a sure sign that a man's religion is rather

a codified mass of opinions concerning God than a personal relation, or even a *desire* for personal relation, to Him, if he be not eager to remove as completely as possible the film of confusion which words interpose between the religious life of men and any thoughtful comparison of the convictions to which that life gives rise. If controversialists had any deep trust that God were really with them *all*, they would be much more anxious than they are to get over imperfections of expression in order to grasp the reality behind. Look at the skill and patience with which in human affairs any one who believes that there is something of *real fact* to elicit, and is eager to elicit it, will question and cross-question, and probe the very depths of another's memory. And ordinary religious controversy shows its real unspirituality in this, that the disputant has not, in fact, the slightest conviction that there is any background of *fact* to elicit; he does not really believe God has any living relation at all to the mind of others, and therefore he makes no effort to see what that relation is. He simply wishes to confute a troublesome opinion; he conceives it is all matter of distant *inference*, not of moral *experience;* he avails himself eagerly of weak exposition, because, while he has no belief that thorough and fair exposition would add in the least to the data or premises in dispute, he has a very just and rational belief that it would give him a great deal more trouble; and hence the rareness of bold and eager thought in theological controversy. You see it in science, because each party really assumes that the other also is in contact with the *facts*, though perhaps judging of them hastily. You see it in psychological and moral disputes, because again the same capacity for personal observation and study is conceded, and the object is really to arrive at what the other has got a certain hold of, and reconcile it with what we ourselves have a certain hold of, and not to compare the arbitrary meanderings of the vaguest possible inferences from the vaguest possible data. But you do not see it in theology, because so few fairly admit that there is any living spring of *independent* conviction in every distinct mind; so that the boldness and eagerness which are in place in any real collision with *facts*, are utterly out of place when you only see a new combination of troublesome words without any new combination of realities. It is the absence of true faith in a universally Revealing Mind that destroys altogether the only possible *field* of theological discussion, since only phantom combatants can fight in phantom lists. Did we believe that all have the same *access* to the Divine Mind as ourselves, we must recognise in all religious impressions and difficulties that have the stamp of profound *sincerity* at least *indications* of approach to some pro-

found *reality*. It is only unspiritual religion that can care to criticise and triumph over logical forms of error, instead of trying to appreciate the facts which those logical forms more or less inarticulately express.

This seems to us, however, to be the pervading fault of Mr. Rogers's writings. He is not, we think, consciously unfair, but excessively *unreal;* grappling with the hasty statements instead of the mental tendencies of his opponents; impatient to confute and to trample upon an adversary, utterly careless as to the comprehension of his fullest meaning. The tone of the letters in this book is enough at once to convince any one that he does not strive to understand before he answers. The blows fall thick on the weakest points of weak assailants; and he triumphantly quells objections which may very likely be real, but certainly are not adequate, exponents of deep popular perplexities on the subject of religion. He has not the smallest conviction that there can be any spiritual depth and reality in an antagonistic opinion, which he ought first to take pains to apprehend; he despises it, he derides it, he "exposes" it *from outside* before he has tried to feel its full significance. Nothing, for example, can be much more disgusting than the following portion of a letter to a younger friend on the philosophy of prayer. Directly a real spiritual difficulty is started, Mr. Rogers sets up just such a hue and cry as if he were a slave-catcher sighting a runaway negro, instead of a theologian grappling with the most mysterious of all subjects; and in place of desiring to see into the depths of the perplexity, he seems to dance round it with half-ferocious exultation, discharging blunt missiles at it from time to time.

"My dear Youth,—I have heard (need I say with dismay?) from your relative, and my dear friend, Mr. W —, that you have become such a 'philosopher' as to have discovered the inutility of all 'prayer,' and that you have resolved to give it up!

Pardon me for saying, that it would have been better if you had given up your 'philosophy'—*such* philosophy, I mean; for it is a 'philosophy falsely so called.' True philosophy demands no such sacrifice; and I hope, from the regard you have for me, you will at least read with patient attention what I have to say to you.

Philosophy! why, my dear youth, one *fact*, which, I am told, you acknowledge to be still a *puzzle* to you, is enough to show that a genuine philosophy,—the philosophy of Bacon,—the philosophy you profess to revere so much,—distinctly condemns your conclusion as utterly *un*philosophical. You confess, it seems, that seeing the clear inutility of prayer, from the impossibility of supposing God to contravene the 'order of antecedents and consequents,' or to infringe His own laws (of all which babble by and by), it is to you a great 'puzzle' that the overwhelming majority of the race in all ages,—of philosophers and

peasants,—of geniuses and blockheads,—of the refined and the vulgar,—the bulk even of those who plead for the doctrine of 'moral necessity' itself,—have contended for the propriety, the efficacy, the necessity of prayer! that man, in trouble, seems naturally to resort to it! that, for the most part, it is only in prosperity that those who deny its value can afford to do so; that when they come to a scene of distress, or a deathbed, even they, in the greater number of cases, break out,—if they believe, as you do, in a presiding deity at all,—into cries for help, and supplications for mercy; just as naturally as they weep when sorrowful, or rejoice when happy!

You call these facts a *puzzle;* they seem a curious example of human 'inconsistency,'—of the tardiness of man to embrace a genuine philosophy! Ha! ha! ha!

I fancy there is another explanation that smacks a little more of a *genuine* philosophy. Surely, if the great bulk of mankind, all their lives long, whimsically admit in theory the propriety and efficacy of prayer, even while they daily neglect it in practice,—if multitudes, who would *like* very well to have a burdensome and unwelcome duty which they neglect proved to be no duty at all, are still invincibly convinced that it is such,—must not a genuine inductive philosophy confess that such a concurrence of wise and vulgar, of philosophy and instinct, and all too against seeming interest and strong passions,—is an indication that the *constitution of human nature itself* favours the hypothesis of the efficacy and propriety of prayer?—and if so, ought not that to be taken into account in your philosophy? *I* contend that it is decisive of the controversy, if you are really to philosophise on the matter at all. Meantime it seems, you account it merely a great *puzzle*, amidst that *clear demonstration* you have, of the inutility and absurdity of prayer!

If you say, 'I have confessed it is a puzzle; what does it prove?' I answer, 'Prove? my fine fellow; why it proves *this*,—that *the* fact which ought to determine your philosophy on this question is against you. Yes;—*the* fact which a Bacon would take principally into account, utterly refutes you. Stick fairly to your *induction*, and I will give you leave to infer as long as you will. The facts you call a 'puzzle' prove that the normal constitution of human nature pleads distinctly both for the propriety and efficacy of prayer. Such facts say as plainly of man he was made to do this or that,—it is his *nature* to do this or that,—as the fire to burn or the sun to shine."

And when at length he vouchsafes a reply to his opponent's difficulty, it is this:

"Let us suppose—and I am confident I may defy you to disprove it—(I indeed believe it is the absolute truth), that amongst other 'prearrangements' of Divine wisdom, and to the maintenance of which, therefore, all that 'immutability' on which you found so much is pledged,—it has been decreed that prayer shall be one of the indispensable conditions of the stable enjoyment of God's favour; let us suppose He has decreed, and for ever, that only *he* shall be truly happy, get what

he hopes, and receive what he needs, who seeks 'His face;'—let us suppose, I say, all this (and I am very certain you cannot show its improbability or absurdity), what then? Why just this, that if this *be* a condition of the Divine conduct towards us, if it *be* one of the 'wise prearrangements,' one of the 'unvarying laws,' your philosophy, my young friend, is still very true, but unluckily confutes your conclusion: I have introduced, you see, but another of your pleasant antecedents, and your little syllogism holds no longer."

After this explanation, which he offers as, in his conviction, the absolute truth, Mr. Rogers goes on to explain, that this "antecedent condition" of Divine favour—prayer—may therefore be regarded as in the nature of a "peppercorn-rent" to God for all his blessings.

"I have not thought it of moment to reply to the logical refinement sometimes urged, that even if it be granted that prayer is an indispensable *pre-condition* of the Divine favour, its inefficacy as a *proper cause* may still be maintained; for I am convinced that you would not urge it seriously. As to the *event*, it is all one, and I do not think it worth while to discuss such subtleties.

If a man were to offer you an estate on the payment of a peppercorn-rent (and our 'prayers' are worth not so much to the Deity), it is certain that the man's bounty, and not the peppercorn, would be the *cause* of your good fortune; but as without the peppercorn you would be without the estate, I imagine you would have little inclination to chop logic with him about its being 'causal' or otherwise."

We certainly have seldom read a theological argument showing so utter a want of moral appreciation of the thought, so painful and contemptuous a disposition to mere logical fencing. To us, at least, the difficulty is left just where it was; but by the closing illustration presented in the harshest possible form. It is the oppression of the thought that man's eager life, his love, his anguish, his piercing cries, *are* mere "pre-arranged conditions," "peppercorn-rents" to the great proprietor of the universe—hinges in an inexorable system of pre-established forces—inevitabilities in one vast frame of inevitability,—which robs us wholly of the desire to pray. If communion with God be not the free interchange of a living trust for a living love, if it be not a voluntary appeal looking for a voluntary reply, if the imploring agony be a mere flash of vital forces pre-ordained to precede a fixed proportion of the Divine blessings, if, in short, individual prayers do not individually affect the Divine Spirit except as determinate signals in a mighty plan upon the appearance of which an act of love becomes due,—then, we say, the true difficulty remains, that with such a conviction intensely stamped upon the mind, it would be totally impossible to pray. Prayer can never be the fulfilment of a "pre-arranged condition," the "payment

of a peppercorn-rent," without utterly ceasing to be prayer. It is, and can only be, possible on the assumption that it is a real influence with God; that whether granted or denied, it is *efficient* as an expression of our spiritual want and resolution; that the breath of power which answers it is a living response, and, like all living responses, the free utterance of the moment, not the pre-ordained consequent waiting for a pre-ordained antecedent; that there is a sphere beyond all necessary law, in which both the Divine and human life are not constrained by immutable arrangements, but *free*. This, we say, is the only intellectual assumption on which prayer can be a natural act; and though any intellectual assumption at all is far from needful to most persons in a sphere of being so mysterious, it is the only one which meets the real moral perplexity which the opening reason of man will frequently start. Whether Mr. Rogers's reply be true or false, it leaves the real heart of the spiritual problem quite untouched, while attaining a barren victory over its logical form.

We will quote only one other instance of the same kind, though the writings of our author seem to us to present instances on almost every religious subject he touches: it is on the subject of the Atonement, and is, we are glad to say, free from the vulgar jocularity which disfigures so much of the theological disquisition in these volumes. The faith of Mr. Rogers requires that Christ's *suffering* should be regarded as, for some reason or other, a real *substitute* for human suffering, and an indispensable condition to God's forgiveness. He argues on it thus:

"We can only reason a little way; but as far as we *can* reason, I do not flinch from saying that every *fact* we know is against the theory of your simple unconditional forgiveness.

We can but reason in reference to a subject so vast, and in all its bearings so infinitely transcendental to our comprehension, by *analogy*. Now it is certain, that in any moral government with which we are acquainted, or of which we can form any conception,—in any government whose subjects are ruled by *motives* only, and where *will* is unconstrained,—the principle of the prompt unconditional pardon of crime on profession of repentance and purpose of amendment would be most disastrous; as we invariably see it is in a family, in a school, in a political community. Now, have we any reason to believe that in a government most emphatically *moral*,—a government of which all the moral governments with which we are acquainted are but imperfect imitations, and which are, indeed, founded on a very partial application of the laws which a perfect moral government implies,—similar easy good-natured lenity would be attended with less ruinous effects? If we have none, then, since we cannot think that God's government will or can *cease* to be moral, or that He ever will physically constrain His creatures to be happy or holy,—indeed the very notion involves a contradiction in terms,—would not the proposed course of universally

pardoning guilt on profession of penitence prove in all probability most calamitous? Let us, then, suppose (no difficult thing) that God foresaw this;—that such a procedure would be of pernicious consequences, not to this world only, but, for aught we know, to many; that it would diminish His authority, relax the ties of allegiance, invite His subjects to revolt, make them think disloyalty a trivial matter? If so,—and I defy you to prove that it may not be so,—then would there not be benignity as well as justice, mercy as well as equity, in refusing the exercise of a weak compassion which would destroy more than it would save? Let us suppose further, that knowing all this, God knew also that His yearning compassion for lost and guilty man might be safely gratified by such an expedient as the Atonement; that so far from weakening the bonds of allegiance, such an acceptance of a voluntary propitiation would strengthen them; that it would flash on all worlds an indelible conviction no less of His justice than of His mercy—of His justice, that He could not pardon without so tremendous a sacrifice; of His mercy, that He would not, to gratify it, refrain even from this; that it would crush for ever that subtle sophism so naturally springing in the heart of man, and which gives to temptation its chief power—that God is too merciful to punish;—I say, if all this be so,—and I fancy you will find it difficult to prove that it *may* not be so,—does not the Atonement assume a new aspect? Is it any longer chargeable with absurdity or caprice? May it not be justly pronounced a device worthy of Divine wisdom and benignity? Is it not calculated to secure that which is its proposed end?—at once to make justice doubly venerable and mercy doubly dear?—justice more venerable, that it could not be lightly assuaged; mercy more dear, that it would be gratified though at such a cost?"

We take it that the real difficulty sincerely felt by most Christians who have doubted or rejected the doctrine of Christ's vicarious sufferings is here completely evaded; for the analogy drawn from human affairs has two main features: one, that it grounds the necessity for inflicting suffering before granting pardon on the uncertain nature of human *professions* of penitence; the other, that it grounds the same necessity on the danger that any omission to vindicate the majesty of law on those who have *themselves really* transgressed it, will bring the law itself into less respect. Now neither of these points of analogy have the slightest application to the case in point: for, with regard to the first, no one ever ventured to say that Christ's sufferings could redeem any uncertain or superficial penitence from its full spiritual burden of misery. There is no difficulty with God in judging that which no human court of justice dare attempt to determine; and if some absolute infliction of pain somewhere be only needful in human courts to provide for the countless cases where professed penitence is insincere or incomplete, it would not be needful before a Divine tribunal at all,

since half-penitents must suffer until they are thoroughly changed in heart, and true penitents need suffer no more. And, on the second and deeper point, that pardon could only be conditional on some display of the just severity of the law, lest the law itself should lose its awfulness,—the reply is clear that the law is not vindicated, but broken anew, by the substitution of one who has not violated it for those who had. If it is sin against the law to pardon the guilty, it is no less sin against the law to inflict suffering on the innocent; and to add that infliction to the remission of a penalty that is duly incurred, is to double the transgression of the majesty of offended law, not to cancel it. The simple truth is, that though it is one of the deepest laws of human society that we should bear each other's burdens—that when "one member suffers all the members suffer with it"—that there is no such thing as the isolation of a sin, or even of the misery that proceeds in widening circles, though with slackening force, from every centre of sin,—though it is the law of human fellowship that the good must suffer with the guilty (and the more willingly the higher they are in goodness), as *the price of that fellowship*,—yet this is not a law of vicarious *punishment*, a law by which the penalty *proper to sin* is borne by one who has not committed that sin, but rather a law which intensifies a hundredfold instead of removing, the sense of social responsibility, and consequently the burden of social guilt. And so the sufferings of Christ have, we believe, never truly lightened a single fear of the guilty mind by any suggestions of subtraction from the penalty in store; but rather, by revealing the true law of the social unity of humanity, have increased those fears a hundredfold. It is only by rendering true penitence *possible*, by emancipating us from the despair of human weakness through the revelation of a Divine power in whose might we may trample on sin and death, not by cancelling any balance of suffering due to us *after* true penitence, that the death of Christ can set us free. Nothing ever can, or ever ought, to dissuade the human heart from believing, that if once it can be utterly and profoundly penitent, a free pardon from God is *certain*, and always was certain, and needed no "forensic arrangement" of any sort to make it more certain. But how to attain that true penitence without the revelation of a triumphant power close to and even participating in our sense of human helplessness was the great problem;—the answer to which has been parodied in the hideous and pagan theory that infinite justice must inflict some punishment *somewhere* for every violation of law, but whether on the offender or on a voluntary proxy is comparatively unimportant. Mr. Rogers, as usual, has glanced at the most superficial aspect of the difficulty, and not at-

tempted to realise the essential meaning of objectors. What is not usual, however, in these volumes, he has glanced at it without a scoff.

We have now discussed and illustrated at some length the temper of that unspiritual religion which fixes the eye rather on private demonstrations of God and of His revelation than on God Himself and the substance of His revelation; which is so occupied with its fancied monopoly in the art of defending God's ways, that it forgets the great object of faith in the expertness of its endeavours to fortify the approaches; and which never practically realises that all private modes of believing are, if God be a living and universal Father, liable to indefinite enlargement by studying the infinite variety of His spiritual dealings with *others*. The same general temper seems to debase so remarkably the intellectual character of one or two special faculties, that we must call attention to its influence in degrading the *humour*, and in degrading the *logic*, of minds naturally not without considerable keenness and vigour, as in the case of the author before us.

There is a *humour* which may be truly said to be religious, though you rarely see it in professedly religious writers. Men with a keen sense of spiritual and supernatural realities have not always a keen sense of the minute and physical realities of life. It is the strange blending of common sense and deep insight—of the consciousness of the little petty things we have to do, and the consciousness of the marvellous supernatural universe of life which has prepared and surrounds and follows the condition of things in which we do them,—it is the measuring the detail of the moment by the purposes of eternity—which fills us with a humour of which we should be incapable were we not capable of a religion. We smile at the child whose growing pleasure in natural beauty and matured pleasure in sweet tastes urge it to store up its gingerbread for consumption in some pleasant spot—on an island-stone in the favourite brook, or in the romantic solitude of a hollow tree;—and yet all keen sense of the supernatural, if combined with what we term strong common sense, gives rise to delightful or painful incongruities of exactly the same nature. If the two are not brought into connection, you are liable either to the unreality of good sense, as it is called, which shuts out from small and common acts their intellectual and spiritual horizon; or to the unreality of an exaggerating and didactic ethics which ignores their paltry and trivial side; or else to the one-sided inspiration which, in the prophet or the bard, loses the eager grasp of human things in the mysterious vision proper to a higher world. There is no writer of the present day who has exhibited

so deep a genius for this intellectual humour connected with religious insight as Mr. Carlyle. We do not consider him an eminently religious writer, for his religion is far more imaginative and intellectual than personal and moral; nor do we consider him at all a practical writer, for his *judgment* is not proportioned to his *hold* on the facts of life, and he does not distinguish for us things we had confused before, but rather indefinitely magnifies the *colours*—the general tone of feeling—in the subjects he paints, than gives any new accuracy to the forms. But he has a most remarkable power of realising in close combination the spiritual and physical, the infinite and finite elements of whatever he sees, and this it is which gives the great charm to his writings and to his disquisitions on character; as, for example, to his wonderful description of the metaphysical conversation of Coleridge. Here, for instance, in this passage from *Sartor Resurtus*, which paints night in a crowded city, there is ample illustration of this closeness with which vast intellectual realities and the smallest physical details of fact lie together in his mind:

"'*Ach mein Lieber!*' said he once, at midnight, when he had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his hunting-dogs over the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? . . . . .

'Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us in horizontal position; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; crammed in like salted fish in their barrel; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others;—*such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars.'

We looked in his face to see whether in the utterance of such extraordinary night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which, indeed, was only a single tallow light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible."

The same faculty is shown in almost every page of Mr. Carlyle's writings. No one can forget, for instance, how ironically he throws the intellectual meaning into Dandyism in another part of the same book: "Is there not in this life-devotedness to clothes, in this so willing sacrifice of the immortal to the perishable, something (though in reverse order)

of that blending and identification of eternity with time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the *prophetic character?*" Now there is an opposite kind of—humour we will not call it, but rather—jocularity, which consists in an intellectual process, the very reverse of Mr. Carlyle's. Instead of making visible to us the mysterious and eternal lights which really lie upon the face of the commonest, most customary facts, we meet with men whose talent delights in emptying our deeper associations of their depth of meaning, and suddenly presenting them as bare shells of commonplace. The mental shock is of the same sort as that produced by genuine humour, but from an influx of exactly opposite feeling. Instead of making us aware for the first time of the real depth of what seems commonplace, or, what in fact comes to the same thing, instead of clothing again with actual and historical reality that which we have too exclusively regarded as purely ideal and spiritual,—the joking faculty of which we speak owes whatever effectiveness it has to a power of forcibly suggesting poverty and shallowness in that which hitherto had always seemed rich and deep—in short, to the power and love of *parody*. This is Mr. Rogers's peculiar taste; and writing as he does chiefly on religious subjects, there is scarcely any talent so completely inappropriate and vulgar. The following, for example, is Mr. Rogers's parody of the Ten Commandments, invented in answer to one who asserted that the story of the temptation by which Adam fell is improbable from the *arbitrary* character of the command relative to the forbidden fruit. Can any thing be more silly and vulgar?

"I think you forget that, in Adam's condition, an 'arbitrary' command (as you call it) was a more appropriate test of obedience than what *you* would call a 'moral' command. This subject, if I mistake not, is judiciously touched in some part of Butler's *Analogy*. At all events, what we now ordinarily call a 'moral' command would have insufficiently tested the absolute obedience of one whose whole original condition is represented as such that no moral command could have involved any great temptation to disobey. Imagine a being, all whose faculties are as yet in harmony and equilibrium, who does not know what 'evil' is,—in blissful ignorance of the conflict of the passions and the reason, the appetites and the conscience,—whose outward condition is that of perfect health and exemption from all want;—pray, which of the commands of the Decalogue would seem very formidable to *him?*

I remember hearing of an Irish lecturer, who supposed those commands addressed by an angel to an Irish Adam. The answers were given, I was told, in a truly Irish manner; yet, I think, very naturally. As I did not hear the lecturer myself, I cannot precisely report the Irish Adam's answers; nor can I imitate the true paradisaic 'brogue;' but I believe they would very reasonably run something like this:

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

'Arrah, thin, your honour, I never as much as heard of any other at all at all.'

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing, to bow down thereunto, to worship.

'Why, thin, plase your honour's glory, I cannot say I ever felt the laste taste of a temptation in life for that same. Do ye think I'd be afther making a brute baste of myself?'

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

'And wouldn't it be mighty *quare* if I did, your honour?'

Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.

'By the powers, did ye never know that my father and mother are not yet born? and how thin would I *dis*honour them?'

Thou shalt not steal.

'And is it stealing you'd be afther keeping me from? How can I steal what is my own entirely?' (N.B. Adam could *not* say this, when the 'command' about the 'tree' ('arbitrary,' as you call it) was given him; so that, you see, he is condemned for 'eating' even by the Decalogue. But to go on with his catechism.)

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

'Sure it would be sthrange if I committed adultery with my own wife; for sorra another woman do I see here; and she's enough, any way.' (N.B. Too much, in one sense, Adam soon found her.)

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods—

'Covet? and hav'n't I told you its all my own,—from a peach to a porcupine?'

Thou shalt do no murder.

'Murder? and who is there to murder except the misthress? And what for should you think I should murder her? Is it just for a thrifle of pace and quietness? And is it she, the sweet crathur, that's part of myself? And faix, wouldn't that be flat suicide? Throth, your honour, I wonder what the angels,—no offince in life,—can be made of; for niver a commandment of the tin has any thing to do with paradise!'"

Mr. Rogers has defended the use of irony in religious controversy; and we perfectly agree with him, if only the irony be of the right kind—if, that is, it be employed to indicate the true deep contrasts of human life, the contrasts of want and power within man, the contrasts of what is great and what is trivial, of human evil and human good. But if instead of irony we are to have parody,—if instead of flashes of deeper truth, piercing the thickest clouds which drift across the heavens, we are only to have it suggested how easily the clouds may be mock-clouds, and the whole vision a pasteboard theatrical *spectacle*, got up for mean purposes by vanity and ignorance, —if the possibility of this is to be demonstrated and re-demonstrated to us by a set exhibition of sham lightning and thunder, —then we say this is no religious irony, but irreligious jeering. It does not tend to make us grapple with deeper thoughts, but

only to suspect every seemingly deep thought of a false bottom. It does not raise the sad smile with which men admit and wonder at their inconsistencies, nor even the bitter laugh with which they recognise in themselves what they hate, and yet despair to mend; but the shallow mirth with which they detect a juggler in a trick they have long known. No key in the hardest Deism, shrill and discordant as its notes often are, is more jarring than that of Mr. Rogers's sneering pleasantry in putting it down.

"You know Christians are often praised for uniting in a common cause by merging their minor differences (would to God they did it more frequently!). Now how easily could many of your friends do the like; some of whom deem all the differences of all the religions of the world *minor* differences, and hold that the 'absolute religion' is latent in them all! What differences might *they* not consider minor who think Hindooism and Mahometanism tolerable! And what a delightful exhibition of charity would it be to find Mr. D— declaring that, as Christians all agreed in subscribing to the Bible Society, though they were not quite unanimous in the interpretation of the Bible, so he was willing to support the great 'Parent Deism-Propagation Society,' and cheerfully waive his opinions on the trivial points of a future life and the immortality of the soul, in which he did not coincide with his 'brethren'! Mr. T— humbly hoping that he should never allow his heart to be divided from his co-religionists by such a dubious thing as the doctrine of man's responsibility, of which he had strong doubts; Mr. W— nobly giving to the winds his peculiar sentiments on the subject of a special Providence; and Mr. P—, in a similar strain, saying that, though he thinks all men will be saved at last, yet, conscious of the noble projects of his benevolent friends for the amelioration of the human race, he will cheerfully contribute his annual guinea as a homage to the spirit of deistical philanthropy! 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

* * * * * * *

Let me remind you that there are still many islands in the Pacific quite at the service of the 'Deism-Propagation Society.' Or what say you to the African tribes? Plenty of them still living in a complete state of Troglodytish simplicity; as St. Clair says, 'not many notions to eradicate;' all in a fair condition to receive the new doctrines. Only think of the triumph of having to say that the group of the 'Taboo' islands, recently inhabited by a set of idolatrous cannibals, or that the tribe of 'Quashee Caffres,' in a similar condition, had been converted to a pure Deism, their language analysed and reduced to alphabetical notation, a grammar and dictionary constructed, and the great Herbert's writings translated by the indefatigable and self-denying labours of the agents of the 'Herbert Society!' Who knows what further efforts this might lead to, if you did not become weary in well-doing? At all events, you are quite welcome to my subscription."

The harsh tone of this spurious irony is clearly given by

the temper of faith we have before indicated, the absolute stiffness of creed, which cannot even *wish* to enlarge itself by studying the very various approaches through which the Spirit of God finds access to other men's minds. Instead of believing in a God who enlarges the scope and geniality of our creed, we are all too apt to believe in a creed which gradually obscures and overshadows God. But Mr. Rogers's banter is tinged with something more unpleasant even than narrowness and contempt. There is an unsuccessful affectation of the scornful pleasantry of men of the world. Mr. Rogers seems to us to have in this respect much will, but little capacity, to be "all things to all men," that he may win some. Cultivated men of the world do not talk like Mr. Rogers; he often falls into sheer vulgarity when he attempts what he terms in another work "refined ridicule." Is there a shadow of humour in speaking of vice with jocular familiarity, as "Madam Vice"? Is there a grain of cleverness in reproaching truth for her inaccessibility at the bottom of the well, by terming her "Truth the jade"? Is there a touch of any thing but vulgarity in speaking of a poor young atheist as a "sucking philosopher"? Vulgarities and affectations of this kind constantly disfigure the writings, and dilute the vigour, of a writer who, thoroughly as we disapprove his temper and differ from many of his principles, would otherwise at least be simple and vigorous. Humour cannot be manufactured to order; the deeper and graver sort that is inseparably connected (as in the genius of Carlyle) with the imaginative side of religious insight, might, and probably would, grow, even without genius, through the common culture of the sense of the supernatural and of the natural—of faith and works. But that lighter kind of humour which springs out of a large unfastidious nature,—the happy mirth that delights in sympathy with the unambitious feelings and instincts of men, and in bringing them into broad contrast with the "sublime" affections,—this cannot be cultivated at all. Still in a religious writer there should at least be less tendency to expose and caricature human nature than in a professed satirist. Yet there are passages in this book where even Thackeray, that acute detective of human meanness, would read to advantage beside Mr. Rogers. Thackeray seldom or never "exposes" men without a conscious bitterness and self-accusing severity towards himself. Mr. Rogers often does so with a cold giggling laughter. What tone of pain or bitterness of any kind is there here?

"There is one improvement still required on Dr. Hassall's instrument. One would like to see a 'moral solar microscope,' that should lay bare in similar manner all the 'foreign ingredients, the adulter-

mixtures, which enter into the composition of spurious virtue. How amusing the report of 'analyses' into these would read! How should we find, on examination, a hundred pound donation to —— Hospital by Alderman —— prompted by only two per cent of charity combined with ninety-eight per cent of vanity and ostentation; a fine specimen apparently of devotion turning out, on being closely inspected, little else than chips of rites and ceremonies and the saw-dust of formality, with scarcely one per cent of genuine devotion in it; a parcel of zeal—of the true vermilion dye to all appearance—plainly consisting, when subjected to a high power, of the vulgar blood-red counterfeit of hatred and intolerance; a huge mass of unctuous religious talk utterly destitute of a single particle of sincerity, the article being entirely composed of rancid 'cant,' scented with essence of hypocrisy; an eloquent discourse of the Rev. Mr. Blarney discerned to have but five per cent of genuine emotion in it,—the tears and pathos warranted real being nothing but old 'theatrical properties;' the decorous sorrows of an undertaker seen at a glance, and with scarcely a higher power than that of common spectacles, to be nothing but downright hilarity painted black; the deep dejection of an heir to a large estate discerned to be similarly constituted; the tears of a whole party in a mourning-coach found to exhibit the merest tincture of genuine grief for the deceased, what other emotion there was being the result of disappointed expectations!"

Mr. Thackeray is always writing on the same subject, and with real keenness of irony; but there is a bitterness of spirit in what he writes that at least makes one feel that if he be too hopeless to fight against Pharisaism, he *feels* the taint and the depth of its influence in the world. It has been said of Mr. Thackeray's irony, in the words of Tennyson,

> "Out of that mood was born
> Self-scorn, and then laughter at that self-scorn."

But Mr. Rogers gets at once to the laughter, and never connects it with this bitterness of self-scorn. Unspiritual religion, guarded by its sense of triumphant orthodoxy, is even more unspiritual than unspiritual morality. We should not speak thus severely if we spoke of the tone of one or two passages only; but this tone of hard mockery pervades Mr. Rogers's writings.

Again, as to his *logic*. There is no thinker of whom Mr. Rogers speaks with more frequent respect than Bishop Butler; and yet there is no thinker from whom in the grasp and manner of his logic he is more entirely different. Mr. Rogers is a great opponent of German rationalism; yet one of the worst and most fundamental faults of German rationalism, the vanity of perpetually using *exhaustive* logical divisions and dilemmas in the discussion of concrete spiritual problems, is completely imbedded

in the dogmatism of his mind. There is no more foolish or more useless vanity in spiritual reasoning. It is as impossible to exhaust the various shades of moral and spiritual possibility in matters of this kind, as to exhaust the various characters of men; and to each type of character various sides of moral and intellectual evidence will necessarily assume various degrees of persuasive importance. To be proving to a man at a given stage of moral or intellectual life that *logical* laws will not permit him to stand where he does stand, that there is no shelf of rock even there, and that he is in fact standing (if he only knew it) in the air, is only to betray ignorance of the proportions of the moral world in which the mind of that man really lives, and to apply the system of weighing moral probability which the reasoner has himself adopted to the case of a man who has adopted different principles. In a world so deep and large as that of spiritual life, the *only* really true method is to attempt to *widen* the data or premises on which a man is judging. It is as irritating as it is useless to try to argue him into renouncing any given premiss altogether which is rooted in his mind. Yet this is the wisdom of the alternative logic of Mr. Rogers; and this certainly was not the wisdom of Bishop Butler. That great thinker, severe and unimpulsive as he was, always *judged* rather than *reasoned* on the principles of religion. He admitted in mass all the different human tendencies and convictions which bear upon a given problem; and thus tried to reduce them to their true relative importance, attempting to bring out into prominence those which he considered were in general too little regarded. This is the only wise, as it is the only generous, logic on deep questions which gather up into them *all* the various characteristics of human nature. The poor pride of dividing out the moral universe into exhaustive departments, each adequately labelled by the higher reason, is one on which Mr. Rogers does not spare his ridicule. Yet it is just the pride which he himself evinces in the lower sphere of estimating religious evidences. He will have his Deist explain how St. Paul was "*either* so knavish *or* so cracked: so knavish if he propagated, without believing, that false system of doctrines by which he has deluded men; so cracked, if he propagated *because* he believed it." It is miserable policy to try and drive men into logical positions which they themselves cannot see any moral necessity in assuming. If he could have touched one new chord in his opponent's mind that vibrated to deep admiration and reverence for St. Paul, he would have done infinitely more than he would ever accomplish by this excruciating logic. As if any Deist of sense could not see an infinite number of possible shades of moral character, all consistent, as

he would consider, with what is known of St. Paul,—and exciting in his own mind all possible shades of feeling, from the highest respect down to the deepest pity,—between the two imaginary alternatives thrust upon him by Mr. Rogers with an antiquated semblance of logical severity that never yet succeeded in rousing any thing but an irritated sense of unfair treatment in the mind of an antagonist. Again, the greater part of his argument with the Deist consists in taunting him with the dilemma that *either* man's "spiritual apparatus" should have been developed steadily by the evolution of natural laws,—in which case he would not have fallen into perverse idolatries, but naturally embraced the philosophic theory of "Lord Herbert of Cherbury,"—*or*, he has, apart from the revealed explanation of the Fall, no ground for believing in a trustworthy "spiritual apparatus" at all. Yet Mr. Rogers must know that it is quite as possible for a Deist to admit the *fact* of sin, and the supernatural effects of abused as well as of faithfully-used moral freedom throughout the whole history of man, as for the believer in the fidelity of the Jewish tradition to accept the story of the origin of that fact given in the book of Genesis. What does religion gain by the manufacture of these imaginary logical straits? If you wish a man to keep what you hold to be the safest middle channel of thought, point out to him the various soundings and the risk of hidden rocks as carefully as you will; but it is weak, nay, it would be dishonest, if it were not the weakness of self-deception, to *invent* a yawning Scylla and Charybdis on each side in order to terrify him into acquiescence.

Again, in the argument with a Neologist, Mr. Rogers discovers another imaginary dilemma of the same kind. He will admit that man may judge of degrees of external evidence, but not of degrees of internal evidence. *Either* we must accept the supernatural as valid, on external testimony alone, *or* reject it as invalid on the deficiency of that testimony; but "admitting the supernatural to have occurred at all, I am no judge in the world as to the *modes* in which God may have permitted it to appear." Could there possibly be a more arbitrary alternative? Why are the great proportion of apocryphal books rejected? Is it because they have less external, or less internal, evidence than those which are received? Partly, no doubt, for both reasons; but assuredly the *character* of the supernatural events related in the book of Tobit or the gospel of Nicodemus has far more weight with all sober critics than the deficiency of an external evidence which, in the case of not a few of the canonical books, is scarcely more abundant. And how can it be regarded as any thing more than a logical ruse,

to insist on regarding in the mass facts and histories which when separately scanned have separate characteristics? It is no doubt in many respects a convenient method, thus to tie the less certain to the more certain, and insist on your taking all as equally credible, or renouncing all as equally false; because the average specific weight of the whole must be high if that of the majority be very high, even though a few almost incredible facts be thrown in. But it is no more than a logical ruse. You may try to believe in one or other of these mutually exclusive alternatives; but the mind refuses, and is found believing the demonstrated impossibilities which lie between the two. It separates for itself facts which, as it was peremptorily warned, constituted one inseparable unity. It finds its way to the *tertium quid* of which Mr. Rogers has denied the abstract possibility.

In truth, the alternative logic of which our theologians are so fond is not based in human nature. It is true that in the voluntary life there are these sharp distinctions—these branching ways—the absolutely right or wrong; but even then, though the right way is "strait and narrow," it is not unbending, it crosses many tracks, and takes different courses in different minds, though it takes them to the same goal. The principles of human nature are too complex for the chart of individual duty to be easy or simple: and if the *lives* of men be so various in course and colouring, how can their appreciation of Divine truth be cramped into these stinted moulds? Mr. Rogers has shown in some of these letters that he is not without a genial charity in cases where his logic is necessarily suppressed; but he reserves it for affliction and deathbeds. Intellectual charity is far more rare than this mere charity of pity, and quite as needful to enlarge the mind. We cannot forget God's universality when the pressure of His hand is heavy. But the intellect is not in this way called out of itself; it stays in its own little pathways of habit: it is proud of its ways and of its thoughts, and forgets that there are "higher ways" and "higher thoughts." And when we read these books of small confident logic on subjects so high as to task our nature to the full, we sometimes ask, Is not scepticism the next stage for the culture of such confidence as this? Is it not likely that such thinkers must pass through some discipline in the blinding night,—some groping, some "feeling after" God, to teach them that He proves *His own* presence, and is not amenable to their small proofs,—before they can gain any permanent hold of those great spiritual realities to which they have made it their triumphant occupation to pave these narrow and guarded ways?

ART. VI.—ALEXANDER SMITH'S POETRY.

City Poems. By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life-Drama," and other Poems. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co., 1857.

Poems. By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue, 1853.

It is easy to misjudge an original new poet. He is a surprise upon the critics. They have nothing at hand wherewith to try him, and are apt to use the old measurements and find him ill-proportioned. When Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats bared the freshness of their genius to the world, it is not surprising that they should at first meet with some coldness, even some opposition, and that this should be more or less directly proportioned, both in degree and duration, to the true value of what they had to communicate. Men can scarcely help underrating what they have not yet learned to understand. But it is not so easy to be deceived by a new claimant who appears in a track already well beaten, and who you see at a glance brings nothing but a little more, either better or worse, of the kind of thing we are already thoroughly familiar with. Such a writer admits of immediate comparison with his fellows in the same school; their writings serve as a test for his, and it is not difficult to say whether his works fall below or transcend theirs. We are not afraid of being corrected by posterity when we say that Mr. Smith's popularity is likely to be as brief as it has been sudden.

Tennyson is a great poet, but a dangerous master. He occupies new ground; but he occupies all the safe and wholesome part of it, perhaps rather more, and leaves but unfirm foundations and dangerous quicksands for his followers to build on round about him. The characteristic defects of his disciples—of those who may be said to represent most typically the modern popular school of poetry—are an absence of intellectual strength and cultivation, a want of acquaintance and sympathy with the higher and more arduous forms of human life. More curtly they may be described as ignorance and weakness. There are exceptions, no doubt; yet there are few indeed of whom we can say that a taint of effeminacy does not mingle in their writings. Our space forbids us to enter upon any discussion of the national experiences and social conditions which connect themselves with this phenomenon. We must confine ourselves to a brief critical examination of one who exhibits in its most advanced form what may be called the debased style of Tennysonian poetry. We select Mr. Alexander Smith because he has published the most lately, and moreover most aptly exemplifies the feebleness of sub-

stance and outline, joined to the luxuriance and beauty in the decorative details which almost invariably accompany the decadence of an art in any of its branches. We do not mean to say that poetry in England is dying out—that would be a shallow prophecy; no doubt her root is green, and may even now, though unobserved, be springing fresh and vigorous from the ground;—we only mean, that some of her branches are pushing shoots so luxuriant, soft, and feeble, that it is clear they can never ripen, but must perish with the first frost.

The broad characteristic of Tennyson may be said to be, that he deals less with life, circumstance, and character, than with some of their detached and special aspects,—less with men than with the moods and sentiments to which men are subject on special occasions; and that the poetical form in which his ideas are conveyed is sensuous and pictorial. Tennyson gives us more than this; he takes a wide range both in the directions of thought, feeling, and observation. But it was as the poet of abstract moods and sentiments that he parted company most markedly from those who had preceded him,—from poets of observation, like Crabbe—of meditation, like Wordsworth—of witty comment, action, and passion, like Byron—of direct expression of feeling and humour, like Burns. Now this is precisely the sort of poetry which admits of being written with the least possible demand on the poet. If a man be destitute of scholarship and the knowledge that belongs to it; ignorant of men and manners; without insight into character either by sympathy or study; without depth or fertility of thought, and either with feeble powers of observation or a limited sphere on which to employ them,—it is still not impossible for him to find a subject on which to exercise his gift of marshalling words and arraying imagery. He must be a poor preacher indeed who cannot descant upon himself; and he must have a poor gift of fancy and language who cannot ring the changes upon the sentiments, moods, and passions which he has himself experienced, and which he possesses in common with all mankind. The introspective character of much of our modern poetry is due, we apprehend, much less to a substantive taste for metaphysical analysis than to the absence in the poet of the self-cultivation and experience necessary for the command of other themes. This is the more probable, because we find these forms always so managed as to avoid the exercise of thought; it is only in a very narrow sense they can be called metaphysical, they rarely if ever deal with the phenomena of any high degree of mental activity, but with a crude delineation of emotions and the passing thoughts which accompany them; most of all with that which is most near to themselves—the emotional experiences of the poet himself. There have been great poets without great

knowledge, one or two without either knowledge or experience; but their sphere has been proportionally restricted, and they have possessed deep feelings, with the power of giving them full expression in their verse. This, however, is a higher and more difficult thing than the description of feeling in language, however picturesque and felicitous. All poetical literature bears out the assertion, that it is an easier and lower exercise of art to describe a feeling than to give a truthful and adequate imaginative utterance.

That there is a field for the poet in dealing indirectly and descriptively with abstract human emotions, no one will be disposed to deny; what we assert is, that it is one which it requires rare powers to deal with successfully, and very feeble and uncultivated ones to deal with in some sort or other; hence, for one man of real genius who dignifies it, it is occupied and degraded by a hundred of the inept. Moreover, its limited area has been explored (at least in all the more obvious directions) thoroughly, and the theme has lost its freshness. Things which were, and will ever continue to be, poetry in the mouth of the man who first gave them voice became tiresome when re-echoed "with a difference" through half a dozen imitative throats.

The poems before us are remarkable for a great abundance of a certain sort of beauty, and for an entire absence of strength or substance. They droop with their combined feebleness and sweetness. To read them is like eating water-ices, which, with a fleeting deliciousness, dissolve away in the mouth, and become warm water in the stomach. They confine themselves exclusively to these two topics: the weaknesses and morbid aspects of the poetical temperament, and the passion of love. The *Life Drama* sets forth the career of a modern poet. He is represented as a man absolutely destitute of any other characteristics than those of a passion for poetry and a passion for women; and his life is displayed simply as an utterly unrestrained indulgence of them. His love is merely sensuous; we say sensuous rather than sensual, because it is elevated above brutality by the adoration for beauty which mingles with it, but by that alone; it has not one trace of the dignity, the self-sacrifice, the grace, and purity of love in noble hearts, nor is there any where throughout Mr. Smith's works any power of representing that feeling with those nicer distinctions with which it manifests itself in individual men. The hero of the drama is represented as seducing a woman of the highest loveliness of person and character that the poet can conceive, and protected moreover by her station in society, in a manner and with an ease of which Posthumus's coarse image of the German boar conveys the only adequate idea; and as instantly deserting her for the purpose of "rushing mad through

pleasure and through devildom, till he falls down exhausted." We know not how a career of mad debauchery has come to be considered an essential ingredient in the education of the ideal poet, indeed, as the only course of training to which he is bound to subject himself. Milton did not think it an advisable preparation; on the contrary, he recommends a sober and stedfast devotion, and conceives that the higher a man's aim is, the more complete and self-denying must be his devotion. But the modern poet Walter has no notion of this sort; if he cannot be a poet by simply screaming after it, he will "curse God and die;" and, indeed, is sadly blasphemous on slight occasions, and seems to think that his Creator exists to give strength to his language. When satiated with "kissing the painted charm off pleasure's lips," Walter sits down and writes a poem which takes captive the world, and which we are carefully informed was "done at a dash." After this, of course, he does the proper thing—we are all familiar with it. He is purified, God knows how; for he has all his life been indulging and debasing a character whose original weakness is its only moral characteristic: he now sees great duties before him, and proposes to go forth "'mong men, not mailed in iron, but in the armour of a pure intent," &c. Now if a man had been represented subjected to all the elements of temptation to which a vivid imagination and strong passions might subject him, but possessed of some inner strength and nobility of character which left him open to redeeming influences, and so enabled him, through steps in some way indicated by the poet, to attain to the threshold of a higher life, this might have been a worthy theme; but to represent in one page a man weaker than water, sinful, remorseful, and weary, but never repentant, and in the next the same individual with the sentiments and intentions of an apostle, is at once shocking and senseless. His previous state of mind may be judged of from the following expression of his feelings after he wrote his poem, and before his hey-presto! repentance:

> "Weariness feeds on all.
> That vampire, Time, shall yet suck dim the sun.
> God wearies, and so makes a universe,
> And gathers angels round Him.—He is weak;
> I weary, and so wreak myself in verse.
> Which but relieves me as a six-inch pipe
> Relieves the dropsied sea. Oh, for mad War!
> I'd give my next twelve years to head but once
> Ten thousand horse in a victorious charge.
> Give me some one to hate, and let me chase
> Him through the zones, and finding him at last,
> Make his accursed eyes leap on his cheeks,
> And his face blacken, with one choking gripe."

The volume of ***City Poems*** has one advantage over the earlier

one—it is less turgid and bombastic. The taste is improved, the tone softened, the beauty chastened. The matter, we regret to say, is as it was. It lurks in the ostentatious verse like a mouse in an Elizabethan mansion. "Horton" is, with much entirely disconnected matter pinned on to it, an attempt to describe the fate and character of a man of genius who has become the star of a pothouse. It is not to be supposed that there is any insight into, or power of delineating such a man. It is nothing but vague outline and washy hues: as usual, moral weakness is his characteristic: but beyond this it is clear the poet has never had before his mind any distinct image of a whole man. What he has got, and what he values, is a subject for saying fine things about; and if fine things occur, he says them, quite irrespectively of their being consistent or applicable. The most convincing proof of the author's incapacity of appreciating sense is, that he seems quite insensible of any distinction between its presence and absence, and that what he writes as a specimen of stale trash is at least as new and as true as any thing else in the volume.

The poem of "Squire Maurice" tells how a lawyer leaves his chambers for a three days' holiday; describes the country he sees with many most felicitously expressed commonplace reflections, and in a little inn sits him down to read his brother's, Squire Maurice's letter. This letter, which occupies about three hundred and fifty lines of blank verse, simply describes the irresolute self-communings of a feeble and vacillating mind as to whether or not he shall marry a peasant-girl who is in love with him: he comes to no decision. His brother, who we are told is a strong-minded man, can come to no decision about it either. He thinks. Perhaps Maurice had better marry her, and perhaps he had better not: and the whole poem comes to no decision either, and to no conclusion except that the lawyer thinks he must soon go back to his chambers. Yet to those who seek in poetry only a passing titillation of imagination and feeling, we can understand that this and the equally incoherent and purposeless piece called "A Boy's Poem," may have a great charm. Those to whom the palate is all in all might seek far for more delicate confectionery. It would even be possible to select a number of brief passages or lines from Alexander Smith's book which a competent person reading them would say were the production of a great poet, and he would only be undeceived by seeing them in their connection. The author is a man who evidently receives vivid impressions from Nature, and he has a wonderful power of seizing and reproducing the minutiæ of her picturesque aspects. His peculiar skill lies in making innumerable little vignettes, sometimes of exquisite beauty; and all his poems seem to be written for the using these, as the beauty-books are written to

the engravings. The best poetry in these volumes is the poetry of small pieces of landscape scenery. Now the face of Nature is no doubt always fair; but every man who is capable of admiring it knows that there must arise some harmony between his own mind and the scene he gazes at before he can appreciate and thoroughly enjoy it. Either he brings a mood sufficiently strong and active to give its colouring to the inanimate beauties at his feet, or they, in his more susceptible moments, awaken feelings in unison with their own aspects. This requires time, more or less; we cannot grasp the varied aspects of scenery as we can the changes in a kaleidoscope. Tennyson, the greatest of pictorial poets, knows this; his unfailing preservation of a deeply-based harmony between his scenes from Nature and the subject in hand constitutes one of his greatest charms—they come like some sweet accompaniment to give force and richness to his song; but Alexander Smith has no idea whatever of harmonising the different elements of poetry. His is a fragmentary genius. His poems are a mass of little glimpses of scenery, and of similes heaped together like gravel that does not bind. He has no idea of beauty except in small detached atoms, as Keats said. He "worships a fine phrase." He seems not to be ignorant where his weakness lies; for in one place he describes the opinions which he supposes to be passed by those whom he calls "critic worms" upon a dead poet who evidently stands as a figure for himself.

The first worm is supposed to say:

> "This poet was
> An April tree whose vermeil-loaded boughs
> Promised to Autumn apples juiced and red,
> But never came to fruit."

From this expression of vermicular opinion we differ; for if the first volume might leave a doubt whether there might not be real strength in the tree, though wasted in exuberance of foliage, the second makes it clear that there is an inherent feebleness which can scarcely allow the most sanguine to entertain the hope of fruit.

The second worm asserts, aptly enough,

> "He is to us
> But a rich odour, a faint music swell."

The third worm it is who has crawled to the idea of the characteristic want of coherence and unity in these poems. He says:

> "Poet he was not in the larger sense;
> He could write pearls, but he could never write
> A poem round and perfect as a star."

Both the affirmation and the negation, however, are on somewhat too large a scale; it might have been better to say he could

write glittering grains of sand, but could never succeed in spinning a rope from them. We repeat, however, that Mr. Smith has a facile pictorial imagination, and a brilliant and luxuriant fancy, which would go far to make him a great poet if he had any thing to exercise them on. As it is, he is so ardent in the pursuit of the body of beauty, that he is blind to the perception of her higher charms; and those things which were meant to give a grace and softness to nobler things, or to furnish a more complete vehicle of the great truths of insight, entirely lose their value when they are gathered for their own sakes and flung at our feet in undiscriminating profusion. It is as if a heaped basket of unarranged flowers could vie with one or two selected and arranged so as to lend their charm to a lovely head and face. And the admirers of Mr. Smith can as little be said to be reading poetry, as the sultan in his harem can be said to be enjoying the society of women.

This keen sense of beauty Mr. Smith exercises not only in the field of Nature but in that of Art; he cannot shake off what has thus touched him: a cadence, a felicitous alliteration, a happy adjective, a new rhythm, even a touch of thought, when he can grasp it, haunt him, and re-appear in his verse. His ideas have most of them been too repeatedly employed to be claimed as direct plagiarisms from any particular author, but in these minor points he is deeply indebted to others. Every where you feel the influence of the modern masters with whom you are familiar, stray whiffs of old association rise from the pages; Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, Coleridge, the American Poe, ring in your ears, and your memory is puzzled and occupied by the endeavour to trace many of the expressions to their original sources. Old expressions, indelibly connected with a particular poem, re-appear in mutilated forms, and in the most incongruous connection. For an instance, we will quote the following verses, whose obligations to Tennyson's "Lotus-eaters" and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" are, we think, sufficiently obvious:

> "Didst look last night upon my native vales,
> Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast clomb?
> Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,
> Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
> Wander for ever on the barren foam?
> O happy are ye, resting mariners,
> O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home!
> A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
> And onward I must float through slow moon-measured years.
>
> Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,
> Frothing the waters, and along our way,
> Nor cape, nor headland, through red mornings shone,
> One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
> One howled, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'

On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight:
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
As we went driving on through the cold starry night.

Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry—
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep:
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
And dragged me forth, and round did dance and leap;
They mouthed on me in dream, and tore me from sweet sleep.

Strange constellations burned above my head,
Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,
As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,
Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."

This sort of poetry is not so much imitative as parasitic. In the second volume the poems are openly and ostentatiously modelled on Tennyson, and hang about his firm and self-sustained trunk and noble foliage, as some fragile, pendent, tropical creeper sustains itself by the strength, and nourishes its life on the juices, of some tree of stronger and maturer growth. In his crowded blossoms he rivals his supporter, and in that alone. Sometimes his incapacity makes sad work of his worship, as in one or two poems in which, because his master is sometimes profound, and therefore difficult, he has thought to imitate him in being unintelligible without being profound.

We hear much of the propriety of reflecting an actual present life in our poetry; and some of our poets seem to think we approach the solution of this problem by representing Jones and Robinson or Harry and Sam in a tavern or an office discoursing trivial commonplaces in exalted language as remote from their own as any of the Papuan dialects. With Mr. Smith's power of thought and powers of expression, his attempts to give the ideas and forms of modern life in poetry could have but one result. The most insipid observations, the disjointed chat of clerks, and the hesitations of feeble gentlemen, are expressed in metaphors natural only as the language of deeply-moved passion; and a little factory-boy, disappointed in his attachment to the coquettish daughter of his master, gives vent to his distress in all the pomp of imagery, and mingles his grief with the profoundest philosophical reflections the author can muster. A quotation from his soliloquy will afford an average sample of the *City Poems:*

"I ground between my teeth, 'The day has come
That progressed like a monarch with his court:

Of whose approach each courier hour that passed,
Brought sweetest tidings, like gay winds that sing
In the delighted ears of sunny May,
Sitting among the golden buttercups.
'June drowned with roses, come:;' to which my thoughts
Arose, as from the earth a thousand larks,
In salutation to the dawn. And now
I sit degraded. Palaces of dream
Shivered around; uncounted wealth that stuffed,
This morn, the coffers of my heart, all false
And base as forgers' coin.

A merchant with his fortune on the deep—
A mother with her brave and precious boy
Flung where the wave of battle breaks in death—
Ventures no more than we do when we love,
What sweet enchantments hover round Love's name!
Far out to sea, from off her syren isles,
Steal wandering melodies, and lie in wait
To lure the sailor to her fatal shores
Within the crimson sunset. 'Tis our doom
To sit unhappy in the round of self.
From our necessities of love arise
Our keenest heartaches and our miseries.
When death and change are flying in the sky,
Our spirits tremble like a nest of doves,
Beneath the falcon's wing. Each time we love,
We turn a nearer and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
O that the heart could, like a housewife, sit
By its own fire, and let the world go by
Unheeded as the stream before the door!
Love cannot look upon a dingy cloud,
But straightway there's a rainbow; and we walk
Blind with a fond delusion in our eyes,
Which paints each gray crag, rose. Whene'er we meet
A giddy girl—a mountain beck that sings
And sparkles from its shallowness, ourselves
Its glorifying sun—her heart an inn,
Or caravanserai amid the sands,
With new guests every night,—to Love she gleams
A daughter of the dawn. She flings, in sport,
The jewel of our happiness away:
To her,—each bubble blown by Idleness,
Lolling with peacock's feather in the sun,
An ever-radiant wonder,—naught. To us,
The change between bright Spring's exuberant lark,
And Autumn's shy and solitary bird;
Instead of dancing to our graves in sheen,
Walking in sober gray.
A growing wind
Flutters my sails, and my impatient prow
Is plunging like a fiery steed reined in;
It hears the glee of billows. Blow, thou wind,
And let me out upon my seething way,
Crushing the waves to foam! My cooped-up life
Is pained by fullness, and would seek relief

In reckless effort. When the heart is jarred,
'Tis vain to sit and feed a slothful grief;
Out of ourselves, as an infected house,
We come; then Nature heals—she is our guide.
By her eternal dial, which keeps time
With the invariable and dread advance
Of midnight's starry armies, must we set
Our foolish wandering hours."

How fine seem these last lines; what a sound in that

. . . . . "invariable and dread advance
Of midnight's starry armies!" . . . . . .

What a magnificent simile it might have made even for some of Milton's purposes! But here is it any thing but a sound, or an idle stirring of the imagination, and of our sleeping associations with the night season? What is Nature's eternal dial, which keeps time with the revolutions of the stars; and how are we to set our hours by it? He cannot mean we are to keep astronomical time. "When the heart is jarred," it is true that "Nature heals," we do not hear that for the first time; but in what sense is she "our guide," and to what? Or is she only so for the nonce, to fill the line well? Nature may soothe our feelings; but how is she to regulate our time, or our conduct, if the expression admit this latter broader meaning? The more you ponder on it, the more the no-meaning becomes apparent. Most characteristically does this soliloquy end. The last paragraph begins, "As a wild mother, when her child is dead," &c.; but there is no sequence to this "as;" the poet loses himself in the new picture, and the passionate lover fades away in the course of his own self-communings into a lamenting woman, originally introduced as a simile.

The deepest failing of this sort of poetry is its ingrained untruthfulness. Love of display haunts it like an evil spirit. Language used *instead* of thought; the metaphors of deep feeling hung about shallow sentiment like purple about a beggar; volcanic pseudo-passions set forth in pyrotechnic phraseology; just conceptions of only one human trait, weakness, and beauty dedicated to it like a slave; a total disregard of the real and essential congruity of things,—make up verse which is to true poetry what sentimentality is to feeling, or sophistry to *simple truth-seeking;* and the more popular it is, the more urgent the demand that its claims should be strictly and unsparingly examined.

Art. VII.—POPULAR LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES.

Kinder und Hausmärchen. Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm. 2 Bände. Göttingen, 1843. (*Children's Tales and Popular Legends.* Collected by the Brothers Grimm. 2 vols. Göttingen, 1843.)

Kinder und Hausmärchen. Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm. Dritter Band. Göttingen, 1856. (*Children's Tales and Popular Legends.* Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Third vol. Göttingen, 1856.)

The Pentamerone; or, The Story of Stories. By Giambatista Basile. Translated from the Neapolitan by John Edward Taylor. Second Edition. David Bogue, 1850.

Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland. John Murray.

Russian Popular Tales. Translated from the German version of Anton Dietrich. With an Introduction by Jacob Grimm. Chapman and Hall, 1857.

Legends and fairy tales would seem to be the natural form in which simple minds and simple ages instinctively express the workings of their rich imagination and their unsophisticated moral sense. The ideas and feelings which arise from their intercourse with Nature and with each other, and their first dim perceptions of spiritual truths, are moulded by the poetic genius of a rude people into symbolic characters and circumstances, and are given forth in mythic story and in legendary song,—song and story, in which the moral is always strictly subordinated to the dramatic element. The infancy of nations and the infancy of individuals display similar mental characteristics: in both we discern the same tendency to clothe thought in figure, and to embody feeling and opinion in invented action,—the same boundless imagination, the same insatiable love of marvellous adventure. As years advance, and culture spreads and deepens, our mental disposition changes; mere story loses its hold upon us; and ideas, as such, acquire a new and specific value in our sight: we begin to estimate outward things rather according to the amount of meaning they suggest, than according to the intrinsic worth or beauty they contain. Even poets and prose writers of fiction, who alone are expected to retain in the midst of advanced civilisation the qualifications which belong to *all* in primitive and ruder times,

succumb to the universal law; the subjective element becomes obtrusively prominent, and the dramatic part of a story is obscured or disguised by the reflective and moralising drapery so profusely thrown around it. The greatest excess in this direction is to be found in the German literature of the present day, and most especially in works like those of Auerbach, which mingle legends and metaphysics in a most unchildlike fashion. In *The Bare-footed Maiden,* for example, the whole interest of the book consists in the delicate perception with which the analogies between nature and the human mind are seized upon, and the felicity with which the hidden types and meanings of the outer world are laid bare. It is obvious that this process, however interesting in itself, is inherently antagonistic to the natural workings of a child's mind, and, if understood at all, must promote in it a morbid and undesirable condition.

It is difficult to define the limits of traditional literature. The early literature of every country partakes largely, if it does not consist entirely, of the legendary element; that is to say, it results from the working of no single mind, but is the joint production of a whole people, and grows by the successive contributions of many generations. A time comes when these national legends are collected and moulded into epic shape by one or more individuals; and thus they reach us in the form of an Odyssey, an Edda, a Kalewala, or a Nibelungen Lied. The contents of these poems, as far as we have the means of judging, are almost entirely based upon legendary materials; but they have lost much of the distinctive legendary character. In an artistic point of view, they are improved; but we miss the thoroughly unconscious treatment and the *naïveté* of expression which constitute the great charms of the people's literature. It is only from such works as the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm that we can form any complete estimate of the genuine popular legend. The authors of that valuable and interesting collection gathered its stories from the lips of the German peasantry, and have given them to us unaltered and unembellished, as nearly as possible in the words in which they were narrated, preserving even the *patois* of the originals. We are thus in possession of a complete and truthful version of one of the richest and most poetical of popular literatures. In the concluding volume of their work, published last year, the Brothers Grimm have entered upon a wider field; and, for the purposes of comparative criticism, have narrated some of the corresponding *Märchen* of other countries, besides giving a succinct account of the various collections that have from time to time been made. These are very numerous, but differ widely in their value, the tendency too often having been to manufacture pretty and ingenious stories out of the

popular materials, instead of recording the latter in all their native simplicity and vigour.

One very curious fact, which has always furnished matter of surprise, is incontrovertibly established by the volumes we are reviewing, viz. the universal diffusion of the same stories, not only in distant parts of the same country, but in different countries and among different races of men. That those ideas which are common to mankind should every where form the kernel of popular tales, is natural; but it is curious to find them clothed exactly in the same garb, and handled with the same dramatic treatment. Thus we can easily understand that the obvious advantages of skill and activity over mere size and strength should have given rise to that hero of world-wide celebrity, the valiant Tom Thumb. Once created, the humour of the people has found endless enjoyment in depicting the mishaps that arise from the discrepancy between him and the general order of the creation. The German Tom Thumb inquires one day of Frau Mama what is being cooked for dinner. She tells him to look; whereupon he peeps on tiptoe into the pot, is caught off his feet by the steam and floated up the chimney. By his ingenuity, however, he saves the parson's house from a gang of burglars, drives a cart by sitting in the horse's ear, and extricates himself most dexterously from the various plights in which he is placed by his diminutive stature. A poet of Cos tells us that the Greek Tom Thumb wore lead in his shoes for fear of being whisked away by the wind; and Aristarchus asserts that he was of the weight of one obolus. In Denmark the same hero lived for some time in a snuff-box, and married a wife three ells and three-quarters tall.

Again, the virtue of hospitality has in all ages been sung by men and rewarded by the gods. Philemon and Baucis have a place in the legends of every country. There is much similarity between the German *Märchen* of "The Rich Man and the Poor Man" and the corresponding Chinese legend. In the latter Fo comes down upon earth to try the hearts of men, and is hospitably received by a poor widow. She sits up all night to make him a new shirt, and on leaving next morning Fo pronounces the following blessing: "May God reward you for what you have done to me; and may the first thing that you begin to do after I leave, not cease till the sun sets." Thoughtless of the meaning of his words, the widow begins measuring her cloth to see how much is left; and she measures on and on till sunset before coming to the end of the piece. The room is then full of linen, and she has become a rich woman. Hearing of this good luck, a miserly neighbour places herself at her door, in the hope of finding an opportunity of doing an equally remunerative deed of charity. Fo appears in rags, as before, and is treated in the same way.

On leaving next morning, he repeats the blessing. Her pig at that moment begins to grunt, and she thinks to herself: "I shall be measuring linen all day and unable to feed him; I had better give him some water before beginning." She takes up her pail, and begins to pour; but she soon finds she has not the power of stopping. There she stands and pours on and on till sunset, when the whole village is inundated, and she has to bear the ill-will of her neighbours. The German version is more complicated, but contains many of the same features. The reward is bestowed in the shape of three wishes, which in the case of the poor man are wisely, and in the case of the rich man are foolishly, chosen. Grimm records an Indian legend which contains a moral essentially the same, but differently treated.

One of the richest and most interesting fields of legendary lore that has been explored is that of the negroes of Bornou. A German of the name of Kölle, who lived five years at Sierra Leone, and mastered the Bornou language, made a collection of all he could gather from the natives; and it is astonishing to find how, even among that remote and isolated people, we encounter the familiar elements of European story, and, indeed, with one exception, the same dramatic machinery. That exception consists in the almost entire absence of supernatural agencies, such as giants, dwarfs, elves, and fairies, and the restriction of interest therefore to human and animal life. The latter greatly preponderates; the fables are very numerous, and of a high order. Each animal has, as in our European fables, his distinct character, and his place in society; and a certain humour is conveyed by the assumption that the community is swayed by human motives and governed by human laws. The few Bornou legends recorded by Kölle which treat of men, and of their sayings and doings, contain many delicate touches of satire and feeling. The following is a good specimen: There was once upon a time a man of God who had a wife with one eye and a horse. He understood the language of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. One day a bird flew by him, and he began to laugh at what it said. His wife inquired the cause of his merriment. "I cannot tell you," answered he. "But I know," said she; "you are laughing because I have only one eye." "Nay," replied the husband, "that I saw before I fell in love with you and married you." This answer satisfied his wife for the time; but one night it happened that a rat and his spouse were laughing and joking so boisterously on the roof that they both lost their footing and fell to the ground. "That was a sorry joke," said the female rat, "I have broken my back." The man, who was lying in bed and had overheard their conversation, could not refrain from laughing at this mishap; whereupon his wife started

up, held him fast, and declared that he should not leave the house until he had told her the cause of his laughter. "Let me go," cried he; but his wife persisted in her demand, and he was at length forced to confess his secret. The next morning, when he went to see his horse, and it began to neigh, he found to his astonishment that he understood not a single word, nor could he make out what the other animals were talking about. Then he sat himself down in his house, hung his head, and said to himself: "God punishes the man who opens his heart and betrays his innermost thoughts. I understood the language of the animals, but now the devil has drawn me aside from the right path. The Lord has closed my ears because I have betrayed my secret to a woman." There is a story in the *Arabian Nights* which has the same beginning as this; but its conclusion is not so happy, and contains a different and less original and significant moral. When the man is on the point of betraying his secret, he overhears a cock remarking that he can keep fifty hens in order, and that it is very strange his master cannot manage one wife. It then suggests that a good beating would be the proper remedy. This advice is followed, and the wife ceases her importunities. It must be remembered, that a resemblance between the African and European legends is a circumstance of more import than a like resemblance between the legends of Europe and those of some parts of Asia. Though the bond may be very remote, still within the circle of the great Indo-Germanic family a similarity of fundamental ideas and a coincidence of facts can be explained.

Remarkable as is this identity in the legends of different countries, as showing the universal prevalence of certain ideas, and the tendency to express them in the same manner, the variety and differences of those legends form a subject still more suggestive and interesting. Not only is the distinctive character of a people to be traced in its popular tales, but from them we can judge in some rough way of the degree of civilisation to which it has attained. Through the labours of the Brothers Grimm, and other painstaking collectors, we are now in possession of sufficient materials to institute an elaborate comparison between the legendary literature of many different countries and ages; but the task would require great research, as well as considerable critical acumen. We can in this article only point out certain broad lines of demarcation, and notice a few striking characteristics.

Among the most genuine records of very primitive legends, are those which we possess of the North-American Indians,—the general features of which will be found to be reproduced in all the earliest poetry that has reached us;—while the constant intercourse with Nature in her grandest and wildest aspects has

infused a breadth and boldness into the legends in question which may be considered to constitute their special features. The characteristics which mark the position of these Indian tribes in the scale of civilisation, and which proceed from the fact that their communion with Nature is as intimate as their communion with their fellow-men, are the personification of the natural objects by which they are surrounded, and the restriction of interest to the simplest wants and pleasures of man. Thus we hear of the air being still when the winds give themselves over to sleep. The goddess of the everlasting snow, whose breath is icy-cold, receives life, warmth, and feeling when she becomes the wife of a mortal man; on his death she returns to the northern light. The sun, called the great day-star, is a man with wife and children; when he closes his eyes it is night. These early legends give us endless versions of the creation, and accounts of the first man—how he supplies the world with sun and moon, and contrives by some awkward mischance to bring misery, sickness, and death into it. In one legend he climbs for many days up a sun-ray, and at length arrives at the great day-star, one of whose daughters he gains for his wife. Equal breadth of conception and equally gigantic imagery are to be found in the legend of Gesser Khan, which exists in the Mongol language; but probably, as Grimm remarks, had its origin in Thibet, and certainly bears traces of the influence of Hindoo mythology. Gesser is the incarnation of a deity. Superhuman strength, and the power of metamorphosing himself into any other being, are the attributes which prove his origin: "The earth trembles when Gesser weeps."

The mythic element is equally strong in the legends of Finland, as they are known to us through the Kalewala. The dramatic interest of that poem consists in the acquisition of a beautiful bride; and the heroes are of the same Titanic mould as those familiar to us in the North-American tales. Among the Esthonian Fins are to be found many legends containing features somewhat similar to those of the Kalewala, that is to say, features arising out of the same state of civilisation, or non-civilisation; but here the peculiar character of the people has thrown a milder tone over their mythical conceptions. There is a grace and tenderness in their legends more akin to the soft fancies of the South; they remind us of many of the early Greek myths. Grimm records one in which the Great Father gives the light which burns in his halls to the care of two immortal servants, a youth and a maiden. To the latter, whose name is Ammarik (Abendröthe), he says, "My daughter, to thee I confide the sun; put it out, and see that no harm comes of the fire." Then to

the youth, whose name is Koit (Morgenröthe), he says, "My son, thy office is to give light to the sun, and to set it again on its course." The sun never fails to appear; in winter its rest is long, in summer it has but a short time for repose. In the latter season Ammarik gives it directly into the hands of Koit, who relights it at once. On one of these occasions they look into each other's brown eyes, their hands touch, and their lips meet; the Great Father sees and says: "Be happy as man and wife." They answer: "Father, disturb not our present happiness; let it suffice, and our love will be ever young and fresh." During four weeks in the year they meet, and then Ammarik lays the extinguished sun into Koit's hand; Ammarik's cheek flushes pink, and a rosy reflection plays on the sky until the time comes for Koit to relight the sun. When Ammarik stays too long, the nightingale mockingly upbraids her, and sings, "Thou lingering maiden, the night is too long." It must not be thought that legends of this description are mere fanciful creations; there is a strong admixture of belief in all such personifications of Nature, and they are always closely connected with, if they do not entirely compose, the religion of a primitive people. This faith is the natural result of simple minds coming into direct contact with the marvels of Nature, and only dies out when experience has somewhat defined the limits of the actual and the ideal—the possible and the impossible. Mythical conceptions of this primitive class go on multiplying and acquiring precision and development until the age for their creation draws to a close; they are then fixed and embodied by the national poets, and constitute the early literature, especially the great epic poems, of a people.

The fable is another form of legend that takes its rise in an uncivilised state of society, and naturally so from the constant intercourse of men with the animal creation. In the North-American collection the fables do not form a separate class of stories; but animals are raised to the same footing as human beings, understand their language, join in their pursuits, and associate in their daily life. The reason is expressly stated why some among them lost the power of understanding the human speech. In the Bornou collection fables form a distinct class; but their character is still strictly popular and unconscious. Not so in the great Hindoo collection imported into Persia in the sixth century, and known in England as the Pilpay Fables, in which the didactic purpose is very prominent. Indeed, among the Hindoos, fables were regarded as about the most important vehicles for conveying practical lessons of wisdom and morality. Still these possess one great charm wanting in most of the more modern productions of this kind; the wise saws proceed from

the animals themselves, instead of appearing in the form of dry and polished aphorisms at the end of the tales: the effect is irresistibly comic. The fables of Æsop and his imitators cannot, of course, be reckoned among *popular* productions; they are the conscious expression of what the Germans term the *Thiermärchen*, the finest European type of which is to be found in "Reynard the Fox," and have, like almost every form of literature, their unconscious germ in the early creations of the people.

The most interesting and amusing legends are, however, those which appear in a more advanced state of society, which treat of human intercourse and of feelings and events which readily excite our sympathy. This field of popular entertainment is boundless. Each province and each village has its own tales and traditions, all strongly tinged with local colouring, yet presenting a certain universal character, which makes the remotest seem like old and familiar friends. Many good collections have from time to time been made of the most noteworthy among them. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment; Il Pentamerone*, published at Naples, by Giambatista Basile, in the seventeenth century; Perrault's French fairy tales; Anton Dietrich's *Russian Popular Tales; The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland;* and Grimm's collection of German *Märchen*, are all genuine works; that is to say, they give us the real popular tales, unadulterated by any addition of the author's invention. Of all these collections, Grimm's is the most pleasing and the most valuable; pleasing on account of the merry honest humour, kindly feeling, and sound morality it contains, and valuable as displaying an unusual variety of motive and character, which is probably as much due to the collectors as to the German people. By more careful research, they have given a completeness to the subject in which most of the other works are deficient. In the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* every phase of the popular mind is expressed; piety, pathos, humour, and poetry, all play their part, and we feel that the tales give us an entire knowledge of the people, and carry us completely behind the scenes. Their comparative deficiency, therefore, in two elements, the terrible and the malignant, which form the principal ingredients of so many popular tales, is a fact of some significance. In the few *Märchen* in which our imagination is wrought up to a painful pitch, or our hatred and indignation strongly excited, the effect is never allowed to last long, but is neutralised by some touch of pleasantry or kindly stroke of fate. Thus the most ghastly and terrible story in the collection, "The Legend of One who went out into the World to learn Fear," is rendered almost comic by the imperturbable calmness and *sang-froid* of the hero, who never knew

what it was to shudder. When he sleeps under the gallows, he takes down the dead bodies at midnight and sets them upright round the fire to warm them. In the enchanted castle he sleeps for the same benevolent purpose with his cousin's corpse, fights and subdues in turn all the evil spirits of the place, and destroys the spell that hung over the castle. Of course the castle belongs to a king, and the king has a daughter, and the hero marries the daughter. But, much as he loves his wife, he is not happy, but keeps saying to himself, "O, that I knew what it is to shudder!" The king's daughter, annoyed at her husband's discontent, sends one day for a pail of water full of little gudgeons, and throws it over him while he is asleep. He wakes suddenly, and cries out, "I shudder! I shudder! Thank God, my wife, I have known what it is to shudder!"

Similar horrors are to be encountered in the enchanted castle which Bruder Lustig delivers from the spell of a malignant power; but he is provided with his magical knapsack, and when the imps get fierce and kick too hard, he has merely to wish them into the knapsack, and in they jump, and the lock is turned upon them. Even death appears in the kindly form of a generous godfather, and is a great contrast to the weird mournful Banshee of the Irish legends. The dwarfs, who are supposed to be the incarnations of malignity, are made so ridiculous that they become subjects for amusement rather than for dislike. Rumpelstilzchen is to carry off the queen's child if she does not guess his name in three days. She sends out messengers to collect all the names in the kingdom; and by chance they hear Rumpelstilzchen repeating his as he dances round his fire in the wood. When he comes next day to carry off his prize, the queen guesses right. Thus balked, the little man gets into a terrible rage, and stamps so hard with his right foot that he thrusts his leg into the ground. Then in his passion he seizes his left leg with such violence that he tears himself in two. In "Snow-white and Rose-red" the malicious little dwarf gets caught in a tree which he is trying to split with an axe; the wood closes together and holds him fast by the end of the beard. On another occasion, when he is fishing, the beard gets entangled in his line. A large fish bites;—then comes the tug of war; and had not the good children come to the rescue of the vicious little creature, it is more probable that the fish would have drawn him into the water than that he would have drawn the fish out.

The delineation of certain simple characters forms an endless vehicle for the humour and pleasantry of a people. Bruder Lustig, with his easy careless kindness, hearty good-humour, rough coarse nature, and utter want of principle, is a splendid creation. Round

the thoughtless simpleton and the incorrigible booby gather in the German imagination a host of ridiculous blunders and adventures. Thus Frieder goes out to work, and tells his wife Catherlieschen to have his dinner ready when he comes back. She puts a sausage on the fire to fry, stands over it and thinks to herself, "While the sausage is frying I may as well draw the beer;" so she takes a jug and goes down into the cellar. While the beer is running, Catherlieschen suddenly remembers that the dog is not tied up, and may get hold of the sausage. In a twinkling she is up-stairs; but the dog has got hold of the sausage, and is running away with it as fast as he can. Catherlieschen, being an active woman, runs after him; but the dog is faster than she, and the sausage goes bounding over the fields. "What's done can't be undone," says Catherlieschen; so being tired, she returns home at a leisurely pace. But all the time she is away the beer keeps running, until the barrel is empty and the cellar full. "O!" cries Catherlieschen when she sees the mishap, "what shall I do to prevent Frieder finding it out?" At length she remembers that at the last fair they bought a sack of wheat-flour; so she fetches it, and strews it on the ground to dry up the beer. Another day, when she is going out, her husband tells her to secure the door of the cottage; she therefore takes it off its hinges and carries it with her.

We have numberless instances of inveterate laziness, and of the inconveniences which sloth will submit to rather than stir a limb; all of the same character as the old story in which a fellow, sooner than move, lies under the droppings of the roof, with the water running in at one ear and out at the other. Ingenious exaggerations form another class of popular tales, much richer in invention and more varied in incident than the famous Münchhausen stories. A king promises his daughter in marriage to him who can tell the most amusing fibs; and forthwith follows a string of absurdities, in which the imagination runs riot with such readiness and daring that the mere perusal of them takes away our breath.

Grimm's collection contains a good many directly moral stories; but in the German *Märchen* the didactic purpose is never exclusively prominent: they all contain stories interesting in themselves, and the moral is thrown into the bargain. Such, for instance, is the legend of "The Rich Man and the Poor Man," the Chinese version of which we have narrated; and the story of "King Thrushbeard," in which a beautiful princess scornfully rejects all the suitors that appear at her father's court. She is very severe on a certain good-natured king, whose chin she declares to be like the beak of a thrush. At last her father waxes wrath, and

vows she shall marry the first man who comes to his gates. A few days after a strolling musician stops and sings under the window. The princess is married to him and taken off to his cottage, where she has to scrub the floor, cook the dinner, and take pottery-ware to market. But this poetic justice is too severe for the kindly German Muse. When the pride is taken out of her by hard work, she discovers her beggar-husband to be the good king Thrushbeard in disguise. The wedding is again celebrated with every pomp and circumstance, and "they live happily for the rest of their days." But besides these direct and commonplace morals, there often occur in the German *Märchen* finer touches of thought and feeling; indications of deeper and less obvious truths; dim gropings of the popular mind after a higher class of realities. Thus, in *Das Mädchen ohne Hände*, a miller sells his child to the devil; but the latter cannot approach her, although she has become his property, on account of her goodness and purity. In *Der Gevatter Tod*, a poor man chose Death as the godfather of his twelfth child; and when the child was grown up, Death conferred on him a gift by which to make his fortune. He showed him a herb, and said, "When you hear of any one being sick, go to their bedside, and if you see me standing at the head you can promise that they will recover; give them of this herb, and it will cure them. But if you see me standing at the feet of the sick man, he is mine; say that there is no hope, for there is not a doctor in the world who could save him." In this way the youth became a renowned doctor; and when the king was taken ill he was sent for to cure him. But on approaching the royal bed, he saw Death standing at the feet of the king. Then he thought to himself, "I will outwit Death for once; he is my godfather, and will not take it amiss." So he turned the patient round with his head to where Death was standing and administered the herb. The king recovered; but Death looked black, and said, "This time it has gone well with you because I am your godfather, but beware of attempting such a thing again." Now it happened some time after, that the king's daughter became very ill; and the king promised her in marriage to whoever should cure her. The doctor came, and saw Death standing at her feet. His godfather looked at him with a threatening countenance: but the beauty of the princess so entranced him that he noticed nothing else; he turned her round on the bed, administered the herb, and she recovered. But Death was not to be disregarded a second time: he seized the doctor with his icy hand, and dragged him into a subterranean cavern. There were flaming in endless rows thousands upon thousands of candles of different sizes; every moment some went out, and others burnt

up again, so that the little lights seemed to be dancing up and down in constant change. "These are the life-lights of men," said Death; "the big ones belong to children, the middle-sized to people in the prime of life, and the small ones to old people: but it often happens that children and young people have small lights too." Then the doctor asked to see his light; and Death pointed to a little flame that was flickering very feebly. "O, my godfather," cried the astonished doctor, "be good to me and grant me a new light, in order that I may enjoy life, become a king, and have the beautiful princess for my wife." "I cannot," answered Death, "one must be extinguished before a new one can be lighted." "Then set the old one on a new one, and the new one will go on burning as soon as the old one is extinguished," cried the doctor. Death fetched a large new light, as if he were going to comply with his wish; but to revenge himself he purposely knocked down the little light, and it went out. Then the doctor sank down, and fell himself into the hands of Death.

The Bornou legend that we mentioned above is of the same thoughtful character. The special gift of the man of God, the one secretly-treasured power that has been bestowed upon him, vanishes the moment he confesses it to another mortal. In one of the Russian tales, called "The Story of the Duck with Golden Eggs," Krutchina, the personification of Sorrow, takes away the crust of bread from a poor family, but gives them a duck instead which every day lays a golden egg. This may or may not be typical of the rich return that Sorrow gives for her spoliations; but when features of this description occur frequently in a popular literature, we are inclined to believe that they are not all the mere aimless productions of imagination, but that they result from an endeavour to express certain definite feelings and distinct ideas.

The few Russian legends that are known to us were collected in Moscow some years ago by a German, and have lately been translated into English. M. Anton Dietrich did not, like the Brothers Grimm, gather them from the people, but translated them from the rough, illustrated, and ill-spelt copies which he found in the picture-shops of Moscow. In this form they are published in countless numbers all over Russia, and are exempt from the control of the censorship as the inalienable heritage of the people. They are worthy of the heroic type, and they show a fine martial spirit, but we miss the humour and the tenderness of the German *Märchen;* there are unmistakable national features in all of them. Some few are, indeed, similar in incident to the legends of other countries. The "Seven Brothers Simeon" is the same as the German "Six who got through the whole World,"

and the Italian tale of "The Flea." "The Winged Wolf" is the same as the German "Waters of Life;" and "Emelyan the Fool" is the story of "Peruonto" in the *Pentamerone*. But the entirely Russian style in which they are told points to an independent Sclavonic origin, and ranges them among those universal legends that seem indigenous to every variety of people. Of the Neapolitan fairy tales recorded in the *Pentamerone*, as far as difference from and similitude to the German *Märchen* are concerned, we can say the same. In soundness, simplicity, and naturalness, they are, however, inferior both to these and to the Russian. They proceeded from a people ignorant and illiterate enough for the legendary stage of literature; but surrounded by a vicious and luxurious civilisation, that has to a certain extent changed their simplicity into puerility, their humour into coarseness, and their poetry into idle unhealthy fancy. There are some few that are interesting and pleasing, but the manner in which they are told is throughout strained in the extreme. Thus, when Cinderella's slipper is brought to the prince, he addresses it as follows: "If the basement indeed is so beautiful, what must the building be? O beauteous candlestick, where is the light that consumes me? O tripod of the bright boiler in which life simmers! O beautiful cork, fastened to the angling-line of Love, with which he has caught my soul, lo, I embrace you, I press you to my heart; and if I cannot reach the plant, I adore at least the roots; if I cannot possess the capital of the column, I kiss the base! You, who until now were the prison of a white foot, are now the fetters of an unhappy heart." An unfortunate princess "lets fly the falcon of her soul after the quail of grief." In "Nennillo and Nennella" we have the following: "But at the hour when all creatures, summoned by the constables of night, pay to nature the tax of needful repose, the two little children began to feel afraid at remaining in that lonesome place, where the waters of a river, which was thrashing the impertinent stones for obstructing its course, would have frightened even a Rodomonte." This is an exaggeration of the style we meet with in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, and is to a certain extent natural to the people of the east and of the south. The Italian stories have another feature too in common with the *Thousand and one Nights*. Many things in them are defined, which in the German legends are left vague and uncertain. Thus the king's son, instead of simply "going forth" in search of a beautiful wife, walks to the coast of France, there takes a Genoese boat to the Straits of Gibraltar, and thence sails in a larger vessel to the Indies, where he at length finds her in the island of the Ogresses. These details somewhat destroy the poetic atmosphere of the tales. The

English translation is worthy of all praise: it shows a thorough knowledge of Neapolitan *patois*, and the popular mind of the seventeenth century, both of which were necessary to a full understanding of the *Pentamerone*.

The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland have familiarised us with a large class of Celtic tales, and introduced us to one of the most complicated systems of fairy machinery. There is about these Irish traditions a wild, mournful, imaginative character common to all Celtic legends. Those of Bretagne are of a similar kind. They never contain any purely human interest, but treat of the intercourse of men with the world of spirits. Nor is that intercourse, as in the German legends, easy and comfortable; there is no mutual understanding, no intimacy, no interchange of kindly services. We cannot calculate on satisfactory conclusions, and entertain the cheerful conviction in the midst of overwhelming troubles that all will come right, that the youngest brother will marry the princess, and that they will live happily for the rest of their days. There is something *uncanny* about them. We have no good collection of Anglo-Saxon traditions; Tabart's work is merely a compilation from the *Arabian Nights*, Perrault, the Countess Aulnoy, and others. It contains, however, three legends, two of which are exclusively English, and one of which has an independent English existence, viz. "Jack the Giant-killer," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Tom Thumb." We deeply regret that the birthplace of Jack the Giant-killer, the Cornishman, forbids us to cherish the belief that that hero was an Anglo-Saxon *pur sang*. Still it is impossible that the plucky little man who made our youthful hearts bound with sympathetic heroism, and who has ever since lived in our minds as the ideal of valour and enterprise, should have had nothing but Celtic blood in his veins. We prefer to believe that his Cornish father sallied forth into the neighbouring counties in search of a wife, and found her in the shape of an honest sturdy Anglo-Saxon farmer's daughter, who became the mother of our hero. For Jack is highly practical as well as chivalrous; he uses his brains as well as his fists, which is not common in legends of the heroic cast. He knows that the Giant Cormoran, who was eighteen feet high and three yards round, was not to be slain by the simple strength of his arm, so he condescends to make use of his wits as well, digs a pitfall, and gets the monster into it before attacking him. But we know not what rash presumption has led us to analyse the character of Jack the Giant-killer. He is a great living fact, to be received whole; a creed, to be accepted thankfully and without question or criticism. Suffice it to say, for the gratification of our national pride, that

the corresponding German hero, "The Brave Tailor," bears about the same relation to Jack that the shrill false little squeak of a penny whistle does to the sound bold note of the huntsman's horn.

We will not dwell upon the large class of fairy tales that have been manufactured in modern days for the amusement of the young. Inventions of this kind are not, as we before remarked, the natural occupations of cultivated minds, and are therefore never very successfully treated by them. Nor is the attempt to produce fresh stories at all necessary, while we have so rich a crop ready for the sickle. It would be equally wise to spend our time and minds upon the cultivation of the field-daisy. Fairy tales of this class generally run into one of two extremes: either they contain no moral at all, and are the mere vapid and senseless creations of an unbridled imagination; or they are so closely bound down to their moral that they become dull and straight-laced, and we lose all pleasure in the tale. One chief characteristic of the popular legend is the way in which, even where the didactic purpose is prominent, the story at times takes the bit between its teeth, and bounds off in defiance of all restraint and careless of all consequences. Thus, in the Russian legend that we noticed above, after Krutchina takes the bread from the poor people and gives them the duck with the golden eggs, the latter becomes the cause of a series of comical adventures perfectly irrelevant to the main gist and meaning of the story. It is this freedom, this utter disregard of all artistic claims, by which we may always recognise the genuine productions of a people's fancy. These deficiencies, if they be such, are more than compensated for by the artlessness and simplicity with which they are accompanied, and the entire absence of any thing like trick. Long may they remain the chief mental food of the child! It is no easy task to amuse; and we know of what value to the mind is the capacity of entertainment. We should cherish every thing that encourages and strengthens that useful faculty. Besides the amusement too, more strong, sound, broad morality will sink into a child's heart from the study of the best fairy tales than from the wisest of homilies or the most instructive of books; and while appreciating their value as a means of education, we must not overlook their interest as the most genuine expression of a people's character, and one of the most trustworthy records we possess of their habits and customs, and their tone of thought, in different ages and countries.

Art. VIII.—BERANGER.

Œuvres complètes de C.-J. de Béranger. Nouvelle édition revue par l'Auteur, contenant les Dix Chansons nouvelles, le facsimile d'une Lettre de Béranger; illustrée de cinquante-deux gravures sur acier, d'après Charlet, D'Aubigny, Johannot Grenier, De Lemud, Pauquet, Penguilly, Raffet, Sandoz, exécutées par les artistes les plus distingués, et d'un beau portrait d'après nature par Sandoz. 2 vols. 8vo, 1855.

The invention of books has at least one great advantage. It has half-abolished one of the worst consequences of the diversity of languages. Literature enables nations to understand one another. Oral intercourse hardly does this. In English a distinguished foreigner says not what he thinks, but what he can. There is a certain intimate essence of national meaning which is as untranslatable as good poetry. Dry thoughts are cosmopolitan; but the delicate associations of language which express character, the traits of speech which mark the man, differ in every tongue, have not even cumbrous circumlocutions that are equivalent in another. National character is a deep thing—a shy thing; you cannot exhibit much of it to people who have a difficulty in understanding your language; you are in strange society, and you feel you will not be understood. "Let an English gentleman," writes Mr. Thackeray, "who has dwelt two, four, or ten years in Paris, say at the end of any given period how much he knows of French society, how many French houses he has entered, and how many French friends he has made. Intimacy there is none; we see but the outsides of the people. Year by year we live in France, and grow grey and see no more. We play *écarté* with Monsieur de Trêfle every night; but what do we know of the heart of the man—of the inward ways, thoughts, and customs of Trêfle? We dance with Countess Flicflac Tuesdays and Thursdays ever since the peace; and how far are we advanced in her acquaintance since we first twirled her round a room? We know her velvet gown and her diamonds; we know her smiles and her simpers and her rouge, but the real, rougeless, *intime* Flicflac we know not."* Even if our words did not stutter, as they do stutter on our tongue, she would not tell us what she is. Literature has half mended this. Books are exportable; the essence of national character lies flat on a printed page. Men of genius with the

* We have been obliged to abridge the above extract, and in so doing have left out the humour of it.

impulses of solitude produce works of art, whose words can be read and re-read and partially taken in by foreigners to whom they could never be uttered, the very thought of whose unsympathising faces would freeze them on the surface of the mind. Alexander Smith has accused poetical reviewers of beginning as far as possible from their subject. It may seem to some, though it is not so really, that we are exemplifying this saying in commencing as we have commenced an article on Béranger.

There are two kinds of poetry, which one may call poems of this world, and poems not of this world. We see a certain society on the earth held together by certain relations, performing certain acts, exhibiting certain phenomena, calling forth certain emotions. The millions of human beings who compose it have their various thoughts, feelings, and desires. They hate, act, and live. The social bond presses them closely together; and from their proximity new sentiments arise which are half superficial and do not touch the inmost soul, but which nevertheless are unspeakably important in the actual constitution of human nature, and work out their effects for good and for evil on the characters of those who are subjected to its influence. These sentiments of the world, as one may speak, differ from the more primitive impulses and emotions of our inner nature as the superficial phenomena of the material universe from what we fancy is its real essence. Passing hues, transient changes have their course before our eyes; a multiplex diorama is for ever displayed; underneath it all we fancy—such is the inevitable constitution of our thinking faculty—a primitive immovable essence, which is modified into all the ever-changing phenomena we see, which is the grey granite whereon they lie, the primary substance whose *débris* they all are. Just so from the original and primitive emotions of man, society—the evolving capacity of combined action—brings out desires which seem new, in a sense are new, which have no existence out of the society itself, are coloured by its customs at the moment, change with the fashions of the age. Such a principle is what we may call social gaiety: the love of combined amusement which all men feel and variously express, and which is to the higher faculties of the soul what a gay running stream is to the everlasting mountain, a light, altering element which beautifies while it modifies. Poetry does not shrink from expressing such feelings; on the contrary, their renovating cheerfulness blends appropriately with her inspiriting delight. Each age and each form of the stimulating imagination has a fashion of its own. Sir Walter sings in his modernised chivalry,

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear.
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they;
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay;
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk?
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

The poet of the people, "*vilain et très vilain,*" sings with the pauper Bohemian,

Voir c'est avoir. Allons courir!
Vie errante
Est chose enivrante.
Voir c'est avoir. Allons courir!
Car tout voir c'est tout conquérir.

Nous n'avons donc exempts d'orgueil,
De lois vaines,
De lourdes chaines;
Nous n'avons donc exempts d'orgueil,
Ni berceau, ni toit, ni cercueil;
Mais croyez-en notre gaîté,
Noble ou prêtre,
Valet ou maître;
Mais croyez-en notre gaîté,
Le bonheur est la liberté.

Oui, croyez-en notre gaîté,
Noble ou prêtre,
Valet ou maître;
Oui, croyez-en notre gaîté,
Le bonheur est la liberté.

The forms of these poems of social amusement are, in truth, as various as the social amusement itself. The variety of the world, singularly various as it every where is, is nowhere so various as in that. Men have more ways of amusing themselves than of doing any thing else they do. But the essence —the characteristic—of these poems every where is, that they express more or less well the lighter desires of human nature; —those that have least of unspeakable depth, partake most of what is perishable and earthly, and least of the immortal soul. The objects of these desires are social accidents; excellent, perhaps essential, possibly—so is human nature made—in one form and variety or another, to the well-being of the soul, yet in

themselves transitory, fleeting, and in other moods contemptible. The old saying was, that to endure solitude a man must either be a beast or a god. It is in the lighter play of social action, in that which is neither animal nor divine, which in its half-way character is so natural to man, that these poems of society, which we have called poems of amusement, have their place.

This species does not, however, exhaust the whole class. Society gives rise to another sort of poems, differing from this one as contemplation differs from desire. Society may be thought of as an object. The varied scene of men,—their hopes, fears, anxieties, maxims, actions,—present a sight more interesting to man than any other which has ever existed, or which can exist; and it may be viewed in all moods of mind, and with the change of inward emotion as the external object seems to change: not that it really does so, but that some sentiments are more favourable to clear-sightedness than others are; and some bring before us one aspect of the subject, and fix our attention upon it, others a different one, and bind our minds to that likewise. Among the most remarkable of these varied views is the world's view of itself. The world, such as it is, has made up its mind what it is. Childishly deceivable by charlatans on every other subject,—imposed on by pedantry, by new and unfounded science, by ancient and unfounded reputation, a prey to pomposity, overrun with recondite fools, ignorant of all else,—society knows itself. The world knows a man of the world. A certain tradition pervades it; a *disciplina* of the market-place teaches what the collective society of men has ever been, and what, so long as the nature of man is the same, it cannot and will not cease to be. Literature, the written expression of human nature in every variety, takes up this variety likewise. Ancient literature exhibits it from obvious causes in a more simple manner than modern literature can. Those who are brought up in times like the present, necessarily hear a different set of opinions, fall in with other words, are under the shadow of a higher creed. In consequence, they cannot have the simple *naïveté* of the old world; they cannot speak with easy equanimity of the fugitiveness of life, the necessity of death, of goodness as a mean, of sin as an extreme. The theory of the universe has ceased to be an open question. Still the spirit of Horace is alive, and as potent as that of any man. His tone is that of prime ministers; his easy philosophy is that of courts and parliaments; you may hear his words where no other foreign words are ever heard. He is but the extreme and perfect type of a whole class of writers, some of whom exist in every literary age, and who give an expression to what

we may call the poetry of equanimity, that is, the world's view of itself; its self-satisfaction, its conviction that you must bear what comes, not hope for much, think *some* evil, never be excited, admire little, and then you will be at peace. This creed does not sound attractive in description. Nothing, it has been said, is so easy as to be "religious on paper:" on the other hand, it is rather difficult to be worldly in speculation; the mind of man, when its daily maxims are put before it, revolts from any thing so stupid, so mean, so poor. It requires a consummate art to reconcile men in print to that moderate and insidious philosophy which creeps into all hearts, colours all speech, influences all action. We may not stiffen common sense into a creed; our very ambition forbids:

> "It hears a voice within us tell
> Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well:
> 'Tis all perhaps which man acquires;
> But 'tis not what our youth desires."

Still a great artist may succeed in making 'calm' interesting. Equanimity has its place in literature; the poetry of equipoise is possible. Poems of society have, thus, two divisions: that which we mentioned first, the expression of the feelings which are called out by the accidents of society; next, the harmonised expression of that philosophy of indifference with which the world regards the fortunes of individuals and its own.

We have said that no modern nation can produce literature embodying this kind of cool reflection and delineation as it was once produced. By way of compensation, however, it may be, it no doubt is, easier now to produce the lyrical kind of poems of society—the light expression of its light emotions—than it was in ancient times. Society itself is better. There is something hard in Paganism, which is always felt even in the softest traits of the most delicate society in antiquity. The social influence of women in modern times gives an interest, a little pervading excitement, to social events. Civilisation, besides, has made comfort possible; it has, at least in part, created a scene in which society can be conducted. Its petty conveniences may or may not be great benefits according to a recondite philosophy; but there can be no doubt that for actual men and women in actual conversation it is of the greatest importance that their feet should not be cold; that their eyes and mouth should not be troubled with smoke; that sofas should be good, and attractive chairs many. Modern times have the advantage of the ancient in the scenery of flirtation. The little boy complained you could not find "drawing-room" in the dictionary. Perhaps even because our reflections are deeper, our inner life

less purely pagan, our apparent life is softer and easier. Some have said, that one reason why physical science made so little progress in ancient times was, that people were in doubt about more interesting things; men must have, it has been alleged, a settled creed as to human life and human hopes, before they will attend to shells and snails and pressures. And whether this be so or not, perhaps a pleasant society is only possible to persons at ease as to what is beyond society. Those only can lie on the grass who fear no volcano underneath, and can bear to look at the blue vault above.

Among modern nations it is not difficult to say where we should look for success in the art of social poetry. "Wherever," said Mr. Lewes the other day, "the French go, they take what they call their civilisation—that is, a *café* and a theatre." And though this be a trifle severe, yet in its essence its meaning is correct. The French have in some manner or other put their mark on all the externals of European life. The essence of every country remains little affected by their teaching; but in all the superficial embellishments of society they have enjoined the fashion; and the very language in which those embellishments are spoken of, shows at once whence they were derived. Something of this is doubtless due to the accidents of a central position, and an early and prolonged political influence; but more to a certain neatness of nature, a certain finish of the senses, which enables them more easily than others to touch lightly the light things of society, to see the *comme-il-faut*. "I like," said a good judge, "to hear a Frenchman talk; he strikes a light." On a hundred topics he gives the bright sharp edge, where others have only a blunt approximation.

Nor is this anticipation disappointed. Reviewers do not advance such theories unless they correspond with known results. For many years the French have not been more celebrated for memoirs which professedly describe a real society than they have been for the light social song which embodies its sentiments and pours forth its spirit. The principle on which such writings are composed is the taking some incident —not voluntarily (for the incident doubtless of itself takes a hold on the poet's mind)—and out of that incident developing all which there is in it. A grave form is of course inconsistent with such art. The spirit of such things is half-mirthful; a very profound meaning is rarely to be expected; but little incidents are not destitute of meaning, and a delicate touch will delineate it in words. A profound excitement likewise such poems cannot produce; they do not address the passions or the intuitions, the heart or the soul, but a gentle pleasure, half

sympathy, half amusement, is that at which they aim. They do not please us equally in all moods of mind: sometimes they seem nothing and nonsense, like society itself. We must not be too active or too inactive, to like them; the tension of mind must not be too great; in our highest moods the littlenesses of life are petty; the mind must not be obtusely passive; light touches will not stimulate a sluggish inaction. This dependence on the mood of mind of the reader makes it dangerous to elucidate this sort of art by quotation; Béranger has, however, the following:

"*Laideur et Beauté.*

Sa trop grande beauté m'obsède;
C'est un masque aisément trompeur.
Oui, je voudrais qu'elle fût laide,
Mais laide, laide à faire peur.
Belle ainsi faut-il que je l'aime!
Dieu, reprends ce don éclatant;
Je le demande à l'enfer même:
Qu'elle soit laide et que je l'aime autant.

A ces mots m'apparaît le diable;
C'est le père de la laideur:
'Rendons-la, dit-il, effroyable,
De tes rivaux trompons l'ardeur:
J'aime assez ces métamorphoses.
Ta belle ici vient en chantant;
Perles, tombez; fanez-vous, roses.
La voilà laide et tu l'aimes autant.'

Laide! moi! dit-elle étonnée;
Elle s'approche d'un miroir,
Doute d'abord, puis, consternée,
Tombe en un morne désespoir.
'Pour moi seul tu jurais de vivre,
Lui dis-je, à ses pieds me jetant:
A mon seul amour il te livre.
Plus laide encore, je t'aimerais autant.'

Ses yeux éteints fondent en larmes,
Alors sa douleur m'attendrit:
Ah! rendez, rendez-lui ses charmes.
Soit! répond Satan qui sourit.
Ainsi que naît la fraîche aurore,
Sa beauté renaît à l'instant.
Elle est, je crois, plus belle encore;
Elle est plus belle, et moi je l'aime autant.

Vite, au miroir elle s'assure
Qu'on lui rend bien tous ses appas;
Des pleurs restent sur sa figure
Qu'elle essuie en grondant tout bas.
Satan s'envole, et la cruelle
Fuit et s'écrie en me quittant:
Jamais fille que Dieu fit belle
Ne doit aimer qui peut l'aimer autant."

And this is even a more characteristic specimen:

"*La Mouche.*

Au bruit de notre gaîté folle,
Au bruit des verres, des chansons,
Quelle mouche murmure et vole,
Et revient quand nous la chassons? (*bis.*)
C'est quelque dieu, je le soupçonne,
Qu'un peu de bonheur rend jaloux.
Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,
Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous. } *bis.*

Transformée en mouche hideuse,
Amis, oui, c'est, j'en suis certain,
La Raison, déité grondeuse,
Qu'irrite un si joyeux festin,
L'orage approche, le ciel tonne;
Voilà ce que dit son courroux.
Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,
Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

C'est la Raison qui vient me dire:
'A ton âge on vit en reclus.
Ne bois plus tant, cesse de rire,
Cesse d'aimer, ne chante plus.'
Ainsi son beffroi toujours sonne
Aux lueurs des feux les plus doux.
Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,
Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

C'est la Raison; gare à Lisette!
Son dard la menace toujours.
Dieux! il perce la collerette:
Le sang coule! accourez, Amours!
Amours, poursuivez la félonne;
Qu'elle expire enfin sous vos coups.
Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,
Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

Victoire! amis, elle se noie
Dans l'aï que Lise a versé.
Victoire! et qu'aux mains de la Joie
Le sceptre enfin soit replacé.
Un souffle ébranle sa couronne;
Une mouche nous troublait tous.
Ne craignons plus qu'elle bourdonne,
Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous."

To make poetry out of a fly is a difficult operation. It used to be said of the Lake school of criticism, in Mr. Wordsworth's early and more rigid days, that there was no such term as 'elegant' in its nomenclature. The reason is that, dealing, or attempting to deal, only with the essential aboriginal principles of human nature, that school had no room and no occasion for those minor contrivances of thought and language which are

necessary to express the complex accumulation of little feelings, the secondary growth of human emotion. The underwood of nature is "elegant;" the bare ascending forest tree despises what is so trivial,—it is grave and solemn. Of such verses, on the other hand, as have been quoted "elegance" is essential; the delicate finish of fleeting forms is the only excellence they can have.

The characteristic deficiencies of French literature have no room to show themselves in this class of art. "Though France herself denies," says a recent writer, "yet all other nations with one voice proclaim her inferiority to her rivals in poetry and romance, and in all the other elevated fields of fiction. A French Dante, or Michael Angelo, or Cervantes, or Murillo, or Goethe, or Shakespeare, or Milton, we at once perceive to be a mere anomaly; a supposition which may, indeed, be proposed in terms, but which in reality is inconceivable and impossible." In metaphysics, the reason seems to be that the French character is incapable of being mastered by an unseen idea, without being so tyrannised over by it as to be incapable of artistic development. Such a character as Robespierre's may explain what we mean. His entire nature was taken up, and absorbed in certain ideas; he had almost a vanity in them; he was of them, and they were of him. But they appear in his mind, in his speeches, in his life, in their driest and barest form; they have no motion, life, or roundness. We are obliged to use many metaphors remotely and with difficulty to indicate the procedure of the imagination. In one of these metaphors we figure an idea of imagination as a living thing, a kind of growing plant, with a peculiar form, and ever preserving its identity, but absorbing from the earth and air all kindred, suitable, and, so to say, annexable materials. In a mind such as Robespierre's, in the type of the fanatic mind, there is no such thing. The ideas seem a kind of dry hard capsules, never growing, never enlarging, never uniting. Development is denied them; they cannot expand, or ripen, or mellow. Dogma is a dry hard husk; poetry has the soft down of the real fruit. Ideas seize on the fanatic mind just as they do on the poetical; they have the same imperious ruling power. The difference is, that in the one the impelling force is immutable, iron, tyrannical; in the other the rule is expansive, growing, free, taking up from all around it moment by moment whatever is fit, as in the political world a great constitution arises through centuries, with a shape that does not vary, but with movement for its essence and the fluctuation of elements for its vitality. A thin poor mind like Robespierre's seems pressed and hampered by the bony fingers of a skeleton-hand; a poet's is expanded and warmed at the same time that

it is impelled by a pure life-blood of imagination. The French, as we have said, are hardly capable of this. When great remote ideas seize upon them at all, they become fanatics. The wild, chimerical, revolutionary, mad Frenchman has the stiffest of human minds. He is under the law of his creed; he has not attained to the higher freedom of the impelling imagination. The prosing rhetoric of the French tragedy shows the same defect in another form. The ideas which should have become living realities, remain as lean abstractions. The characters are speaking officials, jets of attenuated oratory. But exactly on this very account the French mind has a genius for the poetry of society. Unable to remove itself into the higher region of imagined forms, it has the quickest detective insight into the exact relation of surrounding superficial phenomena. There are two ways of putting it: either, being fascinated by the present, they cannot rise to what is not present; or, being by defect of nature unable to rise to what is not present, they are concentrated and absorbed in that which is so. Of course there ought not to be, but there *is*, a world of *bonbons*, of *salons*, of *esprit*. Living in the present, they have the poetry of the present. The English genius is just the opposite. Our cumbrous intellect has no call to light artificialities. We do not excel in punctuated detail or nicely-squared elaboration. It puts us out of patience that others should. A respectable Englishman murmured in the *Café de Paris*, "I wish I had a hunch of mutton." He could not bear the secondary niceties with which he was surrounded. Our art has the same principle. We excel in strong noble imagination, in solid stuff. Shakespeare is tough work; he has the play of the rising energy, the buoyant freedom of the unbounded mind; but no writer is so destitute of the simplifying dexterities of the manipulating intellect.

It is dangerous for a foreigner to give an opinion on minutiæ of style, especially on points affecting the characteristic excellencies of national style. The French language is always neat; all French styles somehow seem good. But Béranger appears to have a peculiar neatness. He tells us that all his songs are the production of a painful effort. If so, the reader should be most grateful; *he* suffers no pain. The delicate elaboration of the writer has given a singular currency to the words. Difficult writing is rarely easy reading. It can never be so when the labour is spent in piecing together elements not joined by an insensible touch of imagination. The highest praise is due to a writer whose ideas are more delicately connected by unconscious genius than other men's are, and yet who spends labour and toil in giving the production a yet cunninger finish, a still smoother connection. The character-

istic aloofness of the Gothic mind, its tendency to devote itself to what is not present, is represented in composition by a want of care in the pettinesses of style. A certain clumsiness pervades all tongues of German origin. Instead of the language having been sharpened and improved by the constant keenness of attentive minds, it has been habitually used obtusely and crudely. Light loquacious Gaul has for ages been the contrast. If you take up a pen just used by a good writer, for a moment you seem to write rather well. A language long employed by a delicate and critical society is a treasure of dextrous felicities. It is not, according to the fine expression of Mr. Emerson, "fossil poetry;" it is crystallised *esprit.*

A French critic has praised Béranger for having retained the *refrain*, or burden, "*la rime de l'air*," as he calls it. Perhaps music is more necessary as an accompaniment to the poetry of society than it is to any other poetry. Without a sensuous reminder, we might forget that it was poetry; especially in a sparkling, glittering, attenuated language, we might be absorbed as in the defined elegancies of prose. In half trivial compositions we easily forget the little central fancy. The music prevents this: it gives oneness to the parts, pieces together the shavings of the intellect, makes audible the flow of imagination.

The poetry of society tends to the poetry of love. All poetry tends that way. By some very subtle links, which no metaphysician has skilfully tracked, the imagination, even in effects and employments which seem remote, is singularly so connected. One smiles to see the feeling recur. Half the poets can scarcely keep away from it: in the high and dry epic you may see the poet return to it. And perhaps this is not unaccountable. The more delicate and stealing the sensuous element, the more the mind is disposed to brood upon it; the more we dwell on it in stillness, the more it influences the wandering hovering which we term imagination. The first constructive effort of imagination is beyond the limit of consciousness; the faculty works unseen. But we know that it works in a certain soft leisure only: and this in ordinary minds is almost confined to, in the highest is most commonly accompanied by, the subtlest emotion of reverie. So insinuating is that feeling, that no poet is alive to all its influences; so potent is it, that the words of a great poet, in our complex modern time, are rarely ever free from its traces. The phrase "stealing calm," which most naturally and graphically describes the state of soul in which the imagination works, quite equally expresses, it is said, the coming in and continuance of the not uncommon emotion. Pass-

ing, however, from such metaphysics, there is no difficulty in believing that the poetry of society will tend to the most romantic part of society,—away from aunts and uncles, antiquaries and wigs, to younger and pleasanter elements. The talk of society does so, probably its literature will do so likewise. There are, nevertheless, some limiting considerations, which make this tendency less all-powerful than we might expect it to be. In the first place, the poetry of society cannot deal with passion. Its light touch is not competent to express eager intense emotion. Rather, we should say, the essential nature of the poetry of amusement is inconsistent with those rugged, firm, aboriginal elements which passion brings to the surface. The volcano is inconsistent with careless talk; you cannot comfortably associate with lava. Such songs as those of Burns are the very antithesis to the levity of society. A certain explicitness pervades them:

> "Come, let me take thee to my breast,
> And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
> And I shall spurn as vilest dust
> The warld's wealth and grandeur."

There is a story of his having addressed a lady in society, some time after he came to Edinburgh, in this direct style, and being offended that she took notice of it. The verses were in English, and were not intended to mean any thing particular, only to be an elegant attention; but you might as well ask a young lady to take brandy with you as compliment her in this intense manner. The eager peasant-poet was at fault in polished refinements of the half-feeling drawing-room. Again, the poetry of society can scarcely deal with affection. No poetry, except in hints, and for moments, perhaps ever can. You might as well tell secrets to the town-crier. The essence of poetry somehow is publicity. It is very odd when one reads many of the sentiments which are expressed there,—the brooding thought, the delicate feeling, the high conception. What is the use of telling these to the mass of men? Will the grocer feel them?—will the greasy butcher in the blue coat feel them? Are there not some emphatic remarks by Lord Byron on Mr. Sanders ("the d—d saltfish-seller" of Venice), who could not appreciate *Don Juan?* Nevertheless, for some subtle reason or other, poets do crave, almost more than other men, the public approbation. To have a work of art in your imagination, and that no one else should know of it, is a great pain. But even this craving has its limits. Art can only deal with the universal. Characters, sentiments, actions, must be described in what in the old language might be called

their conceptual shape. There must always be an idea in them. If one compares a great character in fiction, say that of Hamlet, with a well-known character in life, we are struck almost at once by the typical and representative nature of the former. We seem to have a more *summary* conception of it, if the phrase may be allowed, than we have of the people we know best in reality. Indeed, our notion of the fictitious character rather resembles a notion of actual persons of whom we know a little, and but a little,—of a public man, suppose, of whom from his speeches and writings we know something, but with whom we never exchanged a word. We generalise a few traits; we do what the historian will have to do hereafter; we *make* a man, so to speak, resembling the real one, but more defined, more simple and comprehensible. The objects on which affection turns are exactly the opposite. In their essence they are individual, peculiar. Perhaps they become known under a kind of confidence; but even if not, nature has hallowed the details of near life by an inevitable secrecy. You cannot expect other persons to feel them; you cannot tell your own intellect what they are. An individuality lurks in our nature. Each soul (as the divines speak) clings to each soul. Poetry is impossible on such points as these: they seem too sacred, too essential. The most that it can do is, by hints and little marks in the interstices of a universalised delineation, to suggest that there is something more than what is stated, and more inward and potent than what is stated. Affection as a settled subject is incompatible with art. And thus the poetry of society is limited on its romantic side in two ways: first, by the infinite intense nature of passion, which forces the voice of art beyond the social tone; and by the confidential, incomprehensible nature of affection, which will not bear to be developed for the public by the fancy in any way.

Being so bounded within the ordinary sphere of their art, poets of this world have contrived or found a substitute. In every country there is a society which is no society. The French, which is the most worldly of literatures, has devoted itself to the delineation of this outside world. There is no form, comic or serious, dramatic or lyrical, in which the subject has not been treated: the burden is—

> "Lisette, ma Lisette,
> Tu m'as trompé toujours;
> Mais vive la grisette,
> Je veux, Lisette:
> Boire à nos amours."

There is obviously no need of affection in *this* society. The whole plot of the notorious novel, *La Dame aux Camélias*,—and

a very remarkable one it is,—is founded on the incongruity of real feeling with this world, and the singular and inappropriate consequences which result if by any rare chance it does appear there. Passion is almost *à fortiori* out of the question. The depths of human nature have nothing to do with this life. On this account, perhaps, it is that it harmonises so little with the English literature and character. An Englishman can scarcely live on the surface; his passions are too strong, his power of *finesse* too little. Accordingly, since Defoe, who treated the subject with a coarse matter-of-factness, there has been nothing in our literature of this kind—nothing at least professedly devoted to it. How far this is due to real excellence, how far to the *bourgeois* and not very outspoken temper of our recent writers, we need not in this place discuss. There is no occasion to quote in this country the early poetry of Béranger, at least not the sentimental part of it. We may take, in preference, one of his poems written in old, or rather in middle, age:

"*Cinquante Ans.*

Pourquoi ces fleurs? est-ce ma fête?
Non; ce bouquet vient m'annoncer
Qu'un demi-siècle sur ma tête
Achève aujourd'hui de passer.
Oh! combien nos jours sont rapides!
Oh! combien j'ai perdu d'instants!
Oh! combien je me sens de rides!
Hélas! hélas! j'ai cinquante ans.

A cet âge, tout nous échappe:
Le fruit meurt sur l'arbre jauni.
Mais à ma porte quelqu'un frappe,
N'ouvrons point: mon rôle est fini.
C'est, je gage, un docteur qui jette
Sa carte où s'est logé le temps.
Jadis, j'aurais dit: C'est Lisette.
Hélas! hélas! j'ai cinquante ans.

En maux cuisants vieillesse abonde;
C'est la goutte qui nous meurtrit;
La cécité, prison profonde;
La surdité dont chacun rit.
Puis la raison, lampe qui baisse,
N'a plus que des feux tremblotants.
Enfants, honorez la vieillesse!
Hélas! hélas! j'ai cinquante ans.

Ciel! j'entends la mort qui, joyeuse,
Arrive en se frottant les mains.
A ma porte, la fossoyeuse
Frappe; adieu, messieurs les humains!
En bas, guerre, famine et peste;
En haut, plus d'astres éclatants.
Ouvrons, tandis que Dieu me reste.
Hélas! hélas! j'ai cinquante ans.

Mais non! c'est vous! vous, jeune amie!
Sœur de charité des amours!
Vous tirez mon ame endormie
Du cauchemar des mauvais jours.
Semant les roses de votre âge.
Partout, comme fait le printemps,
Parfumez les rêves d'un sage.
Hélas! hélas! j'ai cinquante ans."

This is the last scene of the *grisette*, of whom we read in so many songs sparkling with youth and gaiety.

A certain intellectuality, however, pervades Béranger's love-songs. You seem to feel, to see, not merely the emotion, but the mind, in the background viewing that emotion. You are conscious of a consideratencss qualifying and contrasting with the effervescing champagne of the feelings described. Desire is rarified; sense half becomes an idea. You may trace a similar metamorphosis in the poetry of passion itself. If we contrast such a poem as Shelley's "Epipsychidion" with the natural language of common passion, we see how curiously the intellect can take its share in the dizziness of sense. In the same way, in the lightest poems of Béranger we feel that it may be infused, may interpenetrate the most buoyant effervescence.

Nothing is more odd than to contrast the luxurious and voluptuous nature of much of Béranger's poetry with the circumstances of his life. He never in all his productive time had more than 80*l.* a-year; the smallest party of pleasure made him live, he tells us himself, most ascetically for a week; so far from leading the life of a Sybarite, his youth was one of anxiety and privation. A more worldly poet has probably never written, but no poet has shown in life so philosophic an estimate of this world's goods. His origin is very unaristocratic. He was born in August 1780, at the house of his grandfather, a poor old tailor. Of his mother we hear nothing. His father was a speculative sanguine man, who never succeeded. His principal education was given him by an aunt, who taught him to read and to write, and perhaps generally incited his mind. His school-teaching tells of the philosophy of the revolutionary time. By way of primary school for the town of Peronne, a patriotic member of the National Assembly had founded an *institut d'enfants*. "It offered," we are told, "at once the image of a club and that of a camp; the boys wore a military uniform; at every public event they named deputations, delivered orations, voted addresses: letters were written to the citizen Robespierre and the citizen Tallien." Naturally amid so great affairs there was no time for mere grammar; they did not teach *Latin*. Nor did Béranger ever acquire any knowledge of that language;

and he may be said to be destitute of what is in the usual sense called culture. Accordingly it has in these days been made a matter of wonder by critics, whom we may think pedantic, that one so destitute should be able to produce such works. But a far keener judge has pronounced the contrary. Goethe, who certainly did not undervalue the most elaborate and artful cultivation, at once pronounced Béranger to have "a nature most happily endowed, firmly grounded in himself, purely developed from himself, and quite in harmony with himself." In fact, as these words mean, Béranger, by happiness of nature or self-attention, has that *centrality* of mind which is the really valuable result of colleges and teaching. He puts things together; he refers things to a principle; rather, they group themselves in his intelligence insensibly round a principle. There is nothing *distrait* in his genius; the man has attained to be himself; a cool oneness, a poised personality, pervades him. "The unlearned," it has been said, "judge at random." Béranger is not unlearned in this sense. There is no one who judges more simply, smoothly, and uniformly. His ideas refer to an exact measure. He has mastered what comes before him. And though doubtless unacquainted with foreign and incongruous literatures, he has mastered his own literature, which was shaped by kindred persons, and has been the expression of analogous natures; and this has helped him in expressing himself.

In the same way, his poor youth and boyhood have given a reality to his productions. He seems to have had this in mind in praising the "practical education which I have received." He was bred a printer; and the highest post he attained was a clerkship at the university, worth, as has been said, 80*l.* per annum. Accordingly he has every where a sympathy with the common people, an unsought familiarity with them and their life. Sybarite poetry commonly wants this. The aristocratic nature is superficial; it relates to a life protected from simple wants, depending on luxurious artifices. "Mamma," said the simple-minded nobleman, "when poor people have no bread, why do not they eat buns? they are much better." An over-perfumed softness pervades the poetry of society. You see this in the songs of Moore, the best of the sort we have; all is beautiful, soft, half-sincere. There is a little falsetto in the tone, every thing reminds you of the drawing-room and the *pianoforte;* and not only so—for all poetry of society must in a measure do this—but it seems fit for no other scene. Naturalness is the last word of praise that would be suitable. In the scented air we forget that there is a *pavé* and a multitude. Perhaps France is of all countries which have ever existed the one in which we might seek an exception for this luxurious limitation. A cer-

tain *égalité* may pervade its art as its society. There is no such difference as with us between the shoeblack and the gentleman. A certain refinement is very common; an extreme refinement possibly rare. Béranger was able to write his poems in poverty: they are popular with the poor.

A success even greater than what we have described as having been achieved by Béranger in the first class of the poems of society—that of amusement—has been attained by him in the second class, expressive of epicurean speculation. Perhaps it is one of his characteristics that the two are for ever running one into another. There is animation in his thinking, there is meaning in his gaiety. It requires no elaborate explanation to make evident the connection between scepticism and luxuriousness. Every one thinks of the Sadducee as in cool halls and soft robes; no one supposes that the Sybarite believes. Pain not only purifies the mind, but deepens the nature. A simply happy life is animal; it is pleasant, and it perishes. All writers who have devoted themselves to the explanation of this world's view of itself are necessarily in a certain measure Sadducees. The world is a Sadducee itself; it cannot be any thing else without recognising a higher creed, a more binding law, a more solemn reality—without ceasing to be the world. Equanimity is incredulous; impartiality does not care; an indifferent politeness is sceptical. Though not a single speculative opinion is expressed, we may feel this in *Roger Bontemps;*—

"*Roger Bontemps.*

Aux gens atrabilaires
Pour exemple donné,
En un temps de misères
Roger Bontemps est né,
Vivre obscur à sa guise,
Narguer les mécontents;
Eh gai! c'est la devise
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père
Coiffé dans les grands jours,
De roses ou de lierre
Le rajeunir toujours;
Mettre un manteau de bure,
Vieil ami de vingt ans;
Eh gai! c'est la parure
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
Une table, un vieux lit,
Des cartes, une flûte,
Un broc que Dieu remplit,

Un portrait de maîtresse,
Un coffre et rien dedans;
Eh gai! c'est la richesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Aux enfants de la ville
Montrer de petits jeux;
Etre un faiseur habile
De contes graveleux;
Ne parler que de danse
Et d'almanachs chantants;
Eh gai! c'est la science
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Faute de vin d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton:
Préférer Marguerite
Aux dames du grand ton;
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instants;
Eh gai! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Dire au ciel: Je me fie,
Mon père, à ta bonté;
De ma philosophie
Pardonne la gaîté;
Que ma saison dernière
Soit encore un printemps;
Eh gai! c'est la prière
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Vous, pauvres pleins d'envie,
Vous, riches désireux
Vous, dont le char dévie
Après un cours heureux;
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
Des titres éclatants,
Eh gai! prenez pour maître
Le gros Roger Bontemps."

At the same time, in Béranger the scepticism is not extreme. The skeleton is not paraded. That the world is a passing show, a painted scene, is admitted; you seem to know that it is all acting and rouge and illusion: still the pleasantness of the acting is dwelt on, the rouge is never rubbed off, the dream runs lightly and easily. No nightmare haunts you, you have no uneasy sense that you are about to awaken. Persons who require a sense of reality may complain; pain is perhaps necessary to sharpen their nerves, a tough effort to harden their consciousness: but if you pass by this objection of the threshold, if you admit the possibility of a superficial and fleeting world, you will not find a better one than Béranger's world. Suppose all the world were a *restaurant*, his is a good *restaurant;* admit that life is an effervescing champagne, his is the best for the moment.

In several respects Béranger contrasts with Horace, the poet whom in general he most resembles. The song of *Roger Bontemps* suggests one of the most obvious differences. It is essentially democratic. As we have said before, Béranger is the poet of the people; he himself says, *Le peuple c'est ma muse.* Throughout Horace's writings, however much he may speak, and speak justly, of the simplicity of his tastes, you are always conscious that his position is exceptional. Every body cannot be the friend of Mæcenas; every cheerful man of the world cannot see the springs of the great world. The intellect of most self-indulgent men must satisfy itself with small indulgences. Without a hard ascent you can rarely see a great view. Horace had the almost unequalled felicity of watching the characters and thoughts and tendencies of the governors of the world; the nicest manipulation of the most ingenious statesmen; the inner tastes and predilections which are the origin of the most important transactions; and yet had the ease and pleasantness of common and effortless life. So rare a fortune cannot be a general model; the gospel of Epicureanism must not ask a close imitation of one who had such very special advantages. Béranger gives the accepters of that creed a commoner type. Out of nothing but the most ordinary advantages—the garret, the almost empty purse, the not over-attired *grisette*—he has given them a model of the sparkling and quick existence for which their fancy is longing. You cannot imagine commoner materials. In another respect Horace and Béranger are remarkably contrasted. Béranger, sceptical and indifferent as he is, has a faith in, and zeal for, liberty. It seems odd that he should care for that sort of thing; but he does care for it. Horace probably had a little personal shame attaching to such ideas. No regimental officer of our own time can have "joined" in a state of more crass ignorance than did the stout little student from Athens in all probability the army of Brutus; the legionaries must have taken the measure of him, as the sergeants of our living friends. Any how he was not partial to such reflections; zeal for political institutions is quite as foreign to him as any other zeal. A certain hope in the future is characteristic of Béranger—

> "Qui découvrit un nouveau monde?
> Un fou qu'on raillait en tout lieu."

Modern faith colours even bystanding scepticism. Though probably with no very accurate ideas of the nature of liberty, Béranger believes that it is a great good, and that France will have it.

The point in which Béranger most resembles Horace is that which is the most essential in the characters of them both

—their geniality. This is the very essence of the poems of society; it springs in the verses of amusement, it harmonises with acquiescing sympathy the poems of indifference. And yet few qualities in writing are so rare. A certain malevolence enters into literary ink; the point of the pen pricks. Pope is the very best example of this. With every desire to imitate Horace, he cannot touch any of his subjects, or any kindred subjects, without infusing a bitter ingredient. It is not given to the children of men to be philosophers without envy. Lookers-on can hardly bear the spectacle of the great world. If you watch the carriages rolling down to the House of Lords, you will try to depreciate the House of Lords. Idleness is cynical. Both Béranger and Horace are exceptions to this. Both enjoy the roll of the wheels; both love the glitter of the carriages; neither is angry at the sun. Each knows that he is as happy as he can be—that he is all that he can be in his contemplative philosophy.—In his means of expression, for the purpose in hand the Frenchman has the advantage. The Latin language is clumsy. Light pleasure was an exotic in the Roman world; the terms in which you strive to describe it, suit rather the shrill camp and the droning law-court. In English, as we hinted just now, we have this too. Business is in our words; a too heavy sense clogs our literature: even in a writer so apt as Pope at the *finesse* of words, you feel the solid Gothic roots impede him. It is difficult not to be cumbrous. The horse may be fleet and light, but the wheels are ponderous and the road goes heavily. Béranger certainly has not this difficulty; nobody ever denied that a Frenchman could be light, that the French language was adapted for levity.

When we ascribed an absence of bitterness and malevolence to Béranger, we were far from meaning that he is not a satirist. Every light writer in a measure must be so. Mirth is the imagery of society; and mirth must make fun of somebody. The nineteenth century has not had many shrewder critics than its easy natured poet. Its intense dullness particularly strikes him. He dreads the dreariness of the Academy; pomposity bores him; formalism tires him; he thinks, and may well think, it dreary to have

> "Pour grands hommes des journalistes;
> Pour amusement l'Opéra."

But skilful as is the mirth, its spirit is genial and good-natured. "You have been making fun of me, Sydney, for twenty years," said a friend to the late Canon of St. Paul's, "and I do not think you have said a single thing I should have wished you not to say." So far as its essential features are concerned, the nineteenth century may say the same of its musical satirist.

Perhaps, however, the Bourbons might a little object. Clever people have always a *little* malice against the stupid.

There is no more striking example of the degree in which the gospel of good works has penetrated our modern society, than that Béranger has talked of "utilising his talent." The epicurean poet considers that he has been a political missionary. Well may others be condemned to the penal servitude of industry, if the lightest and idlest of skilful men boasts of being subjected to it. If Béranger thinks it necessary to think he has been useful, others may well think so too; let us accept the heavy doctrine of hard labour; there is no other way to heave the rubbish of this world. The mode in which Béranger is anxious to prove that he made his genius of use is in diffusing a taste for liberty, and expressing an enthusiasm for it; and also, as we suppose, in quizzing those rulers of France who have not shared either the taste or the enthusiasm. Although, however, such may be the idea of the poet himself, posterity will scarcely confirm it. Political satire is the most ephemeral kind of literature. The circumstances to which it applies are local and temporary; the persons to whom it applies die. A very few months will make unintelligible what was at first strikingly plain. Béranger has illustrated this by an admission. There was a delay in publishing the last volume of his poems, many of which relate to the years or months immediately preceding the Revolution of 1830; the delay was not long, as the volume appeared in the first month of 1833, yet he says that many of the songs relate to the passing occurrences of a period "*déjà loin de nous.*" On so shifting a scene as that of French political life, the jests of each act are forgotten with the act itself; the eager interest of each moment withdraws the mind from thinking of or dwelling on any thing past. And in all countries administration is ephemeral; what relates to it is transitory. Satires on its detail are like the jests of a public office; the clerks change, oblivion covers their peculiarities; the point of the joke is forgotten. There are some considerable exceptions to the saying that foreign literary opinion is a "contemporary posterity;" but in relation to satires on transitory transactions it is exactly expressive. No Englishman will now care for many of Béranger's songs which were once in the mouths of all his countrymen, which coloured the manners of revolutions, perhaps influenced their course. The fame of a poet may have a reference to politics; but it will be only to the wider species, to those social questions which never die, the elements of that active human nature which is the same age after age. Béranger can hardly hope for this. Even the songs which relate to liberty

can hardly hope for this immortality. They have the vagueness which has made French aspirations for freedom futile. So far as they express distinct feeling, their tendency is rather anti-aristocratic than in favour of simple real liberty. And an objection to mere rank, though a potent, is neither a very agreeable nor a very poetical sentiment. Moreover, when the love of liberty is to be imaginatively expressed, it requires to an Englishman's ear a sound bigger and more trumpet-tongued than the voice of Béranger.

On a deeper view, however, an attentive student will discover a great deal that is most instructive in the political career of the not very business-like poet. His life has been contemporaneous with the course of a great change; and throughout it the view which he has taken of the current events is that which sensible men took at the time, and which a sensible posterity (and these events will from their size attract attention enough to insure their being viewed sensibly) is likely to take. Béranger was present at the taking of the Bastille, but he was then only nine years old; the accuracy of opinion which we are claiming for him did not commence so early. His mature judgment begins with the career of Napoleon; and no one of the thousands who have written on that subject has viewed it perhaps more justly. He had no love for the despotism of the Empire, was alive to the harshness of its administration, did not care too much for its glory, must have felt more than once the social exhaustion. At the same time, no man was penetrated more profoundly, no literary man half so profoundly, with the popular admiration for the genius of the Empire. His own verse has given the truest and most lasting expression of it:

"*Les Souvenirs du Peuple.*

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le chaume bien long-temps.
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois
Dire alors à quelque vieille:
Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère, abrégez notre veille.
Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encor le révère,
Oui, le révère.
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère;
Parlez-nous de lui. (*bis.*)

Mes enfants, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois, il passa.
Voilà bien long-temps de ça:
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.

A pied grimpant le coteau
Où pour voir je m'étais mise,
Il avait petit chapeau
Avec redingote grise.
Près de lui je me troublai;
Il me dit: Bonjour, ma chère,
Bonjour, ma chère.
—Il vous a parlé, grand'mère!
Il vous a parlé!

L'an d'après, moi, pauvre femme,
A Paris étant un jour,
Je le vis avec sa cour:
Il se rendait à Notre-Dame.
Tous les cœurs étaient contents;
On admirait son cortége.
Chacun disait: Quel beau temps!
Le ciel toujours le protége.
Son sourire était bien doux;
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,
Le rendait père.
—Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'mère!
Quel beau jour pour vous!

Mais, quand la pauvre Champagne
Fut en proie aux étrangers,
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.
Un soir, toute comme aujourd'hui,
J'entends frapper à la porte;
J'ouvre, bon Dieu! c'était lui
Suivi d'une faible escorte.
Il s'asseoit où me voilà,
S'écriant: Oh! quelle guerre!
Oh! quelle guerre!
—Il s'est assis là, grand'mère!
Il s'est assis là!

J'ai faim, dit-il; et bien vite
Je sers piquette et pain bis;
Puis il sèche ses habits,
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.
Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,
Il me dit: Bonne espérance!
Je cours de tous ses malheurs,
Sous Paris, venger la France.
Il part; et comme un trésor
J'ai depuis gardé son verre,
Gardé son verre.
—Vous l'avez encor, grand'mère!
Vous l'avez encor!

Le voici. Mais à sa perte
Le héros fut entraîné.
Lui, qu'un pape a couronné,
Est mort dans une île déserte.
Long-temps aucun ne l'a cru;
On disait: Il va paraître.

Par mer il est accouru;
L'étranger va voir son maître.
Quand d'erreur on nous tira,
Ma douleur fut bien amère!
Fut bien amère!
—Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère;
Dieu vous bénira."

This is a great exception to the transitoriness of political poetry. Such a character as that of Napoleon displayed on so large a stage, so great a genius amid such scenery of action, insures an immortality. "The page of universal history" which he was always coveting, he has attained; and it is a page which, from its singularity and its errors, its shame and its glory, will distract the attention from other pages. No one who has ever had in his mind the idea of Napoleon's character can forget it. Nothing too can be more natural than that the French should remember it. It has the primary imagination, the elementary conceiving power, in which they are deficient. So far from being restricted to the poetry of society, he would not have even appreciated it. A certain bareness marks his mind; his style is curt; the imaginative product is left rude; there is the distinct abstraction of the military diagram. The tact of light and passing talk; the detective imagination which is akin to that tact, and discovers the quick essence of social things,—he never had. In speaking of his power over popular fancies, Béranger has called him "the greatest poet of modern times." No genius can be more unlike his own, and therefore perhaps it is that he admires it so much. During the Hundred Days, Béranger says he was never under the illusion, then not rare, that the Emperor could become a constitutional monarch. The lion, he felt, would not change his skin. After the return of the Bourbons, he says, doubtless with truth, that his "*instinct du peuple*" told him they could never ally themselves with liberal principles, or unite with that new order of society which, though dating from the Revolution, had acquired in five-and-twenty years a half-prescriptive right. They and their followers came in to *take* possession, and it was impossible they could unite with what *was* in possession. During the whole reign of the hereditary Bourbon dynasty, Béranger was in opposition; representing the natural sentiments of the new Frenchman, he could not bear the natural tendency of the ruling power to the half-forgotten practices of old France. The legitimate Bourbons were by their position the chieftains of the party advocating their right by birth; they could not be the kings of a people; and the poet of the people was against them. After the genius of Napoleon, all other governing minds would seem tame and contracted; and

Charles X. was not a man to diminish the inevitable feeling. Béranger despised him. As the poet warred with the weapons of poetry, the Government retorted with the penalties of state. He was turned out of his petty clerkship, he was twice imprisoned; but these things only increased his popularity; and a firm and genial mind, so far from being moved, sang songs at La Force itself. The Revolution of 1830 was willing to make his fortune. "Je l'ai traitée," he says, "comme une puissance qui peut avoir des caprices auxquels il faut être en mesure de résister. Tous ou presque tous mes amis ont passé au ministère: j'en ai même encore un ou deux qui restent suspendus à ce mât de cocagne. Je me plais à croire qu'ils y sont accrochés par la basque, malgré les efforts qu'ils font pour descendre. J'aurais donc pu avoir part à la distribution des emplois. Malheureusement je n'ai pas l'amour des sinécures, et tout travail obligé m'est devenu insupportable, hors peut-être encore celui d'expéditionnaire. Des médisants ont prétendu que je faisais de la vertu. Fi donc! je faisais de la paresse. Ce défaut m'a tenu lieu de bien des qualités; aussi je le recommande à beaucoup de nos honnêtes gens. Il expose pourtant à de singuliers reproches. C'est à cette paresse si douce, que des censeurs rigides ont attribué l'éloignement où je me suis tenu de ceux de mes honorables amis qui ont eu le malheur d'arriver au pouvoir. Faisant trop d'honneur à ce qu'ils veulent bien appeler ma bonne tête, et oubliant trop combien il y a loin du simple bon sens à la science des grandes affaires, ces censeurs prétendent que mes conseils eussent éclairé plus d'un ministre. A les en croire, tapi derrière le fauteuil de velours de nos hommes d'état, j'aurais conjuré les vents, dissipé les orages, et fait nager la France dans un océan de délices. Nous aurions tous de la liberté à revendre ou plutôt à donner, car nous n'en savons pas bien encore le prix. Eh! messieurs mes deux ou trois amis, qui prenez un chansonnier pour un magicien, on ne vous a donc pas dit que le pouvoir est une cloche qui empêche ceux qui la mettent en branle d'entendre aucun autre son? Sans doute des ministres consultent quelquefois ceux qu'ils ont sous la main: consulter est un moyen de parler de soi qu'on néglige rarement. Mais il ne suffirait pas de consulter de bonne foi des gens qui conseilleraient de même. Il faudrait encore exécuter: ceci est la part du caractère. Les intentions les plus pures, le patriotisme le plus éclairé ne le donnent pas toujours. Qui n'a vu de hauts personnages quitter un donneur d'avis avec une pensée courageuse, et, l'instant d'après, revenir vers lui, de je ne sais quel lieu de fascination, avec l'embarras d'un démenti donné aux résolutions les plus sages? Oh! disent-ils, nous n'y serons plus repris! quelle galère! Le plus

honteux ajoute : Je voudrais bien vous voir à ma place ! Quand un ministre dit cela, soyez sûr qu'il n'a plus la tête à lui. Cependant il en est un, mais un seul, qui, sans avoir perdu la tête, a répété souvent ce mot de la meilleure foi du monde; aussi ne l'adressait-il jamais à un ami."

The statesman alluded to in the last paragraph is Manuel, his intimate friend, from whom he declares he could never have been separated, but whose death prevented his obtaining political honours. Nobody can read the above passage without feeling its tone of political sense. An enthusiasm for, yet half distrust of, the Revolution of July seems as sound a sentiment as could be looked for even in the most sensible contemporary. What he has thought of the present dynasty we do not know. He probably has as little concurred in the silly encomiums of its mere partisans as in the wild execrations of its disappointed enemies. His opinion could not have been either that of the English who *fêted* Louis Napoleon in 1855, or of those who despised him in 1851. The political fortunes of France during the last ten years must have been a painful scene of observation to one who remembered the taking of the Bastille. If there be such a thing as failure in the world, this looks like it.

Although we are very far from thinking that Béranger's claims on posterity are founded on his having utilised his talent in favour of liberty, it is very natural that he should think or half-think himself that it is so. His power over the multitude must have given him great pleasure ; it is something to be able to write mottoes for a revolution ; to write words for people to use, and hear people use those words. The same sort of pleasure which Horace derived from his nearness to the centre of great action, Béranger has derived from the power which his thorough sympathy with his countrymen has given him over them. A political satire may be ephemeral from the rapid oblivion of its circumstances; but it is not unnatural that the author, inevitably proud of its effect, may consider it of higher worth than mere verses of society.

This shrewd sense gives a solidity to the verses of Béranger which the social and amusing sort of poetry commonly wants; but nothing can redeem it from the reproach of wanting *back* thought. This is inevitable in such literature; as it professes to delineate for us the light essence of a fugitive world, it cannot be expected to dwell on those deep and eternal principles on which that world is based. It ignores them as light talk ignores them. The most opposite thing to the poetry of society is the poetry of inspiration. There exists, of course, a kind of imagination which detects the secrets of the universe—which [illegible] sometimes with dread, sometimes with hope—which

awakens the soul, which makes pure the feelings, which explains nature, reveals what is above nature, chastens "the deep heart of man." Our senses teach us what the world is; our intuitions where it is. We see the blue and gold of the world, its lively amusements, its gorgeous if superficial splendour, its currents of men; we feel its light spirits, we enjoy its happiness; we enjoy it, and we are puzzled. What is the object of all this? Why do we do all this? What is the universe *for?* Such a book as Béranger suggests this difficulty in its strongest form. It embodies the essence of all that pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving, unaccountable world in which men spend their lives,—which they are compelled to live in, but which the moment you get out of it seems so odd that you can hardly believe it is real. On this account, as we were saying before, there is no book the impression of which varies so much in different moods of mind. Sometimes no reading is so pleasant; at others you half-despise the idea of it and half-hate; it seems to sum up and make clear the littleness of your own nature. Few can bear the theory of their amusements; it is essential to the pride of man to believe that he is industrious. We are irritated at literary laughter, and wroth at printed mirth. We turn angrily away to that higher poetry which gives the outline within which all these light colours are painted. From the capital of levity, and its self-amusing crowds; from the elastic *vaudeville* and the grinning actors; from *chansons* and *cafés*,—we turn away to the solemn nature, to the blue over-arching sky: the one remains, the many pass; no number of seasons impairs the bloom of those hues, they are as soft to-morrow as to-day. The immeasurable depth folds us in. "Eternity," as the original thinker said, "is everlasting." We breathe a deep breath. And perhaps we have higher moments. We comprehend the "unintelligible world;" we see into "the life of things;" we fancy we know whence we come and whither we go; words we have repeated for years have a meaning for the first time; texts of old Scripture seem to apply to *us*. . . . . And—and—Mr. Thackeray would say, You come back into the town, and order dinner at a *restaurant*, and read Béranger once more.

And though this is true—though the author of *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* has certainly no claim to be called a profound divine—though we do not find in him any proper expression, scarcely any momentary recognition, of those intuitions which explain in a measure the scheme and idea of things, and form the back-thought and inner structure of such minds as ours,—his sense and sympathy with the people enable him, perhaps compel him, to delineate those essential conditions which constitute the structure of exterior life, and determine with inevit-

able certainty the common life of common persons. He has no call to deal with heaven or the universe, but he knows the earth; he is restricted to the boundaries of time, but he understands time. He has extended his delineations beyond what in this country would be considered correct; *Les Cinq Etages* can scarcely be quoted here; but a perhaps higher example of the same kind of art may be so:

"*Le Vieux Vagabond.*

Dans ce fossé cessons de vivre.
Je finis vieux, infirme et las.
Les passants vont dire: Il est ivre.
Tant mieux! ils ne me plaindront pas.
J'en vois qui détournent la tête;
D'autres me jettent quelques sous.
Courez vite; allez à la fête.
Vieux vagabond, je puis mourir sans vous.

Oui, je meurs ici de vieillesse,
Parce qu'on ne meurt pas de faim.
J'espérais voir de ma détresse
L'hôpital adoucir la fin.
Mais tout est plein dans chaque hospice,
Tant le peuple est infortuné.
La rue, hélas! fut ma nourrice.
Vieux vagabond, mourons où je suis né.

Aux artisans, dans mon jeune âge,
J'ai dit: Qu'on m'enseigne un métier.
Va, nous n'avons pas trop d'ouvrage,
Répondaient-ils, va mendier.
Riches, qui me disiez: Travaille,
J'eus bien des os de vos repas;
J'ai bien dormi sur votre paille.
Vieux vagabond, je ne vous maudis pas.

J'aurais pu voler, moi, pauvre homme;
Mais non: mieux vaut tendre la main.
Au plus, j'ai dérobé la pomme
Qui mûrit au bord du chemin.
Vingt fois pourtant on me verrouille
Dans les cachots, de par le roi.
De mon seul bien on me dépouille.
Vieux vagabond, le soleil est à moi.

Le pauvre a-t-il une patrie?
Que me font vos vins et vos blés,
Votre gloire et votre industrie,
Et vos orateurs assemblés?
Dans vos murs ouverts à ses armes,
Lorsque l'étranger s'engraissait,
Comme un sot j'ai versé des larmes.
Vieux vagabond, sa main me nourrissait.

Comme un insecte fait pour nuire,
Hommes, que ne m'écrasiez-vous?
Ah! plutôt vous deviez m'instruire
A travailler au bien de tous.
Mis à l'abri du vent contraire,
Le ver fût devenu fourmi;
Je vous aurais chéris en frère.
Vieux vagabond, je meurs votre ennemi."

Pathos in such a song as this enters into poetry. We sympathise with the essential lot of man. Poems of this kind are doubtless rare in Béranger. His commoner style is lighter and more cheerful; but no poet who has painted so well the light effervescence of light society can, when he likes, paint so well the solid stubborn forms with which it is encompassed. The genial firm sense of a large mind sees and comprehends all of human life which lies within the sphere of sense. He is an epicurean, as all merely sensible men by inevitable consequence are; and as an epicurean, he prefers to deal with the superficial and gay forms of life; but he can deal with others when he chooses to be serious. Indeed, there is no melancholy like the melancholy of the epicurean. He is alive to the fixed conditions of earth, but not to that which is above earth. He muses on the temporary, as such; he admits the skeleton, but not the soul. It is wonderful that Béranger is so cheerful as he is.

We may conclude as we began. In all his works, in lyrics of levity, of politics, of worldly reflection,—Béranger, if he had not a single object, has attained a uniform result. He has given us an idea of the essential French character, such as we fancy it must be, but can never for ourselves hope to see that it is. We understand the nice tact, the quick intelligence, the gay precision; the essence of the drama we know—the spirit of what we have seen. We know his feeling:

"J'aime qu'un Russe soit Russe,
Et qu'un Anglais soit Anglais;
Si l'on est Prussien en Prusse,
En France soyons Français."

He has acted accordingly: he has delineated to us the essential Frenchman.

Art. IX.—THE MILITARY REVOLT IN INDIA.

Papers relative to the Mutinies in the East Indies. Presented by command of her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament. 1857.
Supplement to ditto. 1857.

The papers placed at the head of this article relate to a mutiny which—if the numerical strength of the troops implicated, the horrors and barbarity of the attendant circumstances, the loss of property occasioned, the size and population of the territory reduced to anarchy, the vastness of the interests imperilled, be all considered together—must appear to be the most melancholy and extensive in the history, not only of our own, but perhaps also of any other country. We hope to show that it was as unprovoked and unreasonable as it was unexpected; and we anticipate that, under Providence, its repression will be as signal as its ramifications have been wide-spread. The fame of these events has been noised abroad, not only in Great Britain, but also on the Continent of Europe. While some of our continental neighbours indulge the belief that now we must lose India; that, as usual, we never appreciate the magnitude of disasters to which we ought to succumb, but do not; that such an assault ought to have driven us out of India into the sea, only it has not,—our Anglo-Saxon brethren across the Atlantic, themselves a conquering race, are the most ready to sympathise in our difficulties, and confide in our resources. With a scattered foreign empire like ours, we might have expected that share of disaster which has indeed actually befallen us. We have had Canada in a formidable revolt; the West Indies torn by dissensions between black and white races; our Cape colonies devastated by Caffre warfare; we have even had reverses in India, such as the loss of a British army in the passes of Cabul, and mutinies, such as those in the Madras Presidency;—but never since the day when the North-American colonies were severed from the British empire has our foreign dominion been threatened with such a danger as that under discussion. While the great heart of Britain is now heaving with sorrow, now beating high with resolution; while countless families are mourning the death, or trembling for the fate, of friends and relatives,—we will essay to analyse the circumstances of this military revolt in India. Such an analysis must be more or less imperfect, because in the confusion and excitement of events information must often be incomplete, and distance precludes the verification of any points that may be obscure. It

is like writing the account of a battle while the perception is still perplexed by the shock of combat, the gloom of the atmosphere, and the cries of the wounded. But as the subject generally commands such an immediate and painful interest, we will endeavour to discuss, firstly, the extent and probable prospects of this mutiny; secondly, its character, origin, and causes; thirdly, the measures for present suppression and future security.

And in undertaking this task, we must beg our readers to remember that the character of the natives of India whose conduct is to be discussed constitutes, as compared with our British standard, the very antipodes of the moral world. Only by long experience can it be known at all. Viewed from many aspects, they may appear mild, respectful, temperate, quiet, orderly, confiding, kind, charitable, and sometimes really susceptible of gratitude and fidelity. But, on the other hand, they have many opposite phases of character. They have been compared to the Indian tiger, that, often so stealthy and retiring, can yet spring so high. But the analogy will not entirely hold good; for they will spring, not like the tiger upon the ranks of surrounding foes, but upon helpless and beaten victims. They may rather be likened to the tame ourang-outang in Paris, who, happening to escape from its keeper, seized a razor, and, madly thirsting for blood, slew several spectators. They are credulous in the extreme; and the more unreasonable the thing to be believed, the more implicit their faith. With blood heated by a scorching climate, they have a temperament subject to the most fitful impulses and to the strangest inconsistencies. Their evil passion may often be dormant; but if it be wakened, they are bitterly malignant. Instances sometimes occur in which even converts to Christianity will, when disputing with each other, throw off their Christian habits for the nonce and evince a truly native maliciousness. It were needless to repeat what is so well known regarding their innate tendency to dissimulation. And, with all their mildness, they are in some respects cruel and even bloody: witness many of their religious rites, witness the sacrifice of daughters to save the expense of dowry, the drowning or the choking of aged or dying persons in the water of the Ganges, the strangling of persons by Thuggee merely to rob them with more security, the habitual murder of children for the sake of their silver bracelets, and the like. They will generally "hit a man when he is down." In our Indian campaigns, there are after every battle stories of the throats of our wounded soldiers being cut by the native enemy. Whenever European officers have been killed, their corpses have been maltreated, as in the case of Macnaghten and

Burnes at Cabul, and Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan. On the whole, persons thoroughly acquainted with the natives would have anticipated, that *if* by any chance a general mutiny were to break out, it would be accompanied in some cases with barbarous insolence and wild atrocity. Nor is this revolt altogether without precedent in kind, though never equalled in degree. There is much historical coincidence between the present revolt and the mutiny of Vellore in 1806. Then as now the sepoys believed that it was intended, by breaking through their caste, to bring them ultimately to Christianity. Then as now they designed to murder all Europeans, and to set up a Mohammedan pensioner of the British as king in their room. Then as now the officers, unable to believe in the treachery of their men, were startled by an outbreak threatening the stability of our power. The only difference was this, that the Madras authorities of that day insisted on the trimming of the beard and moustache, the obliteration of caste marks, and the new turban, despite the objections of the men; whereas the Indian government of the present day withdrew the obnoxious cartridges as soon as objections were raised.

Firstly, then, as to the extent and probable prospects of the mutiny. The prelude of the tempest, the "little black cloud no bigger than a man's hand," rose above the horizon when, in January last, certain sepoys in the school for musketry instruction at Dum-Dum, near Calcutta, objected that the cartridges issued for practice with the Enfield rifle had been dipped in grease of bullocks and pigs. Soon afterwards murmurings, secret incendiary fires, and other indications of a mutinous spirit, became apparent among the native infantry at Barrackpore, also close to the capital; without, however, any overt manifestation on their part. Suspicion also attached to the native portion of the garrison of Fort William itself. The Indian government promptly withdrew the cartridges which had been greased in an objectionable manner; but then objections were raised to the glazed paper of which the cartridges were made; and soon it appeared that, somehow or other, the minds of the native soldiery round Calcutta had become possessed with the idea that the British Government, by inducing or compelling them to use cartridges impregnated with grease of certain animals, intended to compromise them irretrievably with the ceremonial rules of their own religions, and thus *de-Indianising* them, to pave the way for their conversion to Christianity. Towards the end of February, the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry (at Berhampore near Moorshedabad, which, as our readers know, is about 120 miles north of Calcutta) refused to take certain cartridges, although the said cartridges were,

in fact, quite unobjectionable even to them; and then broke out into violent resistance against their officers; though no blood was shed, and the men were after some difficulty brought back to order. For this offence, in which the whole corps—native officers, rank and file—more or less participated, the regiment was marched down to Barrackpore and there disbanded. About the end of March, a murderous assault was made on the adjutant of the 34th Regiment at Barrackpore by a sepoy of that regiment; and shortly afterwards it became necessary to disband the seven companies of the regiment then at Barrackpore, the remaining three companies being elsewhere. It was justly believed that this 34th were the originators of the mutinous indications in the 19th and other corps. During April there were several isolated instances of mutiny in other corps in and near Calcutta.

Up to this point, however, the disease had shown itself only among the native troops in Lower Bengal: there was reason to hope that it would not spread further, and that it might pass off as many such affairs had passed off before. But these were but the accessory symptoms of a disease rapidly gathering strength, and about to break out with alarming intensity in another part of the body-politic. For in the beginning of May, at Meerut in Upper India, distant about a thousand miles from the scene of the first mutinies, the 3d Regiment of Native Regular Cavalry refused to fire their cartridges, and some eighty or ninety of the recusants were imprisoned in the gaol of that place. Very shortly afterwards, on the evening of Sunday 10th of May, the 3d Cavalry and two regiments of native infantry rose up in open mutiny, released the prisoners from gaol, burned many European houses and other buildings, murdered many officers, ladies, children, and other Europeans, and after having been driven out of the cantonments by the European infantry stationed there, and pursued for a short distance by the European cavalry, made good their escape during the night to Delhi, about forty miles off. Arriving at Delhi the next morning, they were immediately joined by three native infantry regiments stationed there. This band of mutineers, no European force being at the place to oppose them, then murdered all Europeans, civil or military, on whom they could lay hands, without any mercy to age or sex; burnt the cantonments; seized the guns defended by native artillerymen only; got possession of the magazines, the largest in Upper India, including some two hundred guns in store (except that portion of them which were most gallantly destroyed by the officer in charge, Lieutenant Willoughby); occupied the city, with its fortifications; drew forth from his palace the descendant of the Moguls, a pensioner of

the British Government, and proclaimed him king. Vigorous measures were immediately taken by the British authorities. The European infantry reserve in the Himalayan hills above Umballa, about a hundred miles to the north-west of Delhi, were ordered to the scene of mutiny; some European cavalry from Umballa and Meerut, some European infantry from Meerut, and some Punjabee troops were to form the attacking force. The native infantry at Agra, the seat of the government of the north-west provinces, and about ninety miles from Delhi, were paraded before the lieutenant-governor, Honourable J. Colvin, and evinced a loyal spirit. The other stations in Upper India, and the mass of the population every where, were quiet. The Rajah of Gwalior, and the native states near Agra, declared their fidelity, and offered their contingents. The Sikh states to the west of Delhi rendered active assistance against the mutineers. But it soon became evident that the mutinies would spread; especially as some days, perhaps a fortnight and upwards, would elapse before the British force could appear before Delhi. The native infantry occupying small stations near Delhi and Meerut were among the first to join the mutineers, plundering treasuries, but sparing European life. The Agra troops, which at first had protested their loyalty, soon became disaffected, were only restrained by the presence of a European regiment from repeating at Agra the scenes of Meerut and Delhi, and were then compelled to lay down their arms; but nearly all deserted afterwards. Soon after this, Agra was seriously threatened by a powerful body of mutineers from Neemuch in Central India. Their attack was warded-off by a counter-assault upon them by the European force, carried out in the most gallant style, and they proceeded onwards to Delhi; having first, however, succeeded in burning the station, and compelling the British residents, officers, and troops, to retire within the fortress, previously prepared for resistance. During the end of May and beginning of June the native troops rose at Cawnpore, on the Lucknow frontier; at Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna; at Benares, on the Ganges; but all these important places, after severe struggles, remained in possession of the British authorities, with a scanty European force. At Cawnpore, however, the mutineers were strengthened by the accession of a Mahratta chief called Nena Sahib, a pensioner of the British, son of the late Peishwah, and located in that vicinity; the garrison, after a gallant defence under Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was killed in a sortie, was starved into capitulation; and in violation of sworn promises, the whole number, inclusive of women and children, were massacred. About the same time a band of fugitives

from Futtehgurh, a detached station to the north, were also murdered, so that the victims at Cawnpore numbered about one thousand persons, of all ranks, ages, and sexes. A strong column under Brigadier-General Havelock, sent to relieve Cawnpore, arrived a few days afterwards; and though unhappily too late for that purpose, yet defeated the rebels in several most brilliant actions, and re-occupied the station. Benares has now again been threatened by fresh mutineers from the south. The mutiny, of course, extended to the detached troops at the smaller stations grouped round these central stations. Many Europeans of all ages and sexes were murdered, and the British functionaries in the interior were obliged to fly their posts. In Rohilcund the native troops, after some hesitation, broke out into mutiny, slaughtering many officers and their families. In the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, now belonging to the north-west provinces, and situate to the south of Agra, the native troops mutinied at the several stations, about six in number, in many cases murdering officers; but the authorities have managed to maintain themselves at several of the principal posts, though petty local chiefs are raising disturbances. Thus the native army cantoned all over the north-west provinces mutinied in the worst possible manner; and consequently the civil administration was first interrupted and then utterly paralysed. All this time the siege of Delhi was dragging on; the mutineers fast gathering strength by numerous additions from other stations, and constantly making sorties upon the besiegers, but uniformly repulsed with heavy loss. The latest advices do not give any immediate hope of its fall.

As might be expected, the disturbance spread to the newly-annexed province of Oude, surrounded on three sides by the north-west provinces. Indeed, so early as April one of the local corps there had mutinied, and had been promptly disbanded by the chief commissioner, Sir H. Lawrence. But now the regular sepoy regiments at Lucknow partially mutinied; the mutineers were driven out, and the station preserved by a European regiment. But soon the sepoy regiments in the interior, and all the local corps, mutinied; and at last Sir Henry Lawrence, beleaguered in his own capital, died of a wound received in a sortie, but not till he had made the most admirable exertions for the preservation of the post. He has left behind him memories endeared to thousands, and has nobly closed a career of distinguished service that will long be remembered in India. Unless General Havelock can succeed in bringing relief from Cawnpore, which seems still uncertain, the position of Lucknow is becoming critical.

In the Punjab territories, extending from the Delhi frontier to Affghanistan, there was a large force of regular sepoys, who

were sure to be actuated by the same impulses as those of the north-west provinces. But fortunately there existed in the newly-conquered territory a large proportion of European troops, and a fine body of local troops widely differing in race and character from the sepoys of the line. Here also the sepoys were of a separate class from the people; whereas in the north-west provinces they were of the same class. Ferozepore was the scene of the first outbreak. The native infantry partially mutinied; but the mutineers were driven away by European infantry and native cavalry. At Jullundur the native infantry and cavalry mutinied, and were also repulsed. The sepoys in garrison at Philour, an important post on the Sutlej, mutinied; and the fort was occupied by Europeans. In the Peshawur Valley one sepoy regiment mutinied; but they were forthwith attacked by Europeans, the mutineers being slain, taken prisoners, or dispersed. It soon became necessary to disarm the other sepoy regiments at Peshawur itself. At Lahore and Mooltan the sepoy corps were disarmed with promptitude and secrecy. The same measure was adopted at other places. At Jhelum and Rawul Pindee, resistance was offered by the sepoys when their arms were taken from them. At Sealkot, the native troops mutinied in the absence of a European regiment, and destroyed the cantonment, killing a few officers; but the majority of the Europeans saved themselves in the fort, and the mutineers shortly afterwards, when marching away, were intercepted, utterly routed, and most of them ultimately taken prisoners. Local levies have been raised to supply the places of the disarmed regular regiments and of the irregular regiments sent to join the attacking force at Delhi. All the important fortified places have been garrisoned by European infantry and artillery. The mass of the population have evinced a spirit, not only of passive allegiance, but also of loyal service. There has been little loss of European life. British authority is maintained, and the civil administration conducted as usual. The measures adopted by the chief commissioner, Sir John Lawrence, and his officers, and by the military authorities, have obtained the confidence of the European residents, and have elicited the warm commendations of the Indian and the home governments.

The native princes whose states adjoin the disturbed districts have *themselves* behaved for the most part with fidelity; but in some instances their troops have rebelled both against them and us. The Gwalior contingent has gone over bodily to the mutineers, though the king himself is held to be trustworthy. The same is to be said of several minor states south of Agra. The large cluster of Rajpoot states in Rajasthan proper have remained steady under the vigorous supervision of

Colonel George Lawrence. Of the two great Mahratta chiefs, Holkar is faithful, but his troops have mutinied against him and the British resident; Scindia is believed to be stanch. There was an attempted mutiny in a section of the Hydrabad troops at Aurungabad, which has, however, been suppressed. The troops of the Sikh states beyond the Delhi frontier continued to render active and valuable aid. The hill chiefs on the north and north-west frontier have behaved well. The Cashmeer prince has been active in arresting mutineers flying to his territory. Jung Behadur from Nepal has sent troops to relieve Lucknow.

In the Bengal division of the presidency, styled the Lower Provinces, in contradistinction to the Upper or North-West Provinces, there has been no regular outbreak beyond the disturbance that originally arose near Calcutta; but it has been necessary to disarm all the native regular infantry round the capital and at Barrackpore. But Behar, the northern province of the Bengal government, and adjoining the north-west provinces, has been thrown into disorder by the mutiny of the troops at its principal station, Dinapore; and of the surrounding stations, one has fallen and others must probably fall.

The Madras and Bombay presidencies are as yet undisturbed; but one Bombay regiment at Kolapore, in the Mahratta country, near Central India, has partially mutinied, and there is rumour of disturbances in Dharwar. These risings are the more dangerous that they occur at a completely new point, far down the Malabar coast, and far from the districts hitherto infected. This mutiny has apparently been suppressed; but some other regiments are believed to have been implicated more or less, and plots have been discovered.

We have endeavoured, without exaggeration, and yet without diminishing aught from the full truth, to recount succinctly the main points in this sad history. God grant that the narrative may stop here! But, in order to counteract a dangerous disaster, we must look it fully in the face. Now the proportions of this disaster can only be estimated by considering the exact limits of the mutiny, and the existing state of the disturbed districts, so far as these points can at present be elucidated. It is seen that the mutiny has spread throughout the regular native army of the Bengal presidency in its three main divisions (that is to say, the lower provinces, the north-west provinces, and the Punjab), the province of Oude, and several of the native states in Central India. It has extended to the *very verge* of the boundaries of the Madras and Bombay presidencies, and cannot well proceed farther in that direction without crossing them; at one point, indeed, it actually crossed the Bombay frontier. When the telegraph wires announced the message that the Bengal army had ceased to exist, it meant

that some eighty thousand disciplined sepoys, inclusive of infantry, regular cavalry, and native artillery, and besides this a large body of irregular horse, some local infantry, and many native contingents, had, in one way and another, been lost to the Indian government. Of these, not less than thirty, perhaps forty, thousand were arrayed in arms in different places against the British. While civil administration was still sustained in the lower provinces and the Punjab, it had been temporarily swept away in most districts of the north-west provinces, inclusive of Saugur and Nerbudda territories, and Oude. Now these provinces have been truly considered the finest portion of the British empire in the East. They consist of a fertile plain stretching from the base of the Himalayas to the mountainous region of Central India, and are watered by the Ganges and its many splendid tributaries. Favoured by nature, they are inhabited by races which, possessing the good qualities common to other Indian tribes, have a vigorous manliness superior to that of any. The population is denser than that of any large country in Europe, averaging 400 souls to the square mile. About three quarters of the entire surface is richly cultivated. Through this region runs the highway by land and water of the commerce between Upper India and the port of Calcutta, and between Central Asia and Europe. Here chiefly has been the scene of those administrative improvements which have so often served as *cheval-de-bataille* to the East India Company in contests with its political opponents. Here are most of those public works, those canals, roads, and bridges, that might almost satisfy the India Reform Association. Here have been created those equitable settlements of the land-tax, those proprietary rights, that nice adjustment of tenures, that might even claim the approval of the Manchester men. The entire tract contains more than 40,000,000 of inhabitants, and pays an annual revenue of more than 6,000,000*l.* sterling. Under native *régime* these territories, under the name of "Hindostan," were regarded as the empress province of the Peninsula; the chosen seat of conquering dynasties. Under British rule, special care has been given them, and they have been often styled the "model government;" and their old prestige has attached to them to this day. Alas, that of all provinces, *these* should be distracted and harassed from end to end. And what if the same fate shall befall—if, indeed, it has not already befallen—Behar, the "Garden of India," the great district for indigo, sugar, and, above all, for opium; being, indeed, the principal source of the opium revenue? For the truth cannot be disguised, that we now hold these provinces on a tenure scarcely better than that by which the French troops held Spain during the Peninsular war. Certain central stations are forcibly held

by European troops, such as Agra, Meerut, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, Lucknow, and Dinapore. Even at these places we have no real control over the districts, but only over the stations and cantonments. It is to be feared that all the other districts (nearly fifty in number for *all* the provinces concerned) must have been entirely deserted by British officials. With the exception of the above places, all the treasuries have been plundered; the treasure therein (though its exact sum cannot be known) must have amounted to 1,000,000*l.* sterling. The electric-telegraph wires from station to station have been all cut. Postal communication reticulating all over the tract is utterly interrupted. No revenue, of course, is collected. Public offices have been mostly burnt down; and with them have perished the valuable records, which cost so much time, labour, and expense, of the landed tenures. The gaols have been broken open, and the felonry of Upper India is at large. Murder and rapine were fast increasing; old feuds were reviving; and the framework of society, though not utterly dissolved, was receiving many injuries. Internal communication was greatly impeded, and commerce by land and water almost stopped for the time. And all this mischief was for the most part occasioned by our own mutinous soldiery, aided by such a mob and rabble as might be collected in any country where order had once been broken through. Delhi itself was in some respects the most unlucky place for us that could have been selected as the rendezvous for rebellion. It was the spot at or near which the fate of the Peninsula had been several times decided in battle. It had been formerly the seat of several lines of kings, and latterly of that one empire which had resembled our own in extent. It is as rich in noble monuments and edifices as it is in historical associations. As an imperial city, the Queen of the North, it is celebrated among the natives. And unfortunately the last of the Moguls was there maintained by British bounty in the palace of his ancestors, and served as the puppet and nominal chief of a revolt which had not otherwise a single name of any eminence connected with it. But there was this advantage for us, that few places were better situated for the concentration of a European force around it.

The loss of revenue already sustained, amounting probably to six million pounds sterling, must be such as to occasion some financial embarrassment to the government. The hindrance of commerce and of monetary transactions at the presidency towns must of course add to the difficulty. Events which have caused a falling of the funds in our own capital, must produce a still greater effect in the Indian capitals. In the opinion of natives, after British rule there is the deluge; and, therefore, if Com-

pany's paper (*i. e.* Government securities) is at all in jeopardy, there is nothing for it but to revert to the one primitive security, namely, to convert every thing one can into silver, and then to bury it in the ground till happier times. The Calcutta markets are suffering, not only from the stoppage of traffic in the north-west and on the Upper Ganges,—many fleets of boats laden with merchandise having shortly after the disturbances fallen a prey to professional robbers,—but also from the alarm occasioned by the danger in which many important products are involved. Several indigo factories belonging to Europeans, near Benares, were destroyed. The Mirzapore factories lower down the river were in considerable jeopardy. But what if, after the mutinies in Behar, the Tirhoot factories should be plundered, or the opium dépôt at Patna should be burnt? or if the mutineers should form themselves into marauding bands to proceed southwards and plunder the Bengal factories? Such contingencies are formidable to contemplate.

Lastly, we must touch, however reluctantly, on the massacres of the Europeans,—the saddest and worst feature of the whole case, for which the only slight consolation that can be offered is the contemplation of the fine old British qualities which shone forth conspicuously under circumstances of unparalleled trial and distress. As many of these atrocities were not witnessed by surviving Europeans, we may perhaps hope that the tale of their horrors has been occasionally exaggerated by the native informants. But after making allowances for this, the murders of men, women, and children have been attended by circumstances of the most insulting aggravation and barbarous maltreatment. Cases such as that of Colonel Fisher, of whose warm devotion to his military duties, and consistent attachment to the men of his regiment, we can ourselves speak from personal knowledge, seem the most disheartening, if not the worst. Born and educated in India, he had ever treated the native officers under him more as real *friends* than as subordinates. We can only trust that he fell by the hand of a stranger, but his native officers at all events did not protect or save him. On the other hand, some of the mutinous regiments behaved chivalrously, mounting guard over their officers, and protecting the ladies and children or conveying them to a place of safety. Such cases were, however, rare and exceptional. Again, some few sepoys warned their officers of danger, or protected the lives of Europeans at the risk of their own. The native domestic servants generally aided their masters faithfully, and were doubtless instrumental in saving many lives. Generally, too, villagers and zemindars in the interior were willing to conceal and befriend the fugitives, feeding the hungry, cloth-

ing the naked, and carrying the wounded. Noble instances of this sort are to be met with. The native chiefs and gentry have usually behaved with kindness and fidelity to the unhappy English. When the final reckoning shall come, while many will be punished, there will be not a few to be rewarded. The conduct of the English themselves under such trying circumstances has been in every respect worthy of their country. And what higher tribute than that can be paid to their courage and fortitude? Though sensible generally of the impending danger, they yet, at whatever hazard, selected the bold and generous course. When the fidelity of the troops might be doubtful, they preferred to trust the men as long as possible, relying on moral influence rather than upon precautions dictated by diffidence. They only disarmed the men in the last resort; and when this was resolved on, it was done with promptitude, spirit, and secrecy. As a rule, officials and officers of all classes stood to their posts as long as there was the least chance or hope, struggling on to the last extremity. And it was in some degree owing to this pertinacity on the part of the English that so many murders were successfully perpetrated. The superiority of British prowess over the Asiatics has again been demonstrated more signally than ever. Handfuls of British soldiers repel hundreds. As a single instance of this, we have only to call to mind how three companies of Europeans at Benares, with three guns, fairly beat three mutinous regiments. In several cases posts of consequence have been held against great odds by scanty bands of Europeans with a few fugitive officials just escaped from the volleys of bullets. Often the British tenure of important places has hung upon such a thread as the resistance which a few invalid soldiers, a few officers, and a few civilians, might be able to make. Nevertheless these gallant bands have resisted despite the thirst and heat of a tropical summer, despite vigils and hardship, and have held their own until the arrival of reinforcements. How many instances there have been of hairbreadth escapes, of brilliant defences, of desolate wanderings! The conduct of the ladies, too, has been such as became Englishwomen: they have patiently endured the extremes of heat and hardship, beside tending the wounded; in some cases they have aided in the work of defence, made up powder-bags, kept watch, and even loaded muskets. When the detailed history of this outbreak is written, there will be much that exceeds the saddest romance.

Having thus described the extent and immediate consequences of the military revolt so far as it has gone, we come secondly to the consideration of its character, origin, and causes.

In respect to the *character* of this affair, the main question

is, whether it is a military revolt *pur et simple;* or is it a general popular insurrection; or is it a mixture of both? Now on this point we need not hesitate to say, that as yet the affair has partaken almost entirely of the nature of a military movement, of a gigantic mutiny. At not one single city has there been a popular rising. In the villages the agricultural classes have as a mass remained passive in their allegiance to us. The predatory tribe of "Goojurs" has misbehaved, but their chief if not sole motive was plunder. The native commercial community have been openly on our side every where, and at the presidency towns have presented loyal addresses. The mischief has in every case been commenced and chiefly carried out by the mutineers themselves. Their assistants in the horrid work were representatives of *no* class in the community except the criminal class. Such aid could be found by any party who should raise a momentarily successful disturbance. So also the plunderings in the interior have been carried on by one set of natives against another from spite or vice, but not at all out of opposition to us, except in some parts of the Saugur and Nerbudda territories, where the Boondela tribe appears to be regularly insurgent. The plundering of merchandise on the Ganges was nothing more than vulgar robbery. The native gentry have been by a great majority on our side. The small minority of petty insurgent chieftains have been caught and hung. To this rule, again, there is the one terrible exception of Nena Sahib. The police, and the subordinate civil establishment generally, who are almost as numerous as the army, have *not* turned against us, though they seem to have been but weak in helping us. There have, indeed, been some few instances of native police-officers joining the rebel-mutineers. The puppet-king at Delhi was not the head of any party, and he was unprepared to assume the functions of mimic royalty. Ever since the capture of Delhi, the mass of the civil population there seemed to side with us against the mutineers. We hear of barricadings, of native gentlemen arming their retainers, and defending their houses against the soldiery. In Oude, it would appear that some parties of local consequence near Lucknow must have coalesced with the mutineers. This might have been expected, because in that province there are many lawless chieftains, the natural enemies of any government, who were perpetually in arms against the late king and his officers, and who must dislike our rule in exact proportion as it is stronger and better than the former one. In the Punjab, as already mentioned, the people hate the mutineers as much as they like us. Those acquainted with the feelings of the Punjabees, know that they dislike the "Hindostanees" of old, and have been jealous of the employment of these foreigners both under Runjeet

Sing and under the British. Nowadays a refugee sepoy has no chance in the Punjab villages, for the villagers will assuredly give him up to be hung. The fighting classes proclaim their willingness to serve against Delhi (it was the old ambition of the Sikhs to conquer the imperial city); and already the mutineers have tasted the sharpness of the Affghan cimeter and the bayonet of the Sikh. So convinced is the phantom-king of their hostility, that he has by proclamation invited the faithful to slay the Sikhs. Even our old enemies beyond the frontier seem to sympathise with us: the Afreedees, near the Kyber pass, instead of assailing our border, send offers of assistance. Again, the defection of so many of the contingent troops of native princes stamps stronger still the military character of the affair. A *popular* rising would have in view the establishment of some native dynasty; then why should the troops revolt against the native princes? It would look as if the military class throughout India were resolved to coalesce for the destruction of every government, native or foreign, and to establish one of the prætorian or janissary type. Still it cannot be denied that there exists in India a small and scattered, but dangerous, class of fanatic conspirators. These persons, chiefly Mohammedans, even in time of peace write and talk secret treason; now at Hydrabad in the Deccan, now at Patna in Bengal, now at Delhi, now at Peshawur, and other places on the Punjab frontier. They doubtless seized this tempting occasion to foment mischief; and they also influenced the native press, which is of the worst possible stamp, and which has heretofore been harmless only because it was contemptible. That a section of such a press should have abetted any mischief, will not be surprising to any one who knew its character; but such a section of the press of very limited circulation, joining with a few isolated conspirators, malcontents against every thing, can no more be taken to represent the people of India than the Genoa conspirators could be accepted as exponents of the Piedmontese against Victor Emmanuel, or the recent Paris conspirators as showing the feeling of the French people against the Emperor.

Another question will arise, namely, Is this a Hindoo or a Mohammedan mutiny, or both? is it an infantry or cavalry movement, or both? On this point we may certainly say that, although the first overt symptoms came from Hindoos, and although the great majority of the mutinous soldiery are Hindoos, yet the Mohammedans have had their full share; the Mohammedan soldiery have all joined. The 3d Cavalry, which was among the prime movers of the revolt, had many Mohammedans; the rallying point, Delhi, is a Mohammedan city. Again, although the movement certainly began with the infantry, the cavalry nearly all joined afterwards; and although the irregular differs so much in its constitution

from the regular cavalry, yet wherever the irregulars have been raised or recruited in the same provinces as the rest of the army, they have, with some bright exceptions, gone over to the mutineers. The mutiny has been general in the Bengal army, extending to all tribes and to all arms.

We have now to discuss the *origin* of this affair. Was the mutiny the result of a conspiracy, long concerted, deeply planned, widely ramified, which had fixed upon Delhi as the place, the king as the man, and the summer of 1857 as the time; and which got up the cartridge story as a sham pretext and as a signal to warn the conspirators that the occasion was ripening? Or is it that the affair really did begin with the cartridge, *without* any previous conspiracy; that the cartridges gave rise to stories rousing the suspicions of the army, and causing a seditious correspondence and combination; and that while the men's minds were in an inflammable state, a spark was kindled at Meerut which raised a flame that soon spread like wild-fire to every station? Now at the present time it is not easy to give a confident answer to these questions; and perhaps the entire truth may never be known. But we must say, that the existence of any such *antecedent* conspiracy as that described is *not* shown *as yet*. It is difficult to prove the negative, that is, the non-existence; but, on the other hand, what positive indication (we will not say proof) is there? Has any prisoner or other informant revealed any such previous plot? Has any correspondence to this effect been discovered? Did any Englishman ever hear even a rumour of such a conspiracy *before* the affair of the cartridges? Did any one perceive even the faintest sign of such a thing? It seems by some persons to be *assumed*, that because the mutiny has been a great one, its causes and its organisation *must* be of commensurate magnitude. Such, indeed, might or might not be the case; but we hope presently to show that the mutiny may very possibly have arisen without such a conspiracy. And again we ask, beyond this mere assumption what evidence is there? If there was a prior conspiracy, and the cartridge affair only a pretext, then we may ask, why was such pretext required? A vast army, that has made up its mind to murder all the English and seize the government, does not want a pretext; on the contrary, by starting such a pretext some four months before the intended outbreak, they would only give the Government warning to frustrate the whole thing.

But although so far challenging the supposition that there was a long anterior conspiracy before the cartridge affair,—that is, before the end of 1856 and beginning of 1857,—we yet see little reason to doubt that about this time the cartridge affair was followed by several, perhaps many, conspiracies. When

the first mutterings of discontent were heard at Barrackpore, General Sir J. Hearsey, an able officer, well acquainted with natives, declared his belief that distrust of the cartridges was breathed into the minds of the sepoys by parties from without. The disbanded 19th Regiment, in the hour of their ruin and repentance, declared that such was the case, though they would not say who the parties were. When the greater part of the 34th Regiment was disbanded, a correspondence relative to a military rising is said to have been discovered. During the early months of the present year there was a mysterious distribution of cakes from village to village in several districts of the north-west, near Delhi, Meerut, and Agra. The circumstance attracted much notice, but its meaning was not discovered. It is now natural to connect it with these sad events. The difficulty, however, is, that the cakes were distributed among villages that have *not* risen; and were never seen by the soldiery who *have*. It has been said that about the same time lotus-flowers were distributed among the sepoys. This story has not, however, been authenticated; and it seems certain that the flowers could only have been distributed partially, if at all. The conduct of the mutineers themselves has been but too often indicative of organised treachery; professions of loyalty were in several instances made by the sepoys to their officers for the sole purpose of securing their victims more effectually. Nothing can be worse than these cases; but we will not recapitulate them. There is not much in the *manner* of the several outbreaks indicative of a regular scheme. They were somewhat desultory and disjointed, instead of bursting forth at once, as they should have done *if* they were the result of a previous and general conspiracy. When Delhi was taken, the soldiery should have at once seized Allahabad, and Benares (to say nothing of other places), instead of delaying for three weeks, during which interval the Government could send reinforcements. Does not such conduct go far to prove the absence of a conspired plan? Again, if there had been a regular conspiracy, why did it not select 1854 and 1855, when the British army was engaged in the Crimea? In the present year, why did it wait till the Persian war was over? We incline to the opinion, then, that if there did arise out of the cartridge affair a conspiracy, it must have been a vacillating and rawly-planned plot. We should add, however, that the mutinies do appear to have encouraged many individuals to plot against the Government at Calcutta, Benares, Poona, Bombay, Sattara, Hydrabad, and elsewhere. It is probable that in these, *as in most other Indian conspiracies, Mohammedans are the chief actors.*

But as the suspicions arising from the cartridge business

probably were the proximate cause of the first mutinies, it may be well to offer a few remarks on this point. Now these new cartridges very likely may have been dipped in grease from bullocks and pigs. Possibly the idea might not occur to the sepoy; but if it did, or if it were suggested by any evil-disposed person, then doubtless both Hindoos and Mohammedans, apart from any hypothesis of a conspiracy, would object to bite such cartridges. Moreover we can quite understand that, all things considered, such ideas and suggestions might rouse suspicions in their minds. They are suspicious on such points to a degree that no European who had not seen them would believe. There is no fable of this kind too absurd to command the credulity of natives. We should not be surprised at idle tales of this nature spreading unaccountably, and producing dangerous effects, at any time, and in any place, in India. But it is generally mere chance whether such a thing brings on a storm or passes off quietly. Accordingly there may have been as much accident as any thing else in this cartridge business. Some cartridges for Enfield rifles came out from Woolwich, and more were ordered to be made up in the Calcutta magazine. It did not occur to any one that the nature of the grease would excite such objections, inasmuch as it appears that *more impure grease had always been used for the gun-carriage wheels without a murmur by the native artillerymen, who are of the same castes as the infantry sepoys;* but when the objection was pointed out, the Government *immediately* withdrew the obnoxious cartridges; ordered the cartridges to be made up at all stations of the army by the men themselves; and proclaimed most positively its adherence to the ancient policy of respecting the religion, prejudices, and castes of the natives.

If, however, suspicions arising in the first instance from the cartridges could become so intensified as to produce such great results, and stir up, in fact, a slumbering volcano, it is natural to suppose that there must have been something in the course of events to prepare, and perhaps to poison, the mind of the army; which must moreover have possessed a sympathetic unity, and a power of combination, truly remarkable. That there may have been some such tendency in events, will be seen now that we come to discuss the causes of the mutiny. As various reasons have been put forward in different quarters, it will be expedient to advert briefly to the most prominent among these before giving a final summary of the probable causes.

Now the main cause alleged by the mutineers themselves, and the cause most prominently adverted to in this country, is a *religious* one. We must therefore briefly address ourselves to the [illegible]s to whether the British Government in India

has, or has not, interfered injudiciously or unjustifiably with the religion, caste, or prejudices of the natives.

Under this head, the first point to be considered is the conduct of the Government in reference to missionaries. Now one of the primary principles of the British rule is protection to *all* persons in the exercise of their respective religions, so far as such exercise may be consistent with public peace and morality; this protection extending to Hindooism, Mohammedanism, every form of heathenism, to Judaism, and, moreover, to every denomination of Christianity. On the other hand, no special support is given to any religion in particular. In virtue of this principle, Christian missionaries, in considerable numbers and varieties, have spread themselves over the peninsula of India (Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian; English, Scotch, German, American); they have established numerous schools; they have preached the gospel constantly in the thoroughfares of cities, and occasionally among the villages of rural districts; they do not show great results in long lists of actual converts, yet they exercise an indirect moral influence over the masses with whom they come in contact, and they set an excellent example in their own lives. These missions are supported solely by private resources, furnished chiefly from Great Britain and America, and partly from the Continent of Europe. But the Government gives them no aid whatever,—with one exception, which shall be presently explained,—no privileges, no immunities, and, indeed, takes no particular account of them. They have the same rights as the ministers of other religions not Christian. *Before the law* the Christian missionary is in the same position as the Mohammedan Molavee or the Hindoo Pundit. The Christian missionary may perform his services, just as the heathen priest may hold his sacred processions. He may preach in public; and the heathen professor may argue with him, if they agree to have a disputation. He may publish a controversial work in the native language assailing the heathen religion, and a heathen author may publish a book in reply animadverting on Christianity. If Christianity is superior in the argument, that is of no concern to the Government. The principal servants and officers of the Government are Christian; but they are not permitted to use their official power or influence in favour of their religion. If any officer, civil or military, does so, he disobeys the standing rule of his Government; and such conduct, whenever discovered, is always noticed. This rule, like any other rule, is occasionally broken; but breaches of it are certainly rare. On the other hand, the Christian servants of Government are not interdicted from subscribing privately to missions. A Hindoo or Mohammedan official may

not in his public capacity take any part in religious questions; but privately he may contribute to the support of his own faith. A Christian official may do the same. We have here only tried to explain in the fewest words the relations of the Government with the missionaries; and upon these premises we submit that its conduct is in accordance with its pledge of religious equality and non-interference. The Government could not, indeed, do more than it does consistently with its promises; *nor less* consistently with its duty. It may refrain from giving any extraneous advantage to Christianity; but it cannot with reason be expected to place that religion under any disadvantage.

The one particular exception to which we alluded, consists in the grants of aid to certain missionary schools of secular instruction. Most of the missions undertake to conduct schools in which practical knowledge and moral, without religious, education are conveyed to the young. They do this, probably because they could not establish schools in any other manner, certainly not upon a religious basis; and because they hope that their ultimate objects will be best promoted by the diffusion of sound knowledge among the rising generation. The Bible is not formally or largely taught in these schools. If taught at all, it is cautiously and sparingly introduced—according as the scholars may be willing to read it, or their parents may permit them to attend such lessons. Of course the missionaries avail themselves of every occasion to instil, not only moral precepts, but also religious conviction into the minds of their pupils, in the patient hope that some day these impressions may produce good results. In the mean time, they impart the best possible instruction in temporal affairs; and so highly is this teaching appreciated by the heathen parents, that (notwithstanding their knowledge of the religious character of the missionaries) they choose to send their children to these schools in large numbers. The natives have, indeed, evinced much confidence in the missionaries as schoolmasters; and these schools are far better attended than any private establishments whatever, and even more than equal the government schools. The missionaries, being so devoted to the work, often prove better secular teachers than the educational officers of the State. This was the state of things when, about three years ago, the British Government resolved to make a great effort to spread the rudiments of practical and secular knowledge among the mass of an ignorant population, and to establish an Educational Department of State. Among the measures then decided on, was the concession of grants in aid of existing private educational institutions among the natives. Thousands of native schools were selected for assistance; and

at the same time grants were proffered to the flourishing secular schools conducted by missionaries. Many missions accepted this aid, which was given for the sole purpose of secular instruction. It was a contribution, not to the mission, but to particular schools, and would be continued only so long as the schools should be well attended. These are the facts; and our readers can judge whether herein any just offence was given to the religious feelings of the natives. *When the natives themselves showed confidence in a missionary school* by sending their children there, the Government support would be given, and would be continued *only so long as that confidence might remain unimpaired.* If the native parents should be dissatisfied with the teaching upon religious or other grounds, they could withdraw their children, and then the Government grant would be withdrawn also.

The comparatively recent enactment legalising the remarriage of Hindoo widows has been cited as an unjust invasion of the social prejudices of the natives. But there were certainly several *primâ-facie* reasons for such an enactment. There was, in the first place, a positive social grievance. In certain classes, where polygamy is largely practised, an old man might often die leaving many young widows, who, though preserved by British rule from the flames of Suttee, would still be condemned to a lifelong and involuntary widowhood. Again, in any class, a boy might die leaving a virgin widow whom he had never even seen, and to whom he had been betrothed and married when they were both children. Yet such a widow was prevented by social custom from re-marrying. The consequence was, that many widows who might and would have re-married, were living in immorality; and the social demoralisation thus occasioned was, we know, considerable. Then there was a party among the natives in Lower Bengal actively favourable to the abolition of this restriction. There was reason to believe that in other parts of India the measure would be on the whole fairly received, though it might be disliked by some. That the custom was not really founded on Hindoo law, was clearly shown in a pamphlet published by one of the learned natives themselves. When the law was published, there were several eminent instances in Bengal of parties availing themselves of it; and it was not petitioned against from other parts of India. Such briefly is the case of which the Government took cognisance, not for religious ends, but solely in its secular capacity to remedy a grievance, and to maintain the liberty of individual action, whereby an adult woman free from all engagement may dispose of herself as she thinks fit in marriage.

In the same manner, the law which declared that no man

should on account of his religious faith be liable to forfeiture of his property or rights of inheritance simply carried out the fundamental principle of religious toleration. Such a law certainly might, among its other effects, protect converts to Christianity from civil disability; and there doubtless may be a party both among Hindoos and Mohammedans who would be offended if a convert were preserved in the possession of his property and rights of inheritance. But could such offence be taken *justly* and reasonably? If not, then it cannot be expected that a civilised government, however anxious it might be to respect generally the religion and prejudices of its subjects, should sanction pains and penalties against converts to Christianity as a concession to malignant intolerance.

But, further, there are said to have been certain political circumstances to render the British unpopular—such as the annexations of territory which have taken place of late years, and the resumption of landed grants. In point of fact, however, as regards the annexations, no *general* charge can properly be made against, nor *general* defence for, them. Some took place in war, some from failure of heirs, some in virtue of treaties, some in liquidation of debt. These surely are sufficient reasons, if any can be; and one or more sufficient justifications (sometimes even amounting to necessity) are to be found in the cases that have recently occurred—such as Sindh, the Punjab, Burmah, Nagpore, the Hydrabad ceded districts, Oude. But how are these matters connected with the present disturbances? It is not, and indeed could not be, suggested that in these territories the *people* prefer the old *régime* to ours. In one case only have the representatives of the former sovereigns taken any part against us; in the other cases there has been no movement of the kind. Certainly the native princes in possession do not evince any alarm at the intentions or policy of the British; but, on the contrary, appear to regard the continuance of the British empire as the best guarantee they can have for the permanence of their rights. For when these disturbances broke out, the native princes were not only faithful, but were more active than any class in India in taking our part. These are the men who, if any, would be concerned by the British policy in respect to annexation: if they are not disaffected on this account, it were vain to suppose that other classes could be who had no concern in the matter. Therefore, the fact that the native princes have co-operated with us sufficiently proves that the annexations at least were *not* the cause of the disturbances. Then, again, as regards adoption, each case must stand upon its merits. By the Hindoo law adoption is undoubtedly valid as regards succession to private property, and has so far been

always recognised by the British Government; but it does not follow that the rules by which property is inherited should in all cases govern the succession to political power and jurisdiction. For instance, there is no primogeniture in Hindoo or Mohammedan inheritance; but there is in political succession, inasmuch as the eldest son of the king or chief must succeed to the kingdom or chiefship. As regards adoption by princes, as we intimated above, there is no rule for all classes of chiefs; some of them who might be subject to a paramount would certainly not be allowed to adopt. Take, for instance, the Sikh states: adoption would not be allowed among them; yet they are not disaffected, but, on the contrary, they have been most active on our side.

In this place also it will be proper to notice very briefly the question as to whether the annexation of Oude may have given dissatisfaction to the sepoys, who were chiefly recruited from that province. We do not see that there is any real reason for such a supposition. The dominion of Oude was assumed because the king had outrageously misgoverned his people for a long series of years, in violation of solemn treaties made with the British, and in spite of many warnings. The agricultural classes (peasant proprietors), from which the sepoys came, were harassed by this misgovernment more perhaps than any one else; and the men used to enlist partly because they were distressed at home, and partly because they hoped by being in the British service to secure some immunity from oppression for their families and protection for their property. When the country came under our jurisdiction, they of course enjoyed that very immunity and protection to obtain which they had entered the British service. When the final measures regarding the kingdom were carried out there was a large sepoy force present, who showed not the slightest sign of dissatisfaction. The only classes likely to be averse to the change would be the retainers of the late government, and the rural chiefs who always resisted the king and hated any settled government whatever, British or native, just as the barons of the "castellated Rhine," in the middle ages, hated the domination of the Emperor of Germany; but the sepoys belonged to a different class from these, namely, to that very class which most benefited by British rule.

The principal causes of the mutiny are, no doubt, referable to the organisation and character of the army itself. Among these, the first to be mentioned is the *predominance of certain castes throughout the Bengal army.* From statistical returns it is known, that out of a total strength in all arms (regulars) of 80,000, no less than 60,000, or more than two-thirds, belong to the Brahmin and Rajpoot castes; the re-

mainder being made up of Mohammedans and Hindoos of miscellaneous castes and tribes. The Mohammedans being chiefly in the cavalry, it may be stated in general terms that the Bengal infantry was exclusively Brahmin and Rajpoot; the men of other tribes forming but a mere fraction. As our readers know, the Brahmin is the priestly, and the Rajpoot is *par excellence* the military, tribe; and they occupy respectively the first and the second places in the Hindoo social scale. The exact proportion of these who were natives of Oude may not be statistically known, but without doubt the great majority belong to that province. Now among the Hindoos the members of the same caste frequently "hang together" in a manner that would astonish an Englishman. A caste is often found to have completely colonised a tract of country; each village is held by a community, and all the communities are of the same tribe. The process of colonisation is analogous to the manner in which the several tribes of Israel occupied Palestine; each tribe having its tract. The mutual bond between the members of the tribe of Judah or the tribe of Dan could hardly have been stronger than that which subsists between the Rajpoots or Brahmins of the same district. Socially each village is a little commonwealth of individuals, and each tract is a commonwealth of villages. In their own vernacular they speak of themselves as members of a vast brotherhood or cousinhood. There is not only a community of hereditary and local association, but also, through intermarriage, more or less of consanguinity between them all. When, therefore, it is stated that the Bengal sepoys were almost entirely Brahmins and Rajpoots from Oude, the reader can imagine the *cohesion* which must have existed among these men. It is not as if a British colony were to be composed entirely of Cornish or of Yorkshire men, or of Highlanders, or of south of Ireland men: the case of the Bengal sepoys is much stronger than that; probably the only analogous cases in Europe would be found among certain of the old Scottish clans, or the inhabitants of certain cantons in Switzerland. The sympathetic unity, therefore, among the "brotherhood" of the Bengal sepoys (as the men themselves would call it) gave them a remarkable power of combination for good or for evil; rendered them peculiarly liable to be actuated in masses by common impulses or feelings, which would, it was to be hoped, prove favourable, but which might be dangerous. Then, again, these two particular tribes, being the highest, were sensitive; jealous of their honour, real or fancied; tenacious of their prejudices; haughty somewhat in the assertion of their rights;—in a word, proud of themselves and of their power: and besides the above qualities, the Brahmins have some aptitude for intrigue. Such being the character of the men, it will of course

be asked, *Why* did the British Government raise an army of such tribes from the same districts? Such a question is nowadays indeed indignantly asked in England; but it will be found on impartial consideration that there were some reasons why this state of things was permitted. For a government that has to keep up a standing regular army of eighty thousand men would, in the absence of any thing like a conscription, be apt to take its recruits from those districts where it could most easily get them. In a former page we have explained why the yeomen of Oude were more willing to accept British service than the corresponding classes elsewhere. Many years ago, there existed (as there still partially exists) a predilection for north-countrymen; and doubtless as each new regiment was added to the Bengal army, the British authorities thought they could not do better than raise it from among the splendid peasantry of Oude: and when once a regiment has been thus raised, there arises a strong tendency to recruit it in the same manner; whenever vacancies occur, the native officers and men will have expectants ready, relations of the veterans, fine young fellows desirous to eat the Company's salt and to die in its service. Then the men had many qualities well calculated to give satisfaction to the English officers; their conduct was good on service, and excellent in cantonments. They were not only born soldiers, but to a considerable extent they *appeared* to be "nature's gentlemen;" their conversation and behaviour were pleasing; they were orderly and respectable, and above vulgar vice of any kind. They were intelligent in their profession, easily taught their duty, and their appearance on parade was such as might have pleased Frederick the Great of Prussia, who loved to see tall handsome men in the ranks. These sepoys, though somewhat thin and spare, were above the average height of infantry in Europe, and there was always something dignified in their aspect and bearing even when undressed and off duty. And besides, there are of course many arguments in favour of high-caste men; it would have been said—as indeed it actually *has* been said, even since the outbreak, by the commander in chief at Bombay—that men of caste are not only physically larger (which is indeed the fact) but also morally superior, with better appreciation of their duties, higher feelings, and quicker intelligence. And as to the men being chiefly natives of the same districts, it would probably have been thought that when the sepoys were to fight the Company's battles in foreign places—amid the snows of Affghanistan, the burning plains of the Indus or Sutlej, or the swamps of Burmah —it were well that they should be animated by a common spirit almost supplying the place of patriotism. We have tried to sketch the arguments on both sides; and it will be seen that, al-

though the system of enlistment after a successful trial of half a century has proved very disastrous in the end, there were yet many arguments for its adoption; which should not, therefore, be condemned as being without excuse.

The Bengal army, then, was composed of apparently good *matériel*, but one requiring the plastic hand of a master. To change the metaphor, it was a machine, which under skilful management might be an engine for good; but if neglected or unskilfully used, might scatter destruction around. While, however, the army especially needed supervision, circumstances which we will mention have concurred to diminish the means of supervising it. Of late years our growing and expanding dominion, and the exigencies of service arising therefrom,—the creation of new departments to carry out improvements of many and excellent kinds,—have necessitated the withdrawal of a large number of military officers from their regiments for detached employ. The work was necessary: an increase to the existing services was hardly to be thought of in the presence of financial obstacles (actual or supposed); and there was no resource but to draw on the European army for men. We will not go so far as some, who say that *all* the best officers were thus taken away from the regiments; but the patronage of the Indian Government is generally well exercised, and certainly many good men were selected for detached employ, while but few good men were left for regimental duty. The abstraction of so many good officers was of course detrimental to the army; but the mischief must not be measured by this standard alone. For besides all this, the system tended to *lower the efficiency of those who were left with the regiments*, and rendered them discontented with their position, and taught them to fix their hopes and their ambition *beyond* the sphere of regimental life; and herein no blame lay with the officers themselves. Personally, they were as good as any other British officers; and despite their many discouragements, they have always done their duty on service in a manner worthy of their country. But how could a regimental officer be otherwise than discontented, when he saw his more fortunate comrade elevated to a lucrative and dignified appointment? How could he be expected to devote his thoughts and interests to the regiment, when he knew that by study, by exhibition of varied qualifications, by happy opportunity, in short, by many things *in no wise connected with military success or distinction*, he might be translated to a brighter sphere? In fact, the better the man, the more anxious would he be under such circumstances to "get away" from his corps, and the less interest would he be able to take in it. It was but natural that an officer thus situated should move heaven and earth to leave the regiment, which ought to have been his home, and for the

preservation of which his assiduous presence was required. It was not uncommon to find a regiment with only six European officers present; and hence there has arisen a cry regarding paucity of officers. Doubtless, if the work were thoroughly done, a sepoy regiment a thousand strong might furnish employment for more than six officers; but it is certain that the officers often complained of having not enough to do, and therefore it might be asked, How could there be too few men for the work? And moreover, it is clear that *ir*regular regiments, horse and foot, are kept in good order with a complement of less than six European officers. The truth probably is, that when the officers really understand their work, are in a good position as regards pay, power, and responsibility, and have their hearts with the corps, then six *such* men might sufficiently officer a crack regiment of sepoys. But the present system does not always permit *such* men to be with a corps. The regimental officers are, we repeat, quite equal to the average British standard; and what more could practically be expected? But the present system damps their professional energies and diverts their thoughts. And therefore the bane of that system consists not so much in depriving the regiments of many useful officers, *as in producing a prejudicial effect upon those who remain.*

Moreover it is true that, owing to improved social morality, to the spread of domestic civilisation, and to many influences elevating in several respects the conduct of Europeans in India, the interval between the English officer and the sepoy has been widened, until at last a great gulf is fixed between them. The good old sepoy officer of the past generation was far more Indianised than his successor of the present. The refined young gentlemen, against whom the Spartan Napier fulminated his censure, certainly stand in different relations to their sepoys from the officers who fought under Clive and Wellesley and Lake. New and better relations, arising from moral sympathy and fellowship in real work, may in course of time spring up between the European and the native; but in the mean while there is a transition going on, and there is not the same familiar intercourse and the same intimate connection which there often were before. Such a transition may, on the whole, be desirable, and is certainly inevitable; but, in reference to the present affairs, there can be no doubt but that this circumstance, producing a partial and gradual estrangement between the officers and men, rendered the men less inclined to open their hearts and state their suspicions to the officers, and the officers less apt to divine what was passing in the minds of the men.

Then, any deficiency with the European officers in this respect was not likely to be made up by the native officers. In the Ben-

gal army, any private who lives and serves long enough will rise through the grades of native commissioned officers till he becomes a subadar (a subordinate captain of a company, with pay amounting to about 150*l.* per annum). In all these grades promotion is regulated strictly by seniority; so that every man in the ranks has a certain prospect before him; but he attains the superior grades only after a long service.* A native of sixty or seventy is as old as an Englishman of seventy or eighty respectively; and the consequence is, that veteran native officers of from sixty to seventy are somewhat worn out and effete. The work they do must often be little more than nominal, and the office they hold must often appear to be virtually a reward for old and faithful service. Now it might have been practicable to have native officers who, though still rising absolutely from the ranks, would be selected for merit or ability, and would be in most cases younger men than the present set; and this selection system prevails in the Bombay and Madras armies. Or it might be practicable to have native officers of a superior class to the men, who, by their education and social position, would exercise something of the same influence as the officers in the British army. Such is the practice in the irregular regiments, where the paucity of European officers renders it necessary to have *real effective* native officers. But there has always been a conservative party preferring the Bengal seniority system as the *safe and steady one*. It has always been argued, that in the *event of an extensive mutiny*, the present native officers would *at least be harmless and inactive;* whereas, if there were talented and aspiring young native officers, they might *head and lead* a movement of that kind, which would thence become very dangerous. Now a crisis has arrived of the exact character to test the value of this argument,—the native officers have been of not the least use in preventing, anticipating, disclosing, or putting down the movement, which has, indeed, without their active aid perhaps, become as wide-spread and dangerous as it could possibly be. It would appear, then, that in practice nothing could have failed more utterly than this seniority system. We could not have been in a worse plight than we are: whereas, perhaps, if there had been some selected native officers we might have had a few good men on our side; and, at all events, it can never be worthy of a great government to insure the safety and order of an army by closing the avenues of distinction to junior merit, and by maintaining a set of inefficient seniors as native officers.

Another circumstance to be mentioned, is the gradual centralisation of authority in the adjutant-general's department. If the evidence of all officers commanding regiments were to be taken regarding the defects in the army, though they would

differ considerably on many points, we imagine they would all agree on this one, namely, the lowering and weakening of the power of regimental officers. They complain that they have no power of themselves to reward and punish; that they can do but little without sanction of superior authority, involving delay and uncertainty; and that what little they may do of themselves is liable to be appealed against by any party concerned. Even in civil affairs such a system is inconvenient and mischievous; but in regimental affairs, if carried too far, it may become absolutely dangerous; and in a crisis the government may find that its army is paralysed from want of a proper understanding between the officers and men, that is, influence on the one part, and obedience on the other. The adjutant-general's department might perhaps reply, that in some cases the proceedings of regimental officers demanded interference; and that, on the whole, minute supervision could not be relaxed. But obviously the department should be empowered to select really competent men for command; such men are, of course, always to be found, and when found, should be intrusted with power and responsibility.

There are many other interesting minor points of Bengal-army reform; but we have not space to enter into further details, which would moreover fatigue the reader. We have now noted those points which have chiefly attracted public attention. The defects mentioned are to some extent peculiar to the Bengal army, and exist, some scarcely at all, and others to a less degree, in those of Madras and Bombay; and this consideration strengthens the inference that to these defects the extent and prevalence of the unhappy outbreak must be partially at least attributable. *Some,* however,—such as the centralisation of power in the adjutant-general's office,—exist more or less in Bombay and Madras; and the events of Bengal may teach a lesson to the other presidencies. The question, then, arises, How was it that the Government of India permitted these defects to exist in the Bengal army for so many years? In the first place, it seems by many to be supposed that the late Sir C. Napier explicitly warned the supreme government of what was coming, and devised measures for prevention which were never attended to. Now we do not wish to set down any thing against Sir C. Napier's memory; we admit that in many respects he was a great and good man; that first and last he did great service in India, though in the end he quite lost himself in a controversy with the Governor-General; that he suppressed mutiny several times in downright strong style; that he would have been invaluable at the present crisis, when the victor of Meeanee and Hydrabad might have marched rapidly upon that Delhi which later in the day it was too late to enter, and now seems likely to prove a second Sebastopol. But in respect to these Cas-

sandra-like warnings, we must observe that, for the most part, they were contained in private communications to friends, which, though written some years ago, were not known to the Government, and were not published until very recently; that though often penned with much prescient sagacity, they were couched in general terms, without any explicit suggestions; and that, unfortunately, they were too often conveyed in a tone of hostility to the Indian Government, which would detract from their utility in a public sense. Any one versed in public affairs will know, that to address suggestions directly or indirectly to authorities in a defiant or vituperative style must at least render their adoption difficult. But *after* the period when these supposed "warnings" were uttered, Sir C. Napier himself became Commander-in-chief at a time when all the defects in the Bengal army were full blown. By courts-martial upon offending officers, by diligent reviewing of the troops, he doubtless did his best to maintain military efficiency; but nothing in particular was done during his tenure of command to remedy the special defects of the Bengal army. He could not, indeed, say much against the withdrawal of officers for civil employ, inasmuch as he himself originated the system in Sindh, and had oft declared that all India should be governed by "soldier-civilians." The centralisation of all power with the Commander-in-chief existed under him much the same as before and since. The seniority rule of promotion among native officers was, indeed, strengthened under his administration. By replacing the mutinous 66th Regiment by hill Ghoorkhas, he showed himself alive to the caste difficulty; but the recruiting from Oude continued. Nor did he as Commander-in-chief address officially to the Government any temperate statement embodying all his opinions on the defects of the Bengal army, foreshadowing the possible consequences and suggesting preventive remedies. On the whole, we gather from his writings, that whatever he thought of the European officers, he had a favourable opinion of the sepoys. We repeat, that these observations are not meant to throw blame on Sir C. Napier, for both he and the Government laboured under difficulties in respect to military reform; but they are made to *combat* the possible supposition that Sir Charles officially and explicitly warned the Indian Government of the coming mutinies, which warnings were wilfully neglected. We believe that nothing of the kind occurred. The fact is, that the defects in the Bengal army were of old standing, deeply seated, and arising from circumstances difficult to control. Is not military reform proverbially difficult in England? Do not years elapse before opinion advances even a step in the right direction? Is not a heavy pressure, a strong lever, required to move the mass of resistance and opposition? May not, therefore, the same thing happen in India? Suppose a

Governor-General to be desirous of commencing reform (as many Governors-General may have been), what was he to do? Was he to appoint a commission such as those which are appointed in England? He would have had many of the most experienced officers opposed to him in opinion. He would have been plied with conservative arguments against interfering with an old system which had "worked" tolerably well. Were not the names of many victories inscribed on the banners of the army? Were not the breasts of the sepoys decorated with medals? Had they not evinced endurance in the field, and respectability in cantonments? If it was hinted that the Bombay army was in better discipline, at once professional jealousy would have been aroused. Were the diminutive low-caste men of Bombay to be compared to the fine fellows of the north? Had the Bombay army ever seen so much service as that of Bengal? If the possibility of a general mutiny had been whispered, it would have been met by denial. What cause had the sepoys given for such a supposition? If there had been occasional mutinies, had they not been partial, and arising from local causes? Had not the bulk of the army always remained faithful? Was there not much in the condition of the sepoys rendering it extremely improbable that they would ever rise *en masse?* How could they ever be so well off under any *régime* as under that of the Company? Was it not notoriously the best paid service that ever had been known in India? Did not the private receive twice as much pay as the ordinary labourer? was he not sure to rise to the rank of commissioned officer, with the prospect of a pension in old age and an allowance to his family in the event of death in action? Must not such manifold advantages bind him to the Company? In short, there were many "lions in the way" of any radical reform. Such obstacles as we have mentioned do indeed vanish, or are swept away, on the approach of a great disaster; but experience every where teaches that nothing short of such an event will be effectual. It is not to be supposed that the Indian Government of the day was ever in the least indifferent to the condition and discipline of the Bengal army, or at all blind to its defects. But these defects were, we repeat, deeply seated, of old standing, and often arising from circumstances beyond control: the remedying of them would be difficult; and no such decisive symptoms were manifest, no such overt or general misconduct had occurred, as seemed to justify strong measures. Thus it was, we suppose, that things were allowed to go on from time to time without positive interference.

As to the general relations between Government and the sepoys, more cannot be said than that which Lord Dalhousie most truly stated in his farewell minute, to the effect that the condition of the sepoy was so good as to leave nothing to be de-

sired. The sepoy had been most handsomely paid, most considerately cared for, most amply rewarded for whatever service he rendered,—in short, loaded with bounty and favour. He laboured under no wrong or grievance whatever. The indirect moral or religious influences which through the private exertion of individuals might indirectly affect some of his countrymen, scarcely reached him at all. Of all the natives, he was the last man who ought to have raised a religious cry. He may have been treated with apathy by his European officer, but *not* with unkindness or severity. He may have been left too much to himself, but never was vexatiously interfered with. He may have been too implicitly trusted, but never was irritated by suspicion. His humours and whims may have been too much consulted, but his prejudices and customs were never jarred against. In short, our errors were nearly all, if not entirely all, on the side of generosity. Even in the last cartridge affair, it has been seen how prompt the Government were to repair the error before it could possibly have time to give offence to the men.

The mutineers have never even pretended to justify their revolt by any allegations of administrative oppression. In their chief proclamation from Delhi, inviting all the faithful to murder the English, they alleged nothing against their intended victims but attempts at conversion to Christianity; and we have seen how far such a charge is deserved. If they had any thing further to say against us, what a golden opportunity this was for saying it! Does not their silence show that there was little or nothing to be said? In one supplementary proclamation, secretly circulated in some places near Delhi, it was laid to our charge that we had set up turnpike-gates on the Grand Trunk Road, and that we had established a municipal police in cities! So, indeed, we had; but to bring forward such very reasonable measures as matter of accusation only shows the impotence of the accuser. It was also intimated that we had increased the land-tax; but the charge was made in the vaguest and briefest manner. Without entering into a discussion on the British revenue system in the north-west provinces, we may observe, that whatever the British may have done in those districts, they have certainly not increased the land-tax. At the first settlement of the country the tax was fixed at a figure far below the preceding taxation; and during the half-century which has followed, though wealth, population, and cultivation have increased, the land-tax has been rather lowered than raised by successive settlements. We are confident that the landholding classes generally in the north-west are contented with the settlement of the land-tax.

It remains for us just briefly to sketch what we imagine to be the origin of these mutinies, *so far as the facts are yet known.* We suppose that the sepoys had conceived an idea of their own

power, which made them reflect that they were the pillars of the State; that they might dictate to the Government, which could not do without them. This mental process may have been going on for some time; and that without, perhaps, the men themselves being thoroughly conscious of the tendency of such ideas. For some years past an uneasy impression had been gaining ground in many quarters among the natives that civilisation and education would gradually undermine their religion and change their social peculiarities. Not that the British Government actually exerted its power in this cause, but that year by year the tide of events was setting in stronger and stronger in this direction; and if it were not stemmed, the native castes and religions would not last for many more generations. No class would be more susceptible to such impressions than the high-caste sepoys of Bengal. Evil-disposed persons would always be ready to whisper treason in the ears of the sepoys, and to sow distrust between the army and its government. If troops were to march beyond the frontiers of India, or to embark in ships to cross the ocean, they would be sure to hear from some one or other that the Government had designs upon their religion and caste. Most unfortunately, the increasing separation between the men and the English officers diminished the means whereby confidence might be reinstated in the minds of the soldiery. Instead of being mentally as well as physically under the guidance of their European officers, and under one abiding moral influence, the sepoys were left too much to their own devices, and exposed to the side-winds of intrigue, of false insinuations against their Government, and of doubts which they could not readily remove by converse with the English. Thus, while the sepoys were becoming by slow and almost imperceptible degrees insubordinate in spirit and suspicious of the intentions of Government, the cartridge affair accidentally happens, and the spark falls upon an inflammable mass. Instantly the feelings of caste were awakened in certain regiments; and doubtless those intriguers who work like moles beneath the surface of society did not miss the opportunity. Then, owing to that remarkable unity which subsists among the sepoys, the feelings of some regiments soon became shared by the whole army. Secret correspondence may have been generally commenced; falsehoods invented in Calcutta were highly coloured by the time they reached the north-west provinces, and acquired exaggerated proportions as they travelled upwards; and thus in a short space of time the whole army became possessed with the belief that the British Government intended to destroy their caste and convert them to Christianity. Thus, really alarmed, wounded in the most sensitive point, excited beyond all power of self-restraint, blinded to future consequences, confident

in their numbers, they were ready to use their arms for any purpose adverse to their Government. When the troops at Meerut and Delhi broke out, some of the other troops may have been wavering, some half unwilling to proceed to extremities; but the fellow-feeling of clanship was too strong, and station after station fell, until the north-west provinces were wrapped in one flame of disturbance, and the Bengal army ceased to exist. If no other positive causes or circumstances shall come to light, the above considerations may be sufficient to account for these mutinies. The astonishing and unparalleled barbarity evinced by the mutineers in their treatment of their English victims is not easy of explanation; especially as, with all their faults, the character of these men was previously supposed to be mild and respectable. It must be that natures that have no reasonable religion to restrain them, and no strong moral principle to guide them when powerfully excited by fanaticism or other cause, become perfectly maddened and brutalised; and the most frightful ideas, when once suggested, gain entire possession of them, and sweep them away in a torrent of ferocity and passion. The atrocious conduct of these men must suggest the gravest reflections to any moralist acquainted with their previous character. After our review of the several possible causes of the revolt, it were superfluous to reiterate our belief that the sepoys had not even the semblance of justification for revolting at all; and that the religious pretext was destitute of any real foundation. As to their other crimes, it is needless to allude further to that most painful subject.

We now approach the third division of the subject, namely, the measures to be taken in consequence of this military revolt.

For the immediate suppression of the revolt itself, it may be hoped that the great expedition now crossing the ocean, and numbering about 36,000 English soldiers, together with the China contingent of 5000 men, and perhaps the Cape and Mauritius contribution of 5000 more, may prove adequate. These reinforcements should enable the Indian Government by November next to collect an army of 15,000 or 20,000 English troops at Allahabad (which we presume will be the starting-point for the winter campaign) for the reoccupation of the north-west provinces. This strong force might march upwards towards Delhi, if that place should not have fallen previously into our hands; and thus assailed from the east and south, and unable to fly northwards, or westwards towards the Punjab, the mutineers will fairly be brought to bay. The reinforcements will, indeed, arrive at the best possible season of the year, with all the cold season before them; but doubtless there will be losses from war, sickness, and other causes;—there will be continual losses, which

will necessitate the most strenuous efforts in this country to keep up the English army in India, which will soon number 70,000 men, at its full strength, by vigorous recruiting, by calling out the militia, and perhaps by sending out regiments from the Mediterranean and other stations. If 70,000 English soldiers are requisite in India now, they will be wanted there for at least a year, or more; and to *keep up* such a force at its *effective* strength *at such a distance* from home will demand great foresight and energy in this country. It will not suffice to send out 30,000 men, and then to let their numbers dwindle away; but, on the contrary, *a perpetual stream of fresh draughts of men must be pouring out to the East.* And corresponding preparations must be made by the Indian Government for the accommodation of these new troops. For the first four or five months after their arrival they will be in the field; and, indeed, the men will be as healthy under canvas as any where. But after that the hot weather will set in, when it will be most desirable to *house* all the troops not actually needed for campaigning; and perhaps *barracks* of some kind may be needed for about thirty or more regiments. Now fortunately, in the north-west provinces, where the troops are most likely to be engaged, there are many old and vacant barracks at such stations as Dinapore, Benares, Ghazeepore, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, and Meerut. At all these places there *have* been formerly more European troops than recently; and though many of the old barracks have been pulled down, yet some may be available, or capable of being repaired for temporary use. But still the matter is one which will demand provident consideration, and the authorities will have four or five months to make arrangements in. *If* by any mischance a number of European regiments were to be kept in cantonments during the next hot weather and rains, the sickness and other consequences might be lamentable. We trust, however, that arrangements will be made in time.

The British fleet, it appears, is to be kept at home; and perhaps wisely. Some steamships and gunboats have gone to India. Although the chief effort has to be made upon land, yet naval assistance will, we imagine, be acceptable to the Indian Government. The two capitals of Bombay and Calcutta might, indeed, be almost held by a naval force; but not Madras, which is probably one of the worst stations for ships in the world. At Calcutta there have been alarms (happily, as yet, without foundation); and the presence of ships of war would tend to maintain confidence, and might enable the Government to detach some European troops for service in the interior. Gunboats drawing seven or eight feet of water will not be serviceable on the Indian rivers, in the interior at least; but if, as we understand is

possible, some of these boats should only draw three or four feet, then they might proceed for some distance up the Ganges or Indus.

When the revolt shall at last have been suppressed, then one of the most urgent matters will be the *due discrimination and punishment of the guilty*. We would not altogether join in the cry for vengeance which rises up in some quarters, and which calls for such measures as the razing of Delhi to the ground, because such vengeance is apt to be indiscriminate. In this case there will, indeed, be but too many real offenders to punish; but we hope to find that, even in the most disturbed districts, and even in Delhi, there are many who have behaved well. As a civilised nation, we must show ourselves as superior in generosity and forbearance, as we are in courage and prowess. And it may be a matter of *policy* as well as of duty to separate, by prompt inquiry, the innocent from the guilty. Notwithstanding all the care which the Government may take, there will be much summary retribution inflicted; and when Delhi is stormed some terrible scenes will occur, with Englishmen as actors in them. But if the mass of the people continue to stand by us, they should have no reason to be dissatisfied with our conduct after victory. Perhaps the best mode of insuring the punishment of the guilty, and of those only, will be to have a sort of Mutiny Commission, comprised of military and judicial officers, instructed to dispose of the sepoys of the mutinied regiments, and to account to the Government afterwards for the disposal of all the men. The task, though necessary, would be a great and difficult one. Some forty or fifty regiments would come under inquiry; and forty or fifty thousand men would have to be arrested, tried summarily, and punished, capitally or otherwise. The Commission might consist of several members, and might be vested with full powers to carry out its sentences and to issue warrants for execution by the magistracy and police all over the country. Its labours would extend over many months; and it might report to Government upon each regiment, specifying the names of the men at the time of the mutiny, and showing how each of these had been disposed of. Its head-quarters might be somewhere in the north-west provinces, perhaps at Lucknow. The operation would be well worth the trouble it must occasion, for the purpose of proving unmistakably that the British Government will never fail to punish mutineers; and that such offenders, though they may enjoy impunity for a time, will at last be hunted down by an untiring and unrelenting pursuer. So also, when order shall have been restored, no time should be lost in making local inquiries at such places as Delhi, Allahabad, and Cawnpore, as to who did and who did not abet the muti-

neers, so that the Government may recognise its friends and sternly punish the traitors.

Among the measures to be taken, the first and foremost is, of course, the increasing of the proportion of European to native troops. This must be done, cost what it may; but it may be carried out without any material enhancement of those military charges which already absorb half of the Indian revenues. In a report to be found among the papers named at the head of this article, it is shown by the Governor-General that one European infantry regiment costs somewhat less than two native corps. Thus, in the place of forty of the Bengal regular regiments, there might be raised more than twenty European battalions; which would at once double the European force heretofore maintained in that presidency. The officers of the late regiments would be ready at hand for officering the new European corps. Such an augmentation of European force in the Bengal presidency would give two additional regiments for Calcutta and Barrackpore, one regiment for Moorshedabad or Berhampore, one for Benares, one for Allahabad, one for Cawnpore, an additional one for Lucknow, two for the interior of Oude, an additional one for Agra, one for Delhi, one for Rohilcund, one for Mooltan, two for the Saugur and Nerbudda territories; and besides these, a European reserve of some six battalions might be kept in excellent health in the hill country near Almora, overhanging the north-west provinces, and partly in the Darjeeling Himalayas overhanging Bengal; just as a similar reserve of three regiments is kept already in the hills above Umballa, which reserve now constitutes mainly the besieging force before Delhi. By such an arrangement, northern India might, indeed, be held by an iron grip similar to that by which Frederick the Great held Silesia. For the remainder of the Bengal complement of infantry, that is, about thirty-five regiments (seventy-five less forty), might be substituted irregular regiments, which are cheaper and apparently more trustworthy than the regulars. So that, instead of thirty-five regular, there might be forty or forty-five irregular regiments. Or, if it be still found advisable to have regular regiments (though of a different constitution, as we will presently explain), there would still be 35,000 sepoys for Bengal. This number might be found sufficient for the *purely military duties;* and the sepoys, after diminution of their numbers, might be relieved of many duties which can be as well performed by police-corps—such as the escorting of treasure, of military stores, and other articles; the guarding of treasuries, public offices, and various kinds of detached work. Local police-levies seem to be far less likely to mutiny than regular sepoys; and even if they were so inclined, they have far less means of combination, and generally

far less powers of mischief. The raising of the extra police-corps would entail a charge, though not an inordinate one, on the civil department. Each of these three measures—namely, the increase of Europeans, the diminution of the sepoys, the transfer to the police of many semi-civil duties heretofore performed by the sepoys—will conduce greatly to the stability of British rule, without necessarily overburdening the finances. Indeed, the paramount necessity of increasing the proportion of the European forces seems to be one of the few points on which all Englishmen, both in India and out of it, are agreed.

It may be desirable to augment the artillery; but, at all events, it will be expedient that the artillery should be *exclusively European:* at present it is partly European and partly native. The native artillery is, indeed, very good; and has heretofore behaved better, perhaps, than almost any branch of the native service. Even in this mutiny the artillerymen have only joined when compelled by absolute force. But recent experience shows the immense advantage of guns on either side, and especially to the English, on account of their numerical inferiority. In future, we should take care to reserve this advantage exclusively to ourselves, having none but European gunnery.

In the Bengal presidency at least, the military arrangements must be reconstructed more with a view to defence against internal foes. Heretofore, with the great march of events, our frontier has been moving rapidly northwards; and it has been our ancient policy to keep the flower of our European forces near the frontier. During the last century Dinapore, near Patna on the Ganges, and Benares, were the frontier stations; early in the present century Allahabad, Cawnpore, and soon afterwards Furruckabad and Meerut, were the great posts; then Kurnal, further on, had the first place, and after its abandonment, Umballa. Time went on, and the British front rested on the Sutlej; then Loodiana began to flourish; and then, after the Sikh war, Jullundur. After the second Punjab war, the frontier took a great stride to Peshawur; and at the present time our English troops are chiefly concentrated on the great road which leads to that post. Of course, as the British force kept moving onwards with each advance of the frontier, the stations in the rear became one by one more or less denuded of troops. Hitherto the minds of our statesmen have been directed more to foreign war and external defence than to guarding against or suppressing internal disorder. The outer limits and the gates of the empire have been guarded, while little or no apprehension has been felt for the interior. Hence it has arisen that places of primary political, geographical, and strategetical importance in the interior of the country—such as Benares, Allahabad, and Cawnpore—have been

left with only a handful of English, or with none at all. We might perhaps add Delhi; but this station was held to be insalubrious for Europeans, and was moreover flanked, though at some distance, by the European cantonments of Meerut and Delhi. In the Punjab, though several of the most important posts were held by Europeans, yet even there some posts of consequence, such as Attock on the Indus, Philour on the Sutlej, the hill-fort of Kangra, were garrisoned by natives; and the fortress of Mooltan had only a small number of European artillerymen, and no European infantry. For the future these places should be held by Europeans; and in selecting the stations regard must be had to the contingency of an outbreak, so that come what may,—let a revolt be ever so general or formidable,—the English may remain in unassailable possession of all those points which dominate over the surrounding country, and which may facilitate the keeping-up of military communication.

It will ever be necessary to maintain really efficient fortifications at *commanding places*—such as Allahabad and Agra in the north-west provinces, and other places in the Punjab and Oude, too numerous to mention here; and it may also be expedient to have in every large cantonment some small fort, in which, in an emergency, the women and children and the sick might be immediately lodged, and all stores and European movable valuables might be deposited. The value of all such places has been conspicuously manifest during the present disturbances. On this head, however, there are two points ever to be borne in mind: that *whatever fortifications there are must be garrisoned by Europeans;* and those that cannot be held thus should not be allowed to stand. This is one of the lessons enforced by the Delhi affair; at which place we have, during many years, gradually improved the old Mogul fortifications, which are now successfully held against us by our own troops. Again, *all* magazines and munitions of war must be kept in fortifications, and every arsenal must be fortified, to be in every case under charge of European garrison; so that there may be no repetition of the Delhi disaster, wherein the mutineers obtained possession of such good stores, that their ammunition is more abundant and their artillery stronger than ours. Further, every fortified place must have provisions and supplies always laid up in it sufficient for its European garrison during a protracted period, say six months or a year. If a European garrison be strong, it would generally be able in India to get its supplies from the neighbourhood; but if the garrison be weak in numbers, as unhappily at Cawnpore, it might be surrounded by rebels, and at last starved. Had Sir H. Whecler, at Cawnpore, only had any thing like a fort, *with even three months' supply for* 500 *men,* he would probably, not-

withstanding his scanty force, have held out against the mutinied host under Nena Sahib, and the sad catastrophe would have been averted. It will be feasible for the Indian Government to have at *every principal* station a fort with at least half a European regiment, a few guns, and a twelvemonth's supplies; and it may be hoped that such a place would hold its own against even an immense number of rebels.

The native army to be maintained in future must of course be one of different constitution and organisation from the present. We need not stop to argue the question which is occasionally asked, namely, After what has happened, how can we *ever* trust a native army again? Are we again to put into the hands of traitors arms that will be used for the slaughter of our officers and their families? It is sufficient to observe, that to hold the country we must have *some* native troops, because we can never keep a sufficient number of Europeans. We may, on the one hand, endeavour to render such troops more trustworthy; and, on the other hand, to trust them less implicitly than heretofore. Again, frightful as the conduct of the Bengal regulars has been, have not the Madras and Bombay armies stood loyal? and the Punjab troops? and even *some* of the Bengal regiments,—such as the 31st and the 42d, in the Saugur territories,—who have actually protected their stations and driven out their mutinous comrades? If such conduct continues, may we not hope that native troops will never prove universally bad under any circumstances? For can any circumstances more tempting to mutiny than the present be imagined? The tremendous warning we have received will make us circumspect, but not necessarily cause an *utter* withdrawal of confidence. If we do not bestow *any* confidence, we certainly never shall have any faithful service. Again, as a matter of policy, it may always be desirable to give some employment to the military class—to the "active and aspiring young men" among the people of India. There must be some safety-valve for the adventurous and ambitious spirit in the national mind; if all openings for service and distinction were shut up, there would be further aggravation of an objection which already exists partially against British rule, namely, that, however just and beneficent, it still does reduce native society to one dead level, and affords comparatively little scope for the exercise of native talent, skill, or energy. Nor should any class nor any district be altogether and permanently excluded from the option of service. The Oude sepoys have of late behaved infamously; they never can again be employed or trusted as heretofore. Perhaps it may be necessary to interdict Oude men from military employ for a time; but it hardly follows that Oude soldiers may not at some future time, or in some distant place, and under proper restraint and

limitations, render us fair service. The golden rule seems to be, that the Bengal, or, indeed, any Indian army, should be of *mixed* castes, inhabitants of different regions; and that as much as possible the men should serve in those parts of India which are separate from their own districts, so that there may be no local sympathy between the army and the surrounding people. It will be well to illustrate these points briefly. Heretofore the Bengal army has, as we have said, been composed almost entirely of Brahmins and Rajpoots. For the future there may be *some* Brahmins and some Rajpoots, but there must be many other castes, in which Hindostan abounds, also admitted; there may be an admixture of Punjabees, and some men from central India and the south. Having suffered at the hands of a high-caste army, we need not rush to the opposite extreme of raising an entirely low-caste one; but we incline to think that there should be at least a large proportion of the middle and lower castes. The lower you go in the scale of caste, the less nationality, the less community of feeling, the less power of combined mischief, do you find; and the absence of all these would tell vastly in our favour in such an emergency as the present. We might observe the policy of old Runjeet Singh in this respect, the best and greatest warrior that the British have ever met with in India. The nucleus of his infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was, indeed, formed of thorough-going Sikhs; but there was a large sprinkling of heterogeneous elements: there were Mohammedans from the frontier, Affghans, Puthans from Mooltan, men from the Himalayan regions, and many from Hindostan and the east Hindoos and Mohammedans; every class, in fact, was more or less represented in the ranks; and among the officers he even employed French and Italians. The Punjab itself has a great variety of races; and almost every one of the Punjabee regiments now serving with so much credit is composed of several distinct tribes. The Sikh soldiers, indeed, are said to be as "true as steel;" but this should not embolden us to raise an army exclusively of Sikhs; for mutiny of the most extensive and dangerous kind was by no means uncommon in the old Sikh army. Committees from the regiments used to meet to settle the fate of the Punjab kingdom; and under the regency established by Lord Hardinge a desperate effort was made to drive the British back across the Sutlej by means of a concerted military rising. There was no atrocity, but plenty of treachery; and it cost us an expensive and wasting war to put down that movement. We do not wish in the least to underrate the Sikhs; they have indeed proved themselves excellent fellows. But still, hereafter, their day for a mutiny *might* come; and experience shows that we must not lean too much on any one class. Punjabee troops may perhaps be very advantageously employed

in Oude, the north-west provinces, and Bengal, where they will always be comparatively foreigners. On the other hand, soldiers from Oude and the north-west provinces might be advantageously employed in the Punjab, if any where. One of the reasons why the regular infantry stationed in the Punjab—though, of course, as mutinously inclined as their comrades elsewhere—have not been able to mutiny successfully, has been the utter strangeness between them and the country people. Furthermore, in connection with this part of the subject, it is to be observed that the policy of keeping up separate armies for each of the three presidencies is now proving correct. It has sometimes been proposed to amalgamate the three armies; but it is clearly our interest to split the army into parties as much as possible. There is said to be a strong feeling of dislike between the Madras and Bengal sepoys, and jealousy between the latter and the Bombay army. This disunion is of great advantage to us, the common masters of them all.

For the welfare of the army, it will be absolutely necessary that the European officers become more intimately associated with the interests of their regiments than has been the case of late years in Bengal. The growing mischief has been universally admitted; and now in the presence of a national disaster the obstacles in the way of remedy must be met. Every regiment must be officered by those who are prepared to make it their home, who have chosen a military life for better for worse, who will devote their thoughts and talents to the duties of their profession and to that alone, having no hopes beyond it. Some substitute must be found for the system that withdraws so many good men from a regiment, and disheartens those who remain with it. For the exigencies of the public service, it will be necessary, when the army can no longer supply men, to establish either a staff corps, into which at an early period of their career certain officers would be drafted by selection, and then be struck off from the effective strength of the army in order that they may be employed permanently on duties civil or non-regimental; or if this be not done, there must be such an increase to the different branches of the non-military service as may enable the Government to administer the many newly-conquered or newly-annexed territories. The fact of the European officers being restricted to regimental duties alone will draw them into closer relations with the sepoys; but in order to insure a thoroughly mutual understanding, it will be necessary to insist upon a higher linguistic qualification on the part of the officers with regard to the native tongues. At present a regimental officer is not obliged to have more than a colloquial knowledge of the native vernacular which may just enable him to go through professional details

and the ordinary practical business of the day, but which is not enough to enable him to hold any real conversation with a sepoy, or to enter into native feelings, to become the confidant of native hopes and fears, to explain away misconceptions, or to encourage the wavering. So little is the necessity of such knowledge felt, that every regiment has an "interpreter," that is, one of the officers who by study has learnt to read and write the language, and to speak and understand it in its higher branches; but in reality, the same knowledge is requisite for every commandant, every adjutant, and every officer holding a company. Some linguistic qualification is demanded of every officer in the irregular regiments; and the same rule should apply to the regulars. During these mutinies there have been instances where the men were for a time restrained by the exhortations of those officers who were good Hindostanee scholars. In short, the Government might aim at raising the officers of the line to the standard of efficiency attained by the irregular officers; and if it be proper to assimilate the responsibilities of the line-officers to those of the more fortunate irregulars, a moderate expenditure should not be grudged for the purpose of partially compensating the former also for the change which will exclude them from preferment *out* of their profession. Indeed, it might be practicable to counterbalance such expense by slightly diminishing the nominal complement of officers for the future; for it were infinitely better to have a few officers with thorough military efficiency, with contented willing spirits, with good pay, good position, and that degree of power and responsibility which warms zeal and interest, than to have a larger number of officers without these advantages.

The tendency to excessive centralisation should be checked; the commanding officers should be more absolute in their authority, and have greater powers of rewarding and punishing, of promoting and degrading. The adjutant-general's department should have abundance of occupation in the disposal of important matters without interfering in regimental details. The principle of appointing colonels *by selection alone* is now likely to be recognised in the British army. If it be properly carried out in the Indian armies, the Government can find officers for regimental command who may beneficially be intrusted with far greater powers and responsibilities than those heretofore vested in commandants: the benefit of such a change would be great both to officers and men. The principle of selection may also be applied to the grades of native officers in the Bengal army, according to the practice already prevailing in the Madras and Bombay armies, so that there may always be the ready means of rewarding fidelity and merit. This selection should be virtually exercised by the commandants, with perhaps only certain limitations; the present practice is need-

lessly circuitous. The other day, General Hearsey could not fully promote a native soldier for eminently faithful conduc critical moment of mutiny without the sanction of the Gove General in council!

For the future the location of regular infantry regimer stations by themselves, without the presence of European tr should be avoided. Indeed, if the semi-civil duties be t ferred to other hands, these troops will not be needed at dets stations, and may always be brigaded with Europeans. Obvic an entirely successful mutiny can hardly occur at a station v there is a European regiment: witness Meerut and Agra. how terrible have been the consequences where native regin have been cantoned alone; as, for instance, at Cawnpore, Al bad, Rohilcund, and Delhi!

There are, of course, very many other minor points of tary reform, into the details of which we need not enter: we endeavoured to advert only to the *principal considerations* ar out of the present state of affairs.

As the revolt appears as yet to be a military matter, an in any way connected with civil affairs, there would appear no *present* necessity for considering the reforms needed in th neral administration. There are some who think that *now* be the time to reconstruct the "Double Government" of Ind home; to found a thorough judicial system, to reorganise police, to adjust landed tenures, to secure a supply of cotton, so forth. We cannot join in this opinion. Of course no time be altogether amiss for the discussion of such subjects as th but if there ever could be an *un*suitable time, it would be present. If the revolt had arisen from any civil grievance, the consideration of that would be urgent; but as this is not case, attention should be directed to matters of military and litical security. We will therefore refrain from touching on of those interesting and important topics above noted, and merely see whether any thing could be done to increase the *st lity* of the civil authority on the occurrence of such revolt the present. The rapidity with which, in the event of mili misfortune, the civil power becomes paralysed, or rathe swept away like chaff, is indeed greatly to be lamented. reason is, that the civil servants in a district are the br and heart of the administration; the hands and feet and li being made up by native officials. If any thing happens the civil servants, then life is suspended in the body-pol within their jurisdiction. If a commissioner supervising se ral districts were struck down, then *his* immediate subordina the European district-officers, would not cease from their fu tions, and would carry on the administration; but if the distr

officers be struck down, then *their* immediate subordinates,—the native judicial, revenue, and police officers,—though they might be personally well affected, would not attempt to rally or to sustain affairs, but would throw up their office and fly. This state of things must, we fear, be always inevitable, and is, indeed, an incident of the position of the English in India. The mutineers attacked the handful of civilians scattered over the country, plundered the treasuries, and burnt the public offices; and after that the civil power in the interior of the districts was extinguished of itself. The only thing possible, is to protect the European civilians from sudden attack, so that they may be able to stand their ground and carry on something like an administration. In the north-west provinces, the treasuries and public offices are not more defensible than a private house: a treasury is merely an apartment with a few strong chests inside, and a sentry at the door. In the Punjab, on the other hand, a treasury is a a little square brick fort, with accommodation for more than a company of infantry, a well for water, a store-room for supplies, loopholes for musketry, &c. We think that this plan of rendering public offices, and civil buildings generally, more defensible than they are at present might be generally adopted. In an emergency, with such slight defences as these, a district-officer with some native police (who are, or ought to be, able to use a musket) might defend himself, the Europeans at his station, and a portion of their valuable property, his treasure and public records, for some little time, until military succour could be given; and if the Europeans held fast, the native officials in the interior might do the same, especially if *their* offices were also rendered slightly defensible, as, indeed, all these buildings are in the Punjab. But, on the other hand, these places should *not* be regularly fortified, nor rendered too strong, because they could never be garrisoned by Europeans; and if by mischance they should fall into the hands of rebels, their strength would give trouble to the Government. They should be strong enough for temporary resistance only. Furthermore, if the framework of the administration could only be kept together, it might be practicable to enrol landholders and others as special constables, to stop plundering and robbery, in the repression of which all respectable men have a common interest. But this, as every thing else, depends on the presence of the European head; and so long as it is in the power of a mutineer or a rebel to kill or expel the half-dozen English civilians to be found in a district, the entire civil administration may be paralysed in the twinkling of an eye: and hence the necessity of giving these officers some chance of maintaining their position for a time at least. Already Europeans may be appointed to the chief revenue and police posts in the interior of districts; but

the bitter sense of filial ingratitude, which is sharper even than the serpent's tooth; we have indeed nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against us; and have reaped a whirlwind where we had not sown the wind. But on the other hand, *if* the people *shall remain true*, as they have been at the first shock of calamity, a strong bond of mutual confidence has been established between us and them; and with the aid of the population at large, what can the British ever have ultimately to fear in India? Then, if fifty thousand soldiers have mutinied in Bengal, have not three times that number continued, *as yet*, stanch in Madras, Bombay, and the Punjab? Again, if we shall, under Providence, weather this mighty storm, will not our national prestige be higher and stronger than ever? Our empire will then be no longer one of "opinion," but of tried and proved invincibility. We shall have been found not wanting in a balance where the opposing weight against us was immense; we shall have been tested by a crucial experiment, and come out clear, like gold from the fire or like oil in the water. We have been assailed under circumstances of almost the utmost imaginable disadvantage; and if not conquered by this, we shall be, humanly speaking, and in the ordinary sense of the phrase, unconquerable. In the face of a great calamity and judgment from Providence, we may well feel diffident as to our national conduct in India, if the Searcher of all things shall be extreme to mark what may have been done amiss. But according to our erring consciences and feeble lights, we may hope that our intentions towards the Indian people have been pure; that on the whole our proceedings have conduced to the moral and material welfare of the country under our charge. And as we have humbly striven to do our duty, we may well trust in the justice of our cause during this our mortal struggle with a military revolt the most unjustifiable and the most atrocious in all history.

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